Saturday Review

November 26, 1966 35¢

RECORDINGS

THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

Early masterpiece in palace of Ceylon's ancient god-king (see Travel).

ENCORE AT THE LOUVRE: HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

By Margaret R. Weiss

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Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you must look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human and being French, and being, above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuousness.

A perfume not for children.

They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN

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The IBM 224 is small enough to fit in a Christmas stocking. And so handy that it works anywhere. (From the North Pole to a chic Fifth Avenue shop to a lively toy department.)

Good grief, everyone gets a gift except me.

But maybe if I casually mention the IBM 224 to Mrs. Claus...

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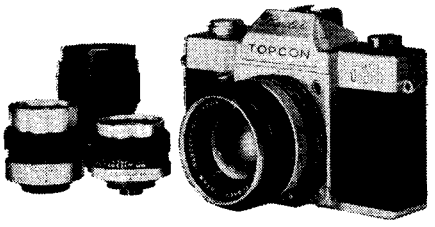

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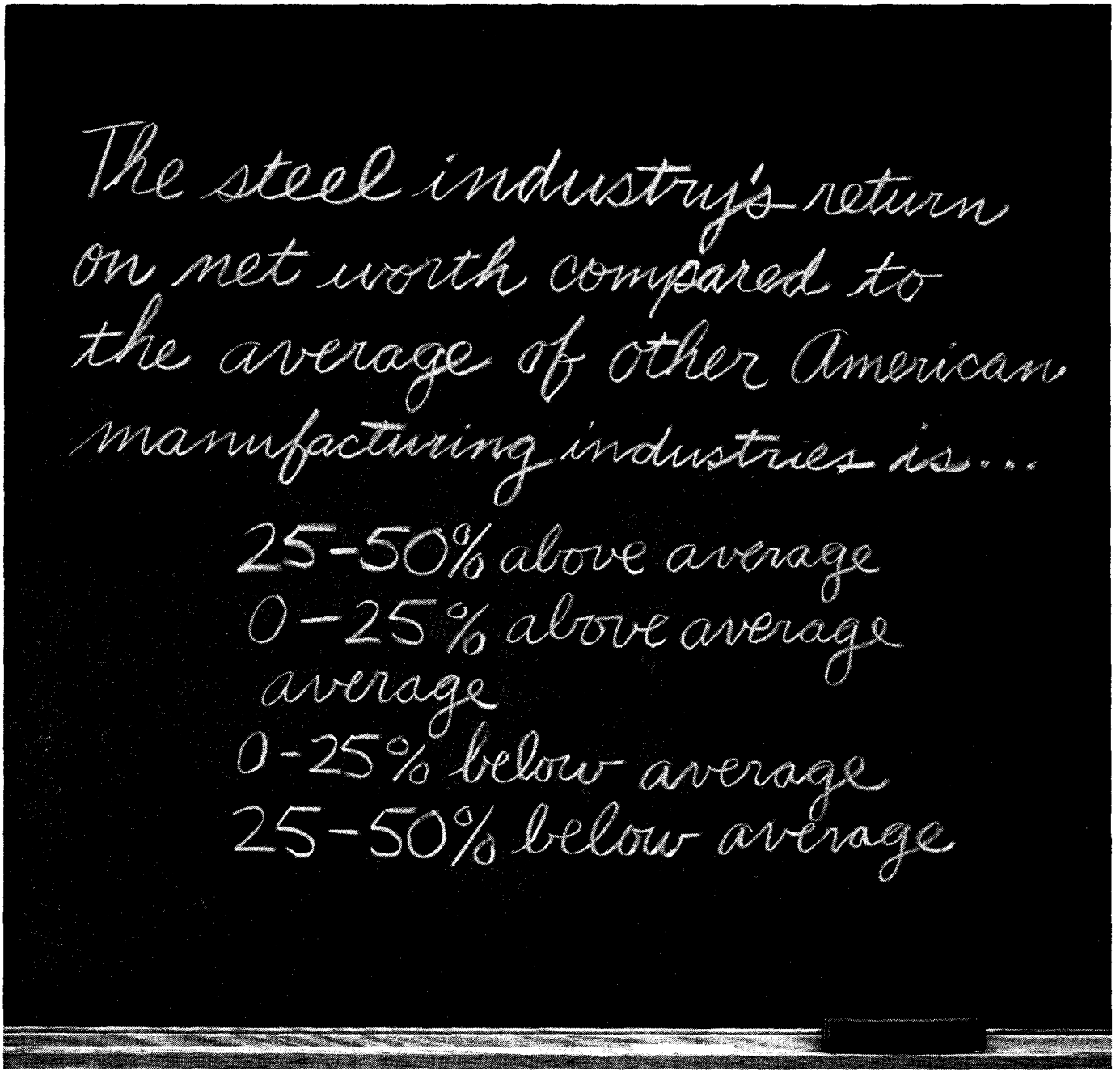

9 out of 10 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

The First National City Bank of New York publishes annual studies of the leading American manufacturing industries. It shows that steel industry profits in 1965 were 31% *below* the average of the 41 industries surveyed . . . despite the fact that in 1965 the steel industry set an all-time high for production. To improve this situation, U. S. Steel must spend hundreds of millions of dollars each year for new, more efficient facilities.

USS United States Steel

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Electronics Is a Twisted Passion

FOR THE PAST five minutes I have been on HOLD. Already I can feel myself twisting into the round little shape of a switchboard plug. It is very uncomfortable.

I called this firm—I don't remember the name—and a pleasant secretary told me she would transfer me to the office of some man—I think his name was Henry . . . I'm sure it was Henry. But I don't remember if it was Something Henry or Henry Something. This posture—stretched out like a flexible cord twisted on both sides with electricity running through me—has a very bad effect on my memory.

I heard her press a button and suddenly realized I was an integral part of the circuit. I was on TRANSFER. A faint buzzing noise rattled the stapes of my middle ear. The faint sound came from within.

Then a loud punching vibration drilled into the center of my being, and for a micro-second I knew I was free. I was no longer on TRANSFER. I should have hung up then, but a sweet voice sucked me back into the circuit—its liquid tones suggesting that outside this electronic prison the person I sought was being summoned.

Then suddenly I was on HOLD.

"Just a minute," the voice had said, changing rapidly in tone, "while I put you on HOLD."

HOLD is a stifling place and I can barely breathe. My feet are bent back and my spine is stiffening as I am thrust deeper into a switchboard socket. The socket is too small for my head. My brain is constricted and each throbbing temple pulse drives me further into insensibility.

I have been on HOLD now for eternity.

My mind is being bombarded by electrons as it is drawn further into the circuit. I know a sensation of weightlessness—yet simultaneously my bones groan as they are stretched on a rack.

HOLD is a vile place.

HOLD should be reserved for murderers—it is not a place for honest men, or even mildly dishonest men.

Till HOLD freezes over . . . that is the timelessness of the universe.

HOLD.

I am one with the stars, what can Zen teach me?

A faint voice draws me into telephonic reality.

"Hello," it says. "Hello."

My vocal cords vibrate by reflex.

"Yes," says the voice. "This is Henry. Hello."

Electronics is a twisted passion. I am charged with negative impulses.

"Moment," my voice answers. Have I purposely disguised it or is it weary from the neutrons and positrons which have danced with heavy feet?

"Mr. Star will be right back," my voice purrs sweetly. "Letmeputyouon-HOLD."

My finger flashes to a white button. Instantly, the throbbing in my head ceases. As I leave the office for the day, a little red light glows softly behind me over the HOLD button: a pale red light that vibrates wickedly in the darkening room.

—JACK C. STAR.

Hold Everything

Perchance To Sell

SOME SALESMEN USE HYPNOSIS TO AID MORALE, GET COURAGE FOR CALLS.
—Headline,
Wall Street Journal.

Hit the road, Mac;
Move along.
Close your sample case;
You've figured me wrong.

But what's that funny
Look on your face
And why are you gazing
Off into space?

Man, you look so courageous,
You've such splendid morale—
Quick, my checkbook!
I'll take a gross, pal!

—JAMES F. FIXX.

In Groups

THERE was a time—and not too long ago—when the available organizations to which one might belong were more or less limited to such stand-bys as the Boy Scouts, the PTA, and the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Those who

(*Continued on page* 12)

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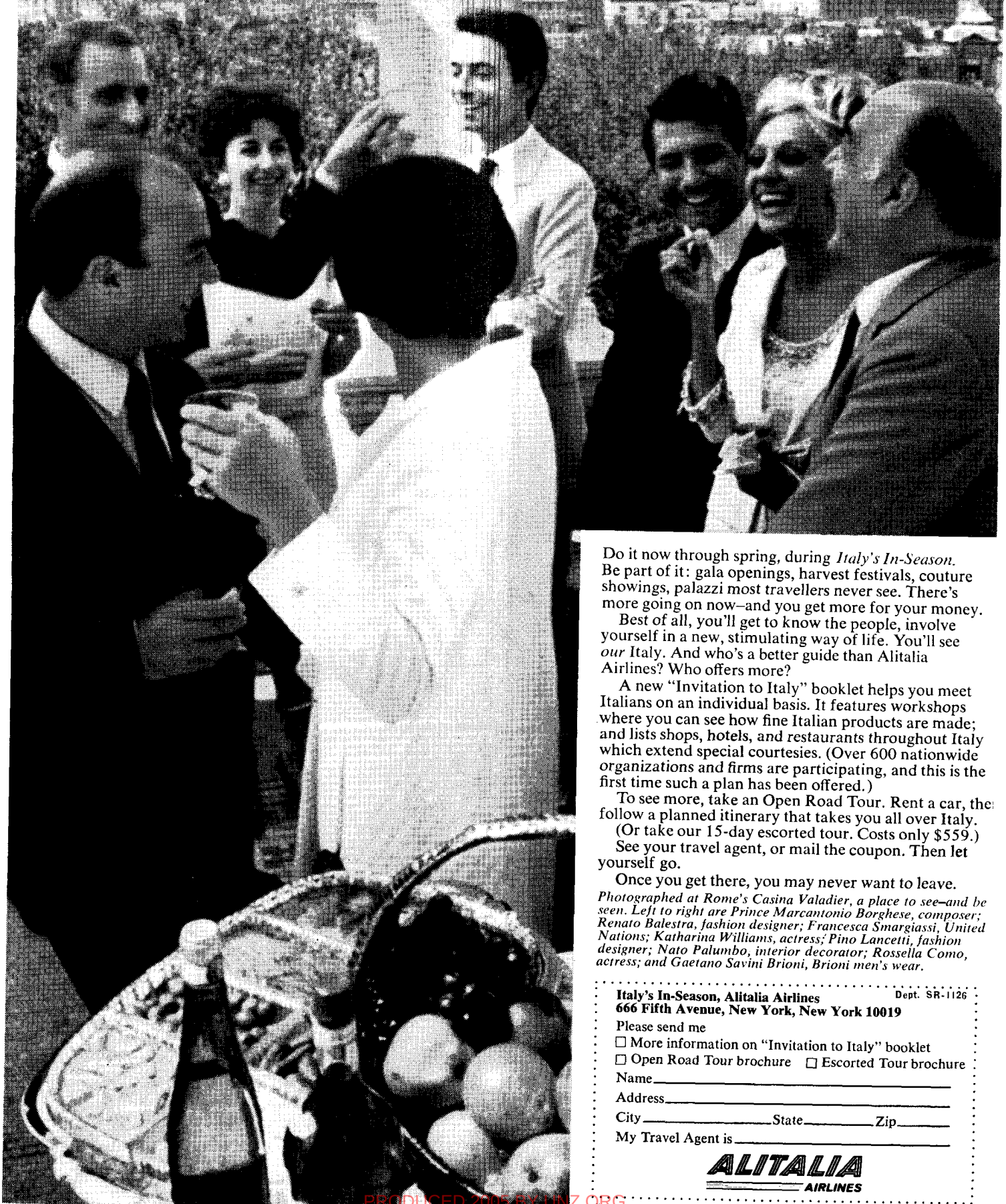
Italy Italian Style. Let yourself go.



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Once you get there, you may never want to leave.

Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see–and be seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renato Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.

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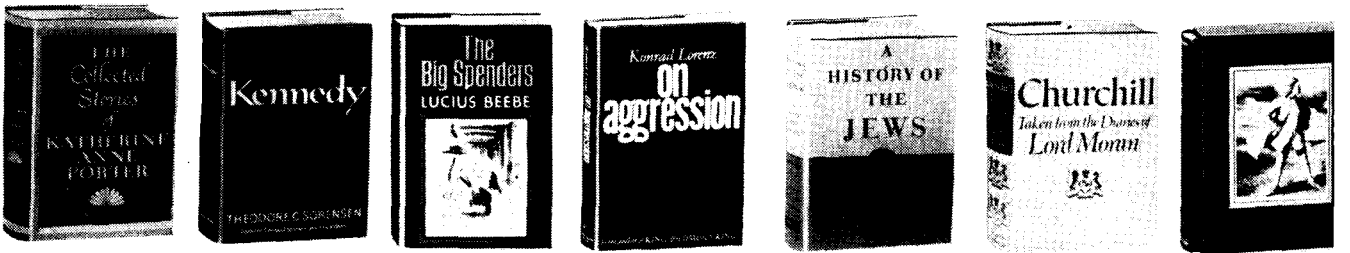

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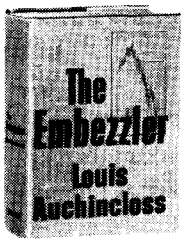

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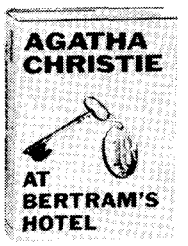

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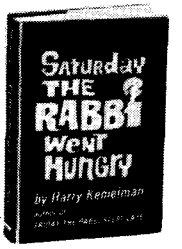

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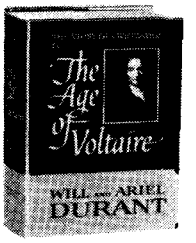

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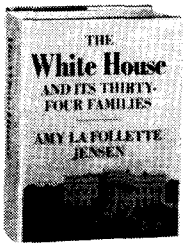

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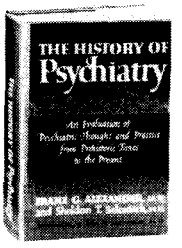

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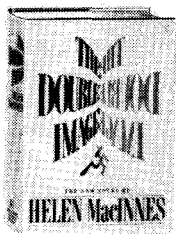

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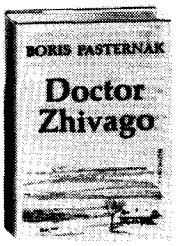

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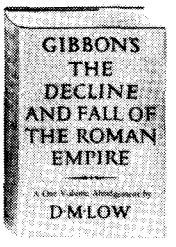

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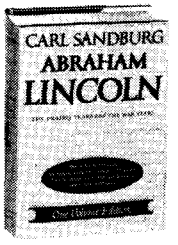

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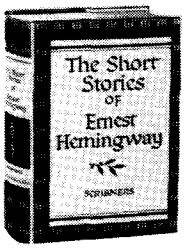

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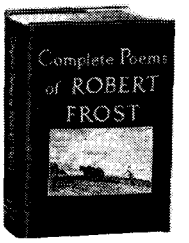

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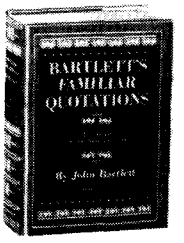

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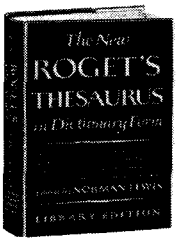

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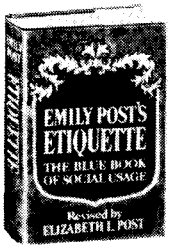

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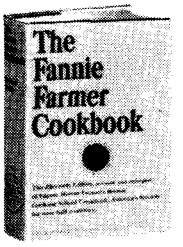

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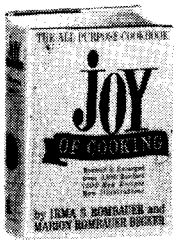

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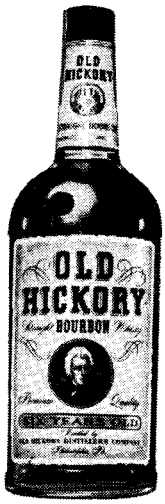

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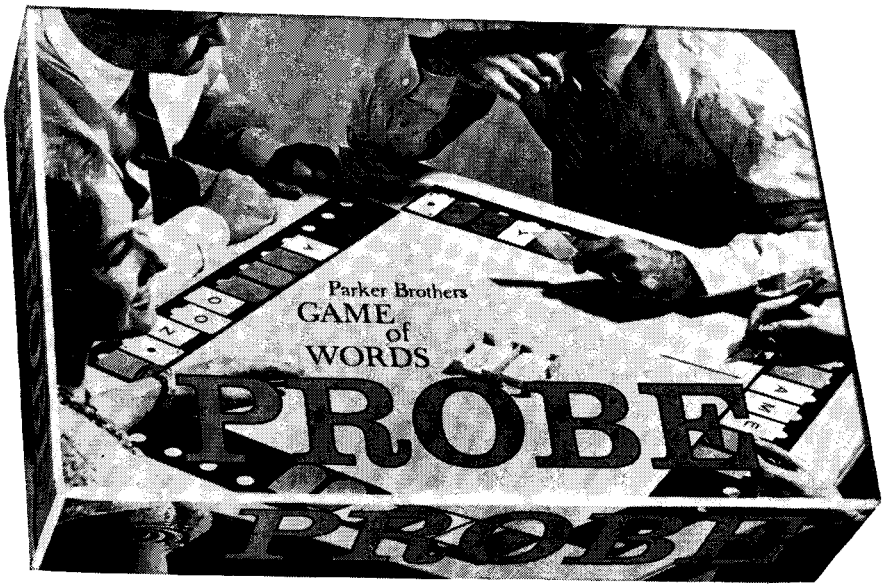

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Continued from page 6

went in for exclusivity joined the DAR or the Sons of Norway. The Shriners were permitted funny hats, the Ku Klux Klan was mostly a joke, and the John Birch Society simply wasn't. Life was simple.

No longer so. The Viola da Gamba Society of America and the Sphagnum Peat Moss Association must compete with such organizations as the International Mustard Association, the National Goldfish Society, and the International Pacific Halibut Commission, for membership, money, and a place in the sun.

A recent sampling of officially recognized organizations includes the following:

► The Orangutan Recovery Service.

► The American Guppy Association.

► The Frozen Pea Council.

► The National Refuse Sack Council.

► The National Button Society.

► The Catgut Acoustical Society.

► The International Cigar Band Society.

► The Society of Pragmatic Mysticism.

There are other delights of varying exclusivity, such as the International Concatenated Order of Hoo Hoo, founded in 1892 and boasting a membership of 14,000. At the other extreme—with four members—is the Aromatic Red Cedar Closet Lining Manufacturer's Association, complete with a convention and annual meeting!

Those who qualify will be happy to know of the Flying Funeral Directors of America—a cheery bunch of morticians who possess pilot's licenses and who presumably occasionally undertake aviation.

In New York there is an organization for male librarians and bookdealers known as the Melvil Dui Chowder and Marching Association. Not to be outdone, San Francisco boasts the Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society, which meets periodically in the members' homes to discuss science fiction—obviously as an escape from the absurdities of reality.

The listings in the *Encyclopedia of Associations* include this intriguing cross-reference: "The Birdwatchers of America—see: Aim for Better Community Mental Health and Education." And one of the most specialized outfits of all is the International Organization of Wooden Money Collectors—a splinter group if there ever was one. —JOHN ALLEN.

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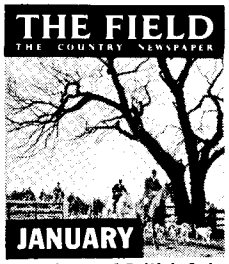

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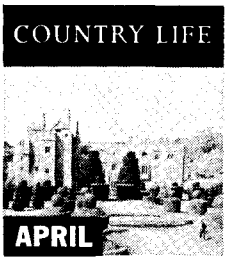

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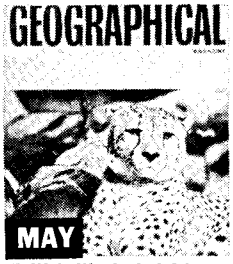

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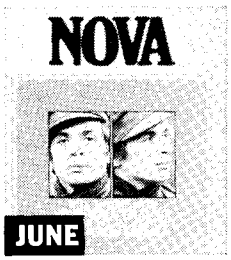

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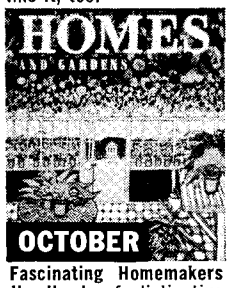

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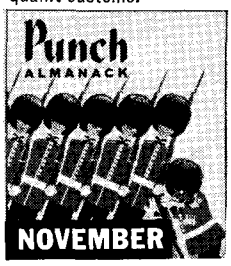

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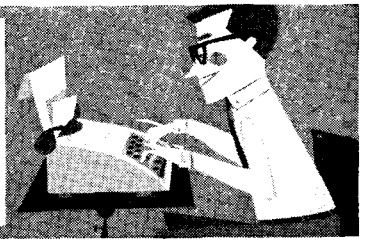
Top of My Head



Thanks a Billion

AND SO WE COME once again to the holiday which asks the question: "Can a young, comely, pulchritudinous turkey from a little town in the Midwest find happiness in the Big City during the Thanksgiving weekend?"

Too often this question rankles and intrudes on our holiday cheer. But in this, the year of the Great Inflation, when our groaning boards are overladen with overpriced blessings, it would seem to behoove us to give pause. Think about it. Take a turkey to dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

This is the day on which we give thanks for our many bounties. We are thankful we live in a country where the people, though divided in politics and religion, live together in the humane philosophy that each of us is his brothers' keeper.

So, after a big turkey dinner, we sit down with last year's Christmas list and start slashing names of people to whom we're not speaking this season, or the name of someone to whom we sent a clock last year and in return received only a Christmas card—and who this year will receive from us a card with a picture of a clock on it.

There was a time some years ago when the President declared two Thanksgivings, one the week before the historical date. As I dimly recall the reasoning for two Thanksgivings, I think the first was for giving thanks to our Lord for good fortune, and the second was for reassessing this divine guidance and taking a goodly share of the credit for ourselves. We were always in there pitching.

At this point in this Thanksgiving piece I must confess to the problem that besets a writer who comes to his task totally unprepared to turn out such a column. I had intended to retell the glorious story we all adore of the courtship of Miles Standish and John Alden, two friends who loved each other so much that shy Miles could ask his best friend, John, to propose for him to Priscilla.

Here my problem began. I couldn't recall Priscilla's last name. I looked it up in my ever dependable reference book, *The Reader's Encyclopedia.* It read: "Priscilla, the heroine of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish.*"

That was it. I looked up John Alden. It read: "The young man loved by Puritan Maiden, Priscilla, in *Courtship of Miles Standish.*" I looked up Miles Standish. It read: "See *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*" (Incidentally right under it was Leland Stanford, who, I learned, was the governor of California from 1861 to 1863. It does not say whether he was a movie actor.)

I finally decided to phone the omniscient *New York Times.* After some scurrying around, the *Times* advised that I call the New York Historical Society. The man copied down the names of John Alden and Miles Standish and then asked, "Priscilla who?" I explained that this was my problem, and after a long hold, he came back to the phone and said he would call back.

While waiting for him to call back, I took a chance on "See *The Courtship of Miles Standish*" in *The Reader's Encyclopedia.* It read: "A narrative poem by Longfellow based on the early history of Pilgrim Fathers. Miles Standish, the bluff middle-aged soldier of the colony, wishes to marry the Puritan maid, Priscilla, but instead of presenting his own cause, he sends his young friend, John Alden. Priscilla's answer is 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' "

By this time this seemed to me the most un-Puritanlike statement a girl ever made to get herself a husband. Also Thanksgiving was losing some of its glory. To add to the confusion the man from the New York Historical Society called back to say that he could find no trace of Priscilla in any of his modern history files.

But this I can tell you. Her name eventually was Mrs. John Alden. Because *The Reader's Encyclopedia,* under *Courtship of Miles Standish,* adds this footnote: "Although John is too loyal to speak for himself at once, eventually all ends happily for the two lovers."

—GOODMAN ACE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ace could have saved himself a lot of bother by calling anybody at SR, who could have told him her name was Priscilla Mullens.*

WRITER'S NOTE: *I did phone SR, and everybody there was busy doing the Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1702.—G.A.*

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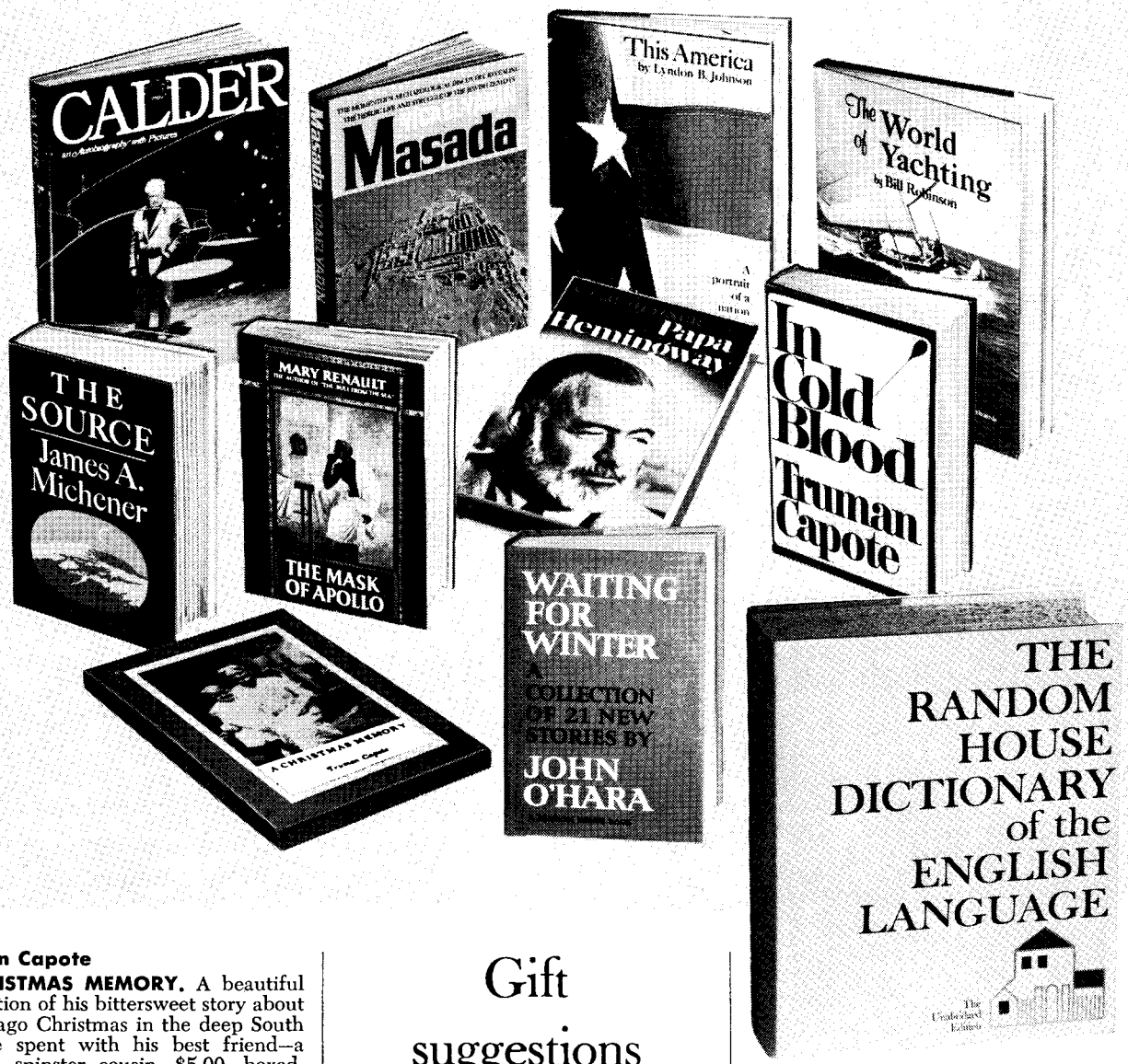

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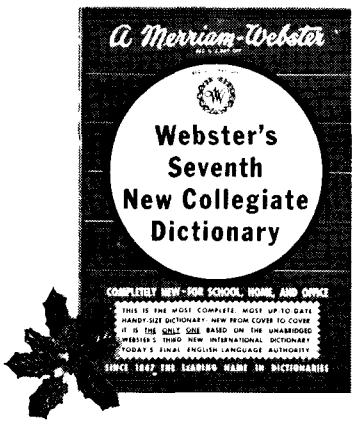

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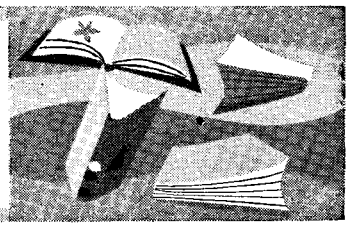

Almost anybody is able to read the New Testament, but only some people, like me, can read it in Pitman shorthand. *The Vicar of Wakefield* was the first novel in shorthand that I came across, at a time when, practicing to be a court reporter, I was trying to develop facility in deciphering my own notes.

The Isaac Pitman Company still publishes in shorthand such classics as *Treasure Island*, *A Christmas Carol*, and many of the Sherlock Holmes stories. On a page measuring 7¼ by 4¾ inches, and allowing for wide margins, almost 700 words can be clearly printed. Thus a 150,000-word book can be produced in 215 pages. What a saving in paper!

The third-floor reading rooms of New York's main public library are a sort of second home to me, and it was there last week that I found this statement, made by Andrew Carnegie on the occasion of donating a free library to Allegheny City:

> My own personal experience may have led me to value a free library beyond all other forms of beneficence. When I was a working boy in Pittsburgh, Colonel Anderson of Allegheny —a name that I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude— opened his little library of 400 books to boys. Every Saturday afternoon he was in attendance at his house to exchange books. No one but him who has felt it can ever know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited, that a new book might be had. It was when reveling in the treasures which he opened to us that I resolved if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man.

Another kind of library, about which I have been curious, is that maintained by the Christian Science Church in the form of pleasantly accoutered reading rooms. The first one was established in Boston in 1888. Today there are 2,500 reading rooms in the United States, and 800 in other countries. Each branch of the church is required to organize and supervise at least one reading room.

Most of the reading rooms are located in buildings in business districts and they generally are open during the same hours as the shops around them, and often on shopping nights. Some of the more valuable buildings are owned by the church. The attendants in charge—frequently volunteers—are called librarians. They always are available to answer questions, or to lend or sell books concerned with the church, but only in what is called a sales or information room. It is required that there be one room beyond, sometimes known as "the quiet room," which is kept free of conversation to provide the perfect atmosphere for study and meditation.

In passing by, one may wonder at the comparatively few persons to be seen making use of the superb facilities, and also at the cost of operating them. However, speak even briefly to any attendant and you will understand. If just one individual is helped through a crisis, nothing else matters. I have learned to have nothing but respect and admiration for the attitude.

The reading rooms are as basic and native to Christian Science as the Sunday "lesson-sermon" and the Wednesday evening "testimony" meeting. Pay a visit, some day. You will be welcome, and impressed.

In his current, well-received *Remembering Mr. Maugham*, Garson Kanin quotes Somerset Maugham as saying that if it had not been for people like Ray Long and myself, he might not have produced as much or as well. I can observe that Mr. Maugham produced, all right, but always at a high price—of money and peace of mind (mine). After he declared his intention of writing no more short stories, for example, I persuaded him to turn out a final four, for $10,000 each. One of them, "The Colonel's Lady," is among his best.

For me Maugham was an exceedingly difficult author. Somewhere around 1947, I acquired from him the rights to *A Writer's Notebook*. In that manuscript were descriptions of characters and references to situations that Maugham never had had a chance to use, but that, he told me, other authors might find of value for themselves, He was *bequeathing* them.

At the time, Maugham was ill—seriously, he thought—and he had gone to the home of Nelson Doubleday in North Carolina, apparently to end his days. Some while later, returning to New York, Maugham found himself in excellent health, and asked me to withhold publication of the *Notebook*. It was quite clear, though he vowed he never

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would take up a pen again, that he wasn't going to give anything away, to anybody, not by a long shot. We had quite a hassle—after all, he had been paid—but I acceded. Finally, in 1949, I was permitted to proceed with publication. And Maugham managed to live for another sixteen years.

My thanks to friends for forwarding information about the Human Encyclopedia who became a detective. He was named Oliver Quade, created by Frank Gruber, and the reason the character stayed in my mind, according to a letter received from Mr. Gruber himself, is that I rejected his first long piece about Quade some thirty years ago! Anyway, just out is Gruber's *Brass Knuckles*, a collection of the Oliver Quade escapades, published by Sherbourne Press, Los Angeles.

I regret to report that Roger Garis's *My Father Was Uncle Wiggily* (McGraw-Hill) would have made a better magazine feature than a book. Nevertheless I found surprising information in it. Howard R. Garis completed more than 15,000 Uncle Wiggily adventures, and 18,000,000 copies of the books were sold. Garis was author of at least 700 other books (many of them under pen names), including the first thirty-five volumes of the "Tom Swift" series; "The Motor Boys"; and the "Dick Hamilton" series.

Mrs. Garis, also under an assumed name, wrote the early "Bobbsey Twins"!

Both Mr. and Mrs. Garis were part of the Edward M. Stratemeyer Syndicate, and I wish I knew more about Mr. Stratemeyer, who must have been a fabulous fellow. I called on him once, in the mid 1920s, partly because I wanted to meet the man who had written "The Rover Boys" (under the name of Arthur M. Winfield), which I had devoured as a youngster. Stratemeyer used *several* pen names. He wrote the "Dave Porter" books, and the "Old Glory" series, among innumerable others. He turned out biographies of American presidents. He ran the syndicate. He was also an editor.

What an era.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1702)

(Ursula) Von Kardoff:
DIARY OF A NIGHTMARE
(January 3, 1944)

Out at the front the best of us are giving their lives for a victory which I dread, because if Hitler wins we are done for. And supposing he does not win? Shall we then become a nation of helots? I don't know what one ought to wish for.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

FAREWELL TO STEAM. By David Plowden. Stephen Greene. $8.95.

Art, Archeology

THE HYKSOS: A New Investigation. By John Van Seters. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE KARIYE DJAMI. By Paul Underwood. Random House. 3 Vols. $55.

Crime, Suspense

MIDNIGHT HAG. By Joan Fleming. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

ROGUE RUNNING. By Maurice Proctor. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Current Affairs

METROPOLIS ON THE MOVE: Geographers Look at Urban Sprawl. By Jean Gottmann and Robert A. Harper. John Wiley. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $3.45.

NEGROES AND THE NEW SOUTHERN POLITICS. By Donald R. Matthews and James W. Prothro. Harcourt, Brace & World. $12.50.

SCIENTISTS IN ORGANIZATIONS: Productive Climates for Research and Development. By Donald C. Pelz and Frank M. Andrews. John Wiley. $10.

VIET CONG: The Organization and Technique of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. By Douglas Pike. MIT Press. $8.95.

Economics

MODERN ECONOMIC GROWTH: Rate, Structure, and Spread. By Simon Kuznets. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $12.50. Paperback, $2.95.

NEW DIMENSIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Walter Heller. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.50.

Essays

JOHN W. CAMPBELL: Collected Editorials from *Analog*. Selected by Harry Harrison. Doubleday. $4.95.

Fiction

THE IMAGE. By Jean de Berg. Grove. $5.

ISLAND IN HARLEM. By Manuel Manrique. John Day. $4.50.

JACK BE QUICK. By Richard B. Koiner. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

NIGHT GAMES. By Mai Zetterling. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

History

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRENCH COLONIAL LOUISIANA: Policy and Politics to 1732. By Charles Edwards O'Neill. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA: The Story of the Constitutional Convention, May to September 1787. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50.

TS'AO YIN AND THE K'ANG-HSI EMPEROR: Bondservant and Master. By Jonathan D. Spence. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

Literary Criticism

HIDDEN PATTERNS: Studies in Psychoanalytic Literary Criticism. Edited by Leonard and Eleanore Manheim. Macmillan. $6.50.

THE NOVEL AND SOCIETY. By Diana Spearman. Barnes & Noble. $6.

SOMETHING OF GREAT CONSTANCY: The Art of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. By David P. Young. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

"Let's face it, Wesley, we're not nouveau anything anymore!"

TOUGH, SWEET AND STUFFY: An Essay on Modern American Prose Styles. By Walker Gibson. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.50.

Miscellany

CULTURAL SLAG. By Felicia Lamport. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

DREAM CASTLES. By Mary Cable. Viking. $6.50.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. By Anthony Baines. Viking. $30.

LONDON, FLOWER OF CITIES ALL. By Richard Church. John Day. $15.

WOLVES, WIDOWS, AND ORPHANS. By Dan T. Moore. World. $5.95.

Personal History

MARY CASSATT. By Julia M. H. Carson. McKay. $4.95.

THE DAYBOOKS OF EDWARD WESTON: California. Edited by Nancy Newhall. Horizon. $15.

THE HEADMASTER: Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield. By John McPhee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

I'LL COME BACK IN THE SPRINGTIME: John F. Kennedy and the Irish. By Maurice N. Hennessy. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER. By Dorothy Laird. Putnam. $6.95.

THE TROUBLE BUSH. By Earl Schenck Miers. Rand McNally. $4.95.

Poetry

SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI: Poems from South Africa. By Guy Butler. Abelard-Schuman. $2.

Political Science

IN THE SHADOW OF PRESIDENTS: The American Vice-Presidency and Succession System. By Michael Harwood. Lippincott. $4.95.

IRONIES OF HISTORY: Essays on Contemporary Communism. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

OMBUDSMEN AND OTHERS: Citizens' Protectors in Nine Countries. By Walter Gellhorn. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

Religion, Philosophy

LITERATURE AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By Sallie McFague TeSelle. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

THOMISM IN AN AGE OF RENEWAL. By Ralph McInerny. Doubleday. $4.95.

Science

A GEOLOGIST'S VIEW OF CAPE COD. By Arthur N. Strahler. Natural History Press. $4.95.

NATURAL HISTORIES. By Jules Renard. Horizon. $17.50 to Dec. 31; $20 thereafter.

Sociology

BEYOND WELFARE: Poverty in the Supercity. By Herbert Krosney. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.50.

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By James G. Leyburn. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50. (Reissue.)

LA VIDA: A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty—San Juan and New York. By Oscar Lewis. Random House. $10.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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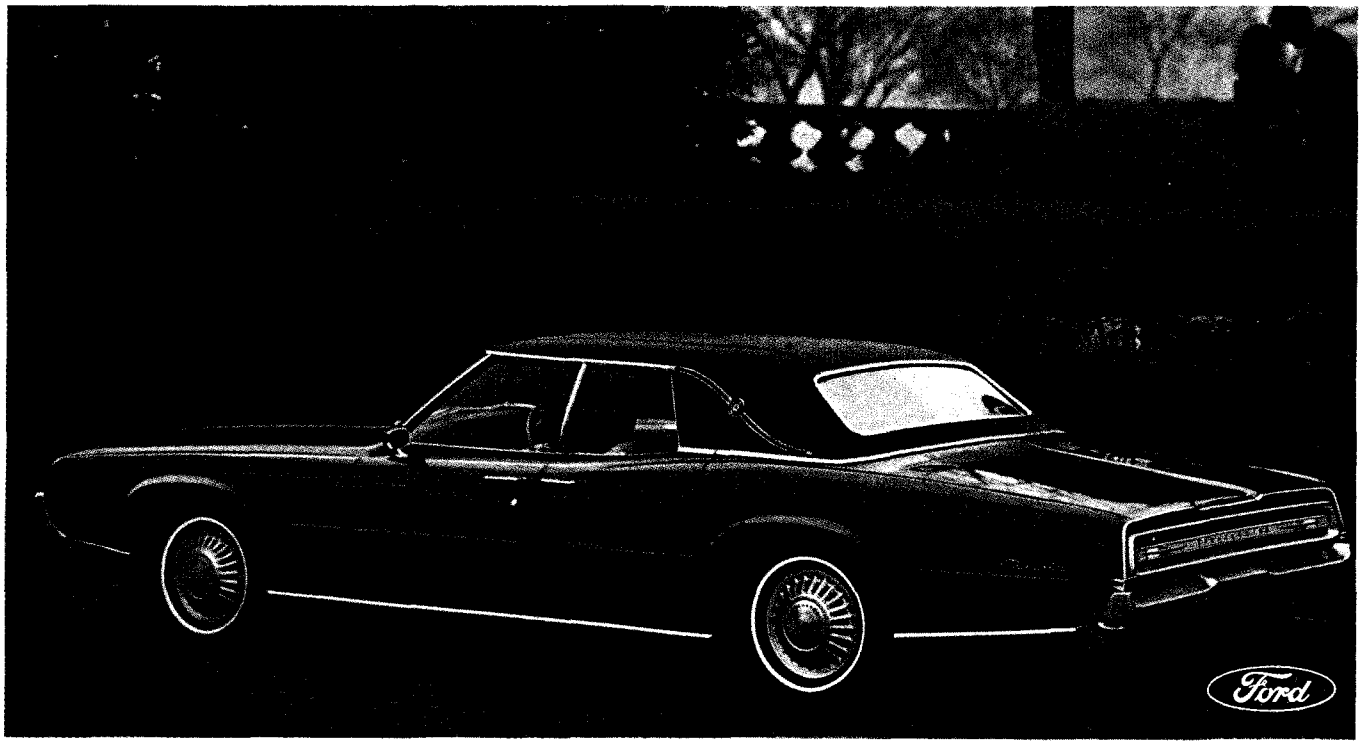

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Saturday Review
November 26, 1966

What's Happening to Fiction?

A safari through the scrapbook of a recently retired *New York Times* book critic: how fashions in novels and novelists have changed; which ones may endure.

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

WHEN PEOPLE talk about books, most of the time they are talking about novels. When friends ask for a recommendation of a good book they nearly always want a novel. When critics discuss books, in print or among themselves, they usually talk about novels.

The reason is plain. Novels can be magnificent entertainment. They can also be works of art and of thought. They can challenge minds, interpret life, enrich our own experience as no other form of art can. We delight in them and delight to talk about them—even to quarrel fiercely about them. So in this venture into reminiscence I propose to take a quick look at the novels I have reviewed in the past twenty-four years.

My first review for *The New York Times,* in April 1942, was of a novel called *The Children,* by Nina Federova. I praised it with reservations. But *The Children* was forgotten long ago and so were most of the novels I have reviewed, including many that are quite good. This is one of the sad truths about books and writers. Only a few achieve critical acclaim; most of these also are soon forgotten. My scrapbooks seem like a graveyard of dead reputations.

They also show how reputations decline when talent burns itself out but the habit of writing persists, as it did with Louis Bromfield (does anyone under age forty recognize his name?); with Sinclair Lewis, who wrote important novels but who continued to write a long succession of poor ones; with Somerset Maugham, who did the same. One of the melancholy things about novelists, particularly about American novelists, is the way young writers produce one or two fine books and then write no more or write badly. All they knew and all they felt (usually about their childhood and youth) went into those first books and they were left with nothing more to say. It would be easy to ask what became of so-and-so. It seems kinder not to.

HOW many different kinds of novels have poured from hot and smoking typewriters! Once they seemed important: naturalistic novels in which both misfortune and original sin were caused by the wicked organization of society; topical novels about recent events in Berlin, Moscow, London, and New York; satirical novels which mocked the state of affairs in those and other places; autobiographical novels about sensitive young men who were unappreciated in their youth but certain to become great writers; novels written in imitation of the works of William Faulkner; novels clogged with symbols (what does the dead mule on the landing represent?); and allegorical novels in which parallels to ancient myths are supposed to be wonderfully significant.

In more recent years we have had novels about the "new morality," which seems to be only the absence of morality; novels which glorify depravity, vice, perversions of every sort, as if those who practiced sexual abominations were more interesting, even more human and somehow more admirable, than whose who remain decent; novels of despair and hate, of the absurd and of intellectual incoherence. Although some of these fictional aberrations are sincere enough, nearly all of them are crashing bores. And they make no valid comment on the moral lower depths. Since they are unworthy of serious consideration it is small wonder that many habitual readers of fiction are revolted by them and are bewildered by those who praise them.

All critics practice a craft which consists of personal, subjective opinion tempered by experience and wide reading. It is not only inevitable but fitting and proper that they should disagree among themselves. During my years as a *Times* critic, I frequently discussed novelists, who, it seemed to me, failed to make good use of their fine talents; who, I thought, were excessively overpraised.

Their novels were interesting, provocative, worthy of thoughtful attention. But, I was convinced, they fell far short of their pretensions. They were flawed by clumsy, self-indulgent writing, or by muddled thought and uncontrolled emotion. They were written to please the author rather than a large body of educated readers. Or they were written to please the members of a small cult or coterie. Or they dramatized an exceedingly narrow and highly questionable vision of human character and behavior. The most distinguished of these intermittently brilliant authors was William Faulkner. Others, in no particular order, are: John O'Hara, Robert Penn Warren, John Steinbeck, Saul Bellow, John Updike, J. D. Salinger, William Styron, Henry Green, Graham Greene, Lawrence Durrell, Günter Grass, and Vladimir Nabokov.

Other novelists seemed to me more significant and more truthful interpreters of life, more competent technicians in fiction, more expert masters of the art of characterization and narration. Some of their books were not up to their aver-

Orville Prescott recently retired after twenty-four years as co-editor of *The New York Times* column, "Books of the Times."

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age. But their average was so high that I recall their novels with pleasure and admiration. I believe that their novels represent the best fiction of the past twenty-five years. Among them are: John P. Marquand, James Gould Cozzens, Louis Auchincloss, Conrad Richter, John Hersey (whose original mind and crusading zeal sometimes lead him into desperate trouble, but whose best books are outstanding), Joyce Cary, C. P. Snow, Rumer Godden, and Evelyn Waugh.

NOVELS of social protest are rarely notable as works of literature, but one of these was a masterpiece: *Cry, The Beloved Country,* by Alan Paton. Another masterpiece was T. H. White's *The Once and Future King,* an enchanting mixture of comedy, farce, fantasy, drama, wisdom, and medieval lore.

Another group of novelists maintained a high level of excellence without quite matching that of those listed above. Among them are: John Cheever, Shirley Anne Grau, Shirley Jackson, William Humphrey, William Maxwell, Jessamyn West, and Anne Goodwin Winslow.

One of my particular pleasures as a critic was to proclaim as loudly as possible the merits of that distinguished company of greatly gifted writers who have restored the historical novel to the high estate of art and who have made the past twenty-five years a golden age of historical fiction. Since most historical novels are subliterary trash—crude combinations of inadequate research and incompetent fiction—many critics and readers despise all historical novels and remain unaware of the excellent work now being done in this generally underestimated variety of fiction. They have missed some or all of the extraordinary historical novels which have been written recently, works of such imaginative brilliance, of such technical skill, and of such smoothly mastered scholarship that they rank among the fine novels of our time.

Here is a short roll call of only a few of these fine books: *The World Is Not Enough,* by Zoé Oldenbourg, *The Golden Warrior,* by Hope Muntz, *The Long Ships,* by Frans G. Bengtsson, *The Man On A Donkey,* by H. F. M. Prescott, *The Golden Hand,* by Edith Simon, *The King Must Die,* by Mary Renault, *Fire In The Ice,* by Dorothy James Roberts, *The Big Sky,* by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and *The Conscience Of The King,* by Alfred Duggan.

What, then, is the state of fiction today? Like our civilization, it is in a state of turmoil, confusion, and change. More novels of uninteresting competence are being written than ever before. More novels of high ambition and desperately serious intention are being written than ever before. And undoubtedly more novelists are earning more money than ever before. But it is an article of faith with many readers of contemporary fiction that not as many fine novels appear each year as appeared in 1866 or in 1926.

Why do so many of us believe this? I think the chief reason is that the trend today among novelists is to subdivide themselves into splinter groups and for each novelist to write for the members of his own group only. There have always been popular writers of small merit who were scorned by the better writers and critics of their time. But in the past many of the great novelists were also the most popular. Tolstoy, Balzac, Dickens, and Kipling delighted hundreds of thousands of readers. Even Henry James lamented that he was not widely read.

But today many of our most talented novelists scorn the basic elements of popularity as if narrative drive, strikingly individualized characters, humor, and emotion were incompatible with art. Seduced by the fame and technical brilliance of an experimenter of genius such as James Joyce, they go whoring after strange gods and produce books in which experimental form eliminates content—as do the members of the New Wave coterie in France.

Or they splash about in the joys of ambiguity, symbolism, and allegory with anemic, tasteless, and depressing results. Or they write to demonstrate their hatred of life and their belief that life is not only absurd but not worth living. No wonder that most readers do not find such novels worth reading. Their own lives may be full of difficulty, disappointment, and grief, be unsatisfactory in many ways; but they do not succumb to the cult of despair and they do not relish books by authors who have given up. The most important books about the sorrows and cruelties of men and of life were written by authors capable of indignation and pity. It is such positive emotions readers are always glad to share.

PERHAPS the sum of the matter is that the creative mind behind the work of fiction must command respect. The individual writer need not. If the best that is in him goes into his books, his private life may be contemptible. But the vision of life dramatized in his books must seem worthy of serious consideration or readers will reject his novels.

These remarks do not apply to mass entertainments produced by tired hacks. They do apply to the novels which critics discuss seriously and which readers would, if they could, take seriously.

Two recent novels, one a critical success and moderately popular, too—*The Jewel In the Crown,* by Paul Scott—and the other a critical success and a smash best seller—*The Secret Of Santa Vittoria,* by Robert Crichton—are fine examples of what can be done in contemporary fiction. The traditional elements which make fiction a great art are present in them both. And both deal truthfully and movingly with the issues of our troubled times. If more books of equal quality could be counted on, the future of fiction would seem much brighter than it does.

"So your great, great, grandfather actually knew Goldilocks?"

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Japan, 1965: Funeral of Kabuki actor Danjuro in Tokyo.

ENCORE AT THE LOUVRE: Henri Cartier-Bresson

By MARGARET R. WEISS

PARIS.

DESPITE an active, forward-looking *amélioration* program of face-lifting and façade-cleaning, visually the Paris scene is in a retrospective mood. The newly renovated Grand Palais galleries—a conversion representing a $3,000,000 expenditure in Cultural Affairs Minister André Malraux's promotion of an officially inspired cultural renaissance—have been readied for a monumental installation of Picasso's life-work as a tribute to his eighty-fifth birthday. Concomitantly, at the Louvre, the Musée de l'Orangerie has been spanning the five centuries between Van Eyck and Vuillard in an exhibition lyrically entitled "Dans la Lumière de Vermeer." And in the Louvre's northwest wing, the Pavillon de Marsan, preparations are under way for the opening on November 25 of a retrospective that is a newsworthy event for both the professional photographic world and the viewing public—the Louvre's second one-man show in ten years to honor the incomparable camera art of Henri Cartier-Bresson.

In this instance it is less a case of "a prophet in his own country" than a passing comment on the universality of photographic language to note that the impetus for the current Paris show originated in Japan. At the invitation of *Shimbun*, the Japanese newspaper which is part of the vast Asahi industrial complex, Cartier-Bresson returned to the Far East last year to spend several months in his accustomed role of "photo-reporter without assignment." Unobtrusively, and often under his alias of "Hank Carter," he wandered at will photographing whatever pleased his lens.

The subjects he captured pleased Asahi's top management as well, and this fall *Shimbun* lavishly launched a 270-print show, "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Exhibition of Photographs After The Decisive Moment," which in two weeks attracted an unprecedented audience of 45,000.

Pierre Gassmann, director of Pictorial Service laboratories in Paris, was responsible for making these fine exhibition prints, as he had done for the first Cartier-Bresson show at the Louvre in 1955. Master printer, respected friend and father-confessor to the Continent's leading photographers, Gassmann told me in a casual aside one day, "I played a hunch and made extra sets of prints.

Photographs from the exhibition, by special permission of Henri Cartier-Bresson

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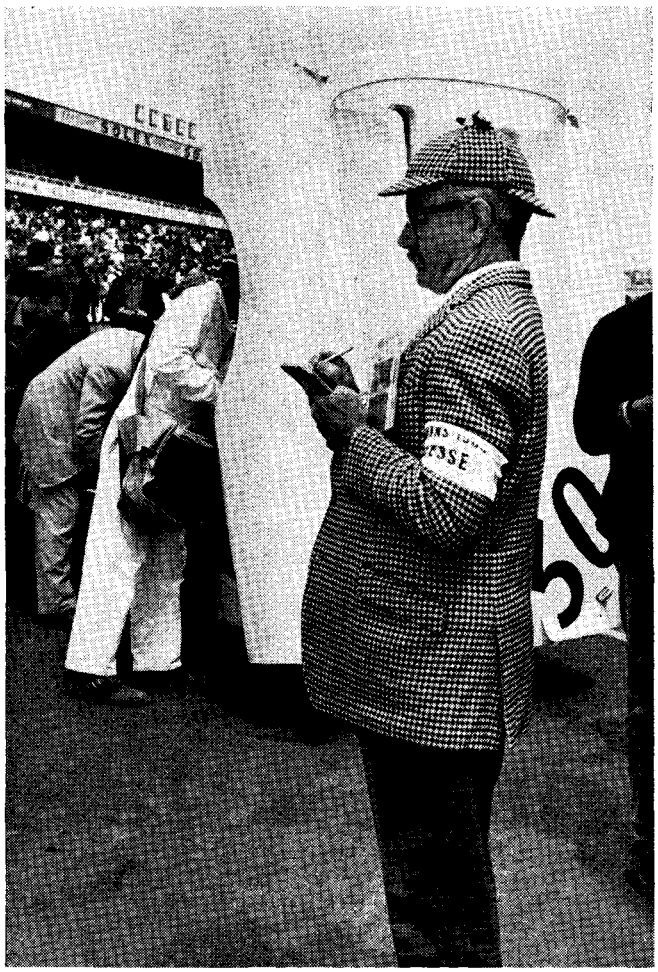
U.S.A., 1963: At the Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.



France, 1966: Reporter at the 24-hour auto race, Le Mans.

Why not? I knew it was only a matter of rounding up a few willing sponsors and a similar show could be mounted here in Paris, where it belongs as a fitting tribute to one of France's most distinguished native sons."

As discerning as Gassmann's professional appraisals usually are, his hunch about show sponsorship proved accurate. His face revealed pride and personal satisfaction as his assistants held up before me one impressive print after another—prints that range in size from 12 x 15 inches to 3 x 5 feet. "You see," he said, "it's going to be a handsome show. About sixty subjects telescope the two decades covered in Henri's first Louvre exhibit, and the remaining 200 pictures are a representative selection of his last ten years' work. They're all there—China, France, Mexico, Cuba, the United States, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Japan, India —vignetted in the special graphics of his own 'humanistic symbolism,' always in terms of people and the passing scene, even when the subject is pure landscape or a portrait study."

(Left): Southwest France, 1962: Villagers listen to a speech by de Gaulle.

Though no exhibition catalogue has been planned, a new book of Cartier-Bresson photographs is about to go to press at the publishing house of Robert Delpire. Specialist in medical and art books, advertising consultant, producer of the just-premièred film *Qui Etes-Vous Polly Maggoo?* Delpire is also serving as graphic designer for the Louvre installation. With an eye on maximum flexibility, he has fashioned an arrangement of panels that will be readily adaptable to the changing specifications of other museum galleries as the show travels the world during 1967. (A special version of the exhibit is expected to reach New York in the spring of 1968.)

IT was because of a hurried editorial conference with Delpire that Cartier-Bresson interrupted his current magazine assignment (a visual essay-in-depth on Switzerland) and returned to Paris. Having previously written that he would let me know if and when we might meet to "preview" the show, he telephoned to arrange an appointment the following morning. We shared the largest part of the ensuing week, and he talked freely about his working philosophy and *Weltanschauung*, nostalgically about the Norman countryside of his youth, feelingly about "the economics of photography" and the future of young practitioners' artistic integrity and independence in the face of "the large shadow Madison Avenue casts."

As Cartier-Bresson warmed to the topics that interest him most, there was little evidence of his reputed elusiveness and distaste for interviews. What was immediately apparent was a wiry frame of high tensile strength, a slight nervous shyness, the proverbially disarming Gallic charm, and an agile aphoristic wit.

"Why talk?" he said. "Photography is *to do*, not to talk. Besides, I don't think of myself as a photographer—I don't even like photography. But I derive physical pleasure from taking pictures. It's something that demands quick footwork and constant alertness, concentration and discipline, a sense of order, a strict frame of reference. I don't take pictures. Pictures take me!"

This is indeed the precise effect his pictures produce on the viewer. And perhaps it is also why his camera has always functioned best when it is untrammeled by editorial directive. The

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Japan, 1965: Brook in Nara.

Mexico, 1964: Moving day.

India, 1966: Dyeing saris in Ahmedabad.

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only type of assignment that he accepts is one in which he is given *"Cartier blanche"*—freedom to allow the images of crystal lens and hawk's eye to coalesce at the decisive moment which he alone can intuit. Simultaneous recognition of the significance of a subject as well as of the visual organization which will give that subject its proper expression—all in a fraction of a second—is an act of discovery, not the result of invention or contrivance or preconceived idea.

"Nothing but one's own intuition can tell when vision and conception become one, where content and form are in perfect union," he said. "While I try to catch the little detail that *involves* everybody, I myself can only be implicated rather than involved. This is part of the discipline one's responses must undergo. In photography, it comes down to a matter of visual geometry—the order and organization that are the educated heart of a picture."

FOR Cartier-Bresson, intermediaries have a way of interfering with the immediacy of his experience. Significantly, even when traveling in unfamiliar or unfriendly territory, he rarely uses an official guide or interpreter for any purpose other than keeping curious bystanders at bay. "I like to come close to people—and to come upon subjects at first hand," he said, and I thought of his picture of the little brook in Nara. The brook had a span no wider than 2 feet, and as he straddled it, his eye was caught by the symbolic tracery of the whorls and ripples. Certainly no guide would ever have considered it a subject worth pointing out, and yet its pattern and mood epitomize Japan as effectively as a Hokusai print.

Cartier-Bresson characterizes his own camera approach as that of "a scientist —albeit a passionate one," searching, weighing, sifting empirical data, exposing each sensory experience of the visual world to the laser of logic as an intellectual exercise. His philosophical heritage, however, holds not only Descartes but Bergson, and intuition as a way of knowing prevails at the moment of artistic creation.

"Intuition, yes—but it must be fed by the intellect, by exposure to the arts, by learning as much as possible about the world we live in. To me, photography is a way of drawing, a way of living more intensely. It is the sketchbook of life. The painter can paint anything; the photographer can picture only what is there to be photographed."

In his pre-camera days, he was a student of painter André Lhote, and even today many of his comparisons and analogies are phrased in the language of easel art. Two other clues reveal the training of those early years: the small sketchpad that he always carries in his

Japan, 1965: Sidestreet, Tokyo.

Japan, 1965: Mount Aso volcano, Kyushu.

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France, 1963: Alberto Giacometti in front of the door of his Paris studio.

pocket, and a highly developed sense of composition, pattern, and design. (A photograph such as the one of the old French villagers listening to a speech by de Gaulle shows at a glance how responsive his eye is to the interplay of patterns and the law of dynamic symmetry.)

Because "pictures should be handwritten and not typed," he decries young photographers who allow the glossy world of money to erase their individuality and stunt their artistic development. For him, the creative attitude is always one of anarchism, not conformity. "The only conformity is to reality, to facts. In the end, you must be yourself. Your work must reflect *you* . If you don't please yourself first, you won't please anybody. I remember when I did the story on Cuba for *Life*, neither Castro nor the editors were displeased, and I think that was the case because without fear or favor I photographed what pleased me. Reality alone has the final word. And that is the humility of the camera."

In recording reality, however, Cartier-Bresson uses his camera to evoke rather than to document. This is an approach he preferred as far back as thirty years ago when he worked for Jean Renoir as an assistant director, and later even in the documentary films he made about the Spanish Civil War wounded and the return of French prisoners after World War II.

"If a photograph is really evocative, it carries its own message," he said. "The only caption it needs is a label of *when* and *where*. The *who* or *what* and the *why* are incorporated in the subject itself—or should be—and the *how* is unimportant. I don't know why most magazine photographers look down on the press photographer. He's the one most intimately concerned with recording reality. And he has to do it quickly, often in a single telling picture."

Such pictures, he believes, loom large in the future development of paperbacks with photographs. "A whole new marketplace will open to the photographer. My advice to today's young photographer is to hang on to his negatives and protect his ownership rights to his pictures."

As we rode toward the terminal in a taxi the morning of my departure, he remarked, "That's what I would be if I were not a photographer—a cab-driver! He's an anonymous someone to whom people reveal their inner selves. The taxi has become a confessional, the back seat a psychoanalyst's couch. Though remaining faceless to his passengers, the driver can see their faces in his mirror. The photographer should be like that—unobtrusive, detached, yet close to people. He should really wear his camera between skin and shirt—and the pictures on his contact sheets would be all the richer."

At that moment, Cartier-Bresson directed the driver to make a short detour to the rue Marché St. Honoré. There, about midway between where Stendhal's house still stands and Camus had his studio, he pointed to a squat, three-storied building of nondescript color and style.

"That's 'home' for me when I'm in Paris. It's where the Magnum agency was born—the old home of the Capa family where Bob Capa, Dave Seymour, George Rodger, and I actually started our photographic coöperative. I can still remember Julia—Mother Capa—keeping a matriarchal eye on the whole establishment, and Bob's brother Cornell not yet out of kneepants but already a willing darkroom assistant. But that was long, long years ago—business is all so different now."

Before the last-minute *au 'voirs*, I asked him whether he had any new projects on his calendar. The man whose retrospective all Paris awaited was obviously not himself thinking retrospectively. Vintage Model-G Leica in hand, he replied: "I am waiting to take my *next* picture!"

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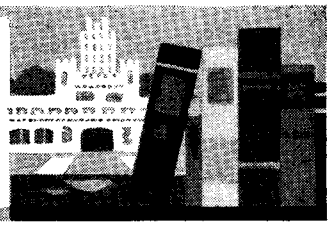
Perspective



Where Are Tacitus, Plutarch, Voltaire?

IT IS a pity. Peter Gay's *The Enlightenment* (Knopf, $8.95), so profoundly important, will not be read by LBJ nor McNamara nor Dean Rusk. Not that they will be singular. The study will not find its way to de Gaulle's table or Wilson's bedside. It is an even greater pity that Baldwin and Mailer and Capote will pass the work by: too thick, too learned, too remote for them. And yet they almost more than anyone else need to read it, for the author's critical attitude to thinking in myths. But worst of all, my own colleagues will *read* the book, certainly—praise it, but, alas, never comprehend for one moment the message it carries, a message that should sear their intellects. I know such claims may seem absurd. A long and learned interpretation of the Enlightenment—subtitled "The Rise of Modern Paganism"—makes an improbable bombshell.

We are trained now to look for our intellectual dynamite in information, whether economic, sociological, sexual. The dramatic fact, seized on by all methods of communication, is the drop in the Gallup Poll, the statistical extent of homosexuality, the prevalence of bugging. Factual detail is news; but reasoned criticism of the President's political philosophy, a discussion of man's bisexual nature, or an argument distinguishing political from civil liberty will scarcely bring a call from *Time* or *Newsweek* requesting exclusive rights. For a generation or more now the intellectual has been in retreat, particularly the historian.

As the historian has grown mountainous in scholarship, he has shrunk as a man. He has ceased to be a combatant in the battle for truth. Aping a nonexistent Providence, his cult of objectivity has been nothing more than a treason to the intellect. By squeezing morality out of history, he is committing professional suicide, leaving the biting social and intellectual criticism which should be his milieu to the rare satirist or philosopher, the Orwells and the Russells, or to the little reviews and the campus beatniks. Where is Tacitus, where is Plutarch, and, most grievous of all, where is Voltaire? The first two may be admired as primitives so long as they are forgotten as moralists. But Voltaire? He is dismissed as shallow, petty, a witty charlatan.

We no longer pursue infamy. We avert our eyes from the monstrous myths that have captivated men's emotions and shackled their minds, leading them to greed, intolerance, and brutality. We no longer permit ourselves a passing sneer at the ritual dottiness of church or synagogue, although, of all men, historians are aware of the follies committed in the name of God.

No. We edit pyramids of papers, concentrate on the growth and decay of estates, reconstruct the ideology of an age with precision and care and antiseptic indifference to what was perpetrated in its name. All these are undertaken with the minimum of consideration for the pain and suffering of humanity, or for its blindness, stupidity, and addiction to cant. We have accepted Ranke's terrible dictum that all things are equidistant from God. What historians have forgotten is that facts, either human or social, become inescapably moral facts. No historian of the Enlightenment forgot this simple truth. But then, no historian of the Enlightenment pretended to be Providence. God was not to be imitated, but attacked. Diderot's ideal philosopher was "a philosopher who tramples underfoot prejudices, tradition, antiquity, universal assent, authority, in a word everything that overawes the mass of minds." Indeed, a man committed to criticism wherever it might lead.

COMMITMENT to criticism, and its history, is the theme of Peter Gay's erudite, witty, beautifully written book. Within the realm of ideas he perceives a duality—the critical mind that acquires the habit of truth opposed to the myth-accepting mind that acquires the habit of faith. One doubts, the other believes. Of course, no dichotomies are clear-cut: believers have doubts, doubters retain beliefs. In that great age of faith, of mythopoeic culture, the Middle Ages, the critical spirit was never wholly buried—Abelard wrote his *Sic et Non*, Roger Bacon experimented—but the intellectual climate of Christianity by its very nature is allergic to the critical approach. Christians require at least one miracle, one prophecy; skeptics, none.

By and large the myth-makers have had the best of history. In Greece, then more confidently in Rome, and again during the Renaissance the critical philosophic spirit secured a number of intellectual triumphs, if few social ones. But the scientific revolution gave an impetus to criticism that seemed to open up limitless vistas; for what was experiment but a critical examination of nature? Newton, Boyle, and Boer have justified this philosophical attitude by their experiments. Gay's dichotomy is, perhaps, too simple, for the savage mind observes, correlates, and achieves even in the complexities of myth; but his confrontation remains a valuable tool of analysis.

In England, France, Germany, and Italy a new intellectual era dawned from the 1690s onwards. Men subjected all belief – God, Christ, kingship – to criticism. And they used history as their major weapon. Hence God and Providence were banished from the historian's causation, and philosophers sought their intellectual heroes in men like Lucretius or Machiavelli who analyzed humanity in terms of itself. The result was not, as so many have believed, rapid growth in uncritical optimism, in a belief that man's powers were commensurate with his destiny, that the corrupt and superstitious mythologies under which man had sheltered for so long would be exploded by the philosophers' satirical realism. The Enlightenment possessed its darker side, its pessimism, as any pagan attitude always will. Few could achieve the serenity of David Hume at his death, neither welcoming nor fearing oblivion but meeting it with the stoicism of the humanist.

Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Condorcet, Wieland, and the rest of that wonderful galaxy of restless and realistic spirits were aware of man's corruptibility, his capacity to hide his evil nature in the excuse of myth, or to shift the burden onto the shoulders of God or history. They knew, as few since, both the necessity and the difficulty of living without belief but with hope. They longed for a world that would banish credulity, that would base its attitudes on a truthful evaluation of human needs. The first stage in the struggle, they thought, was to combat myth. And, of course, for them, in their Christ-dominated societies, the arch-myth whose destruction was essential was Christianity. That may now seem naïve, crude, the response of a flat-footed atheism; but, before condemning, we should remember that in our time we face a milk-and-water Christianity, whose tolerance has grown as its social power has declined. In the days of the philosophers the blood was still fresh on Christian hands. And the savants' attack on miracles and on the historical inanities of religious teaching was immensely valuable in helping to create an intellectually free society.

Of course, the struggle against myth

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The Importance of Being Civil

"SO LET US BEGIN anew," said John Kennedy in his Inaugural plea for peace, "remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness. . . ."

Many of those heartfelt injunctions to "both sides" seem lost or forgotten today. Indeed that snowy Inaugural Day, that speech, that new age of poetry and power which they inaugurated, all seem longer ago than they truly were. But few of the phrases which summoned an entire people at that hour are more frequently forgotten today than President Kennedy's request for "civility" in foreign policy.

The Red Chinese, whatever their claim to seniority in civilization, were uncivil in their comments on that speech and have remained uncivil in rejecting every twig of an olive branch since offered. Soviet leaders, although at least not resorting to the shoe-banging pyrotechnics of an earlier day, have re-escalated the Cold War rhetoric of insinuation and insult. (Fortunately for the Western world, the Soviets and Chinese save their choicest examples of vituperation for each other.)

Diplomatic discourtesy is not confined to large and powerful nations. One need only note the incessant harangues of almost any Albanian or North Korean spokesman. Nor is it confined to Communist states. Delegates from African nations regularly walk out on speakers, speeches, or even discussions of which they disapprove. Arab and Israeli leaders boycott each other to an extreme that is best summed up by Sam Goldwyn's alleged advice regarding movie critics: "Don't pay any attention to them—don't even ignore them." Somehow nearly every nation, large and small, seems to find it necessary to ignore, insult, or indict with harsh tongue some other nation, large or small.

Unfortunately, our own country has not been free from incivility in diplomatic word and deed. Indeed, the acceleration of events in Vietnam seems to have heightened our tendencies in this respect. War is war, it is said, and the enemy is the enemy. But are our war aims advanced by the sweeping rhetoric of denunciation? Will our willingness to enter serious negotiations be believed if the enemy feels we are capable of treating him only with contempt?

Nor is our conduct only a matter of the Vietnamese war. No doubt it is protocol to return to the East German regime a note on disarmament we would not deign to open—or to exclude the Cuban, Albanian, and Mongolian U.N. delegates from a White House reception, stating as grounds the fact that we had no diplomatic relations with them, but nevertheless inviting the Brazzaville, Congo delegate, whose government was not recognized then, either. No doubt it is accepted diplomatic practice for American ambassadors to walk out on offensive speeches delivered by spokesmen for our adversaries. But should not protocol and diplomacy in modern times take into account what is potentially tension-reducing or tension-building as well as what is formally and traditionally correct? Would civility in any of these cases be seriously regarded as a sign of weakness?

No nation on earth is stronger than the United States. We would demonstrate our confidence in that strength, in my view, by refusing to stoop to the petty discourtesies required by traditional diplomatic practices and protocol. If we feel our case is weak or shameful, let us change it. But if we are proud of our course and our convictions—if we are immune to threats and abuse—then surely we have no need to fear any kind of contact or communication on any subject with anybody, anywhere, any time. Responding to discourtesy with more discourtesy may demonstrate our disagreement or our displeasure—but it is hardly a display of our self-assurance.

THE problem is not confined to the Department of State. The Mayor of New York, with obviously political motives, felt compelled to snub the King of Saudi Arabia upon the latter's visit to New York. Later, in massive retaliation, twelve Islamic Chiefs of Mission boycotted the Mayor's dinner dance for U.N. delegates. The AFL-CIO representatives to the International Labor Organization boycotted its sessions when a Communist president was chosen. No doubt the State Department deplored these and similar actions—but its own example makes removal of the mote from other eyes more difficult.

Before liberal and intellectual critics nod too quickly in agreement let them consider the discourtesies practiced in their own ranks. For students and faculty members to walk out on a distinguished commencement speaker is the height of rudeness, whatever their disagreement with his policies. For anti-war demonstrators to interrupt the President of the United States with chanting or heckling, or to smear his motorcade with paint, is a demonstration not of their pacifistic zeal but of their militant bad manners. (It is also the kind of act that encourages among extremists of every shade a disrespect for the office of the Presidency, and this can create an atmosphere in which an uglier violence can be—and has been—bred.)

If any faction within the anti-Vietnam movement is so lacking in logical appeal that its members must resort to intolerance, insults, and illegality, then that faction deserves to be ignored. If, on the other hand, its members can respect the rights and views of others, and seek an orderly change through reasoned appeals to the majority, then their cause and their spokesmen are more likely to earn similar respect. To be sure, there would still be no guarantee that their views—or those of any group in a free society—would prevail. But a show of civility would not be a sign of weakness.

—THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

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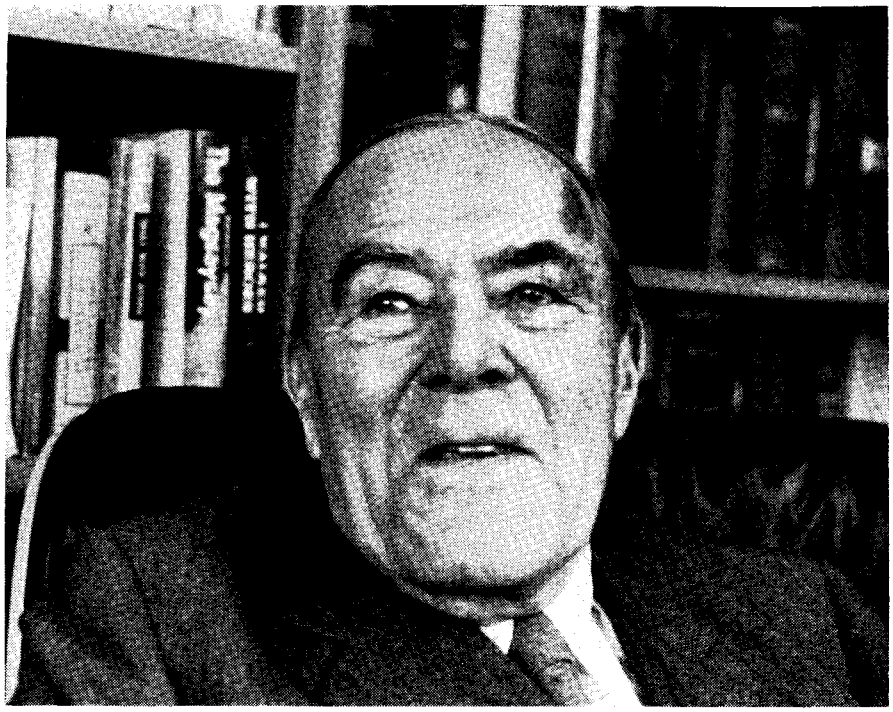

—S.R. Photo by N.C.

Grenville Clark—"It is doubtful if any living American is more deserving of the Nobel Peace Prize."

A Man For All Seasons

GRENVILLE CLARK, who makes you think of a company of Americans like Madison, Jefferson, and John Adams, has just turned eighty-four. He has never held public office and is not popularly known, but it is doubtful if any living American is more deserving of the Nobel Peace Prize. If the United Nations ever achieves the maturity of a workable government with adequate, responsible powers, the role of Grenville Clark in making it possible will have been a key one.

I first met him in 1945, shortly after the end of the Second World War. He had joined with the late Owen J. Roberts, associate justice of the Supreme Court and the late Robert P. Bass, former governor of New Hampshire, in inviting forty-eight Americans to a conference in Dublin, New Hampshire, where he lived, for the purpose of considering the revolutionary new situation in the world represented by the development of nuclear weapons. I learned that he was widely respected by his peers as a lawyer with a keen interest in world affairs, and that he had been consulted by four Presidents on matters of foreign policy and national defense.

Clark made the opening presentation at the Dublin Conference. He attempted to look ahead twenty years or more. He said he thought it unreasonable to assume that the wartime alliance between the United States and the Soviet Union could hold up under the pressure of events. He forecast a struggle for the balance of power under conditions of uncertainty and insecurity for both countries. He saw the emergence of a world atomic armaments race. Despite published assurances to the contrary by U.S. Government spokesmen, he anticipated the development within a few years of nuclear weapons by the Soviet Union, and by other countries within a generation. He said it would be difficult to keep the atomic armaments race from leading to a world holocaust unless strong measures were taken to create a world authority with law-enacting and law-enforcing powers.

He believed the moment in history had come for creating the instruments of workable law. He spoke of the need for a world government which would have "limited but adequate" powers. It should be "limited" in the sense that it would not interfere with internal functioning of the nations. It should be "adequate" in the sense that it would be able to deal with the historic causes of war and would seek to insure justice in the relations among nations. In short, he proposed world law as the only alternative to the existing world anarchy.

Listening to Grenville Clark that day at Dublin, New Hampshire, was an unforgettable experience. He was then, as he is today, a magnificent example of the man of reason joined to the man of good will. He summoned historical experience, always giving proper weight to his analogies, always making the essential qualifications. The political philosophy reflected in his talk placed him in the tradition of John Stuart Mill, the Physiocrats, the leaders of the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention, and jurists like Oliver Wendell Holmes. When he spoke about the need for world law, he was not just trying to prevent world war; he was speaking to a condition necessary for human progress.

As the result of Clark's leadership, the Dublin Conference produced a document that commanded national attention and served as the effective beginning for the world law movement in the United States and elsewhere. Clark was its main architect and champion; he was also its primary source of energy and inspiration. Since then he has put everything aside in order to work for the ideas contained in the Dublin Declaration. He is one of the few men in the world, in fact, who has given full time to the most important need on earth. With Professor Louis B. Sohn of Harvard University, he wrote the book, *World Peace Through World Law*, which addressed itself to the multiplicity of problems involved in the transformation of the United Nations into a source of enforceable world law. The book recognizes that a world legislative body must be "weighted" in representation. For the present one-nation, one-vote system of representation makes the enactment of world legislation cumbersome and potentially inequitable. The book presents carefully developed ideas that indicate the practicality as well as feasibility of weighted representation. In 1959, the American Bar Association awarded him its Gold Medal, referring to *World Peace Through World Law* as a "major contribution to world literature" on the subject of peace.

Clark has tackled the bugaboo of absolute sovereignty in a way that has disarmed even the most pronounced adherents of unfettered national determination. At the Dartmouth Conference between prominent Americans and Russians in 1960, the meeting was virtually at a point of tension-saturation. The Americans were steadfast in their advocacy of a plan for disarmament with full inspection and control. The Russians reacted sharply to what some of them described as a plan for violating the sovereignty and security of their country. The tone of the meeting became somewhat harsh and strident. Grenville Clark, who until that moment had been silent, asked to speak.

He began by saying he accepted fully

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The First Concern in Vietnam

MY MOST SINCERE appreciation for N.C.'s excellent and incisive editorial, "The Second Front in Vietnam," [*SR*, Oct. 29]. The grisly record of Vietcong dead should not be weighed proudly against American dead as if to say: "Look how many more we killed of them than they killed of us!"

There is so much more we could do, as you ably indicate, to help sustain and enrich the lives of these people if we really care that they are also members of the human community. It is a pity that this moral and religious insight does not seem to have penetrated the Church.

TRENT BOBBITT,
Minister,
The Lordstown Christian Church.
(Disciples of Christ).
Warren, O.

N.C.'S EDITORIAL succinctly expresses a reverence for life, no matter how mean or insignificant. We should indeed cry out against that Great Indifference. To me it is inexcusable that voluntary medical aid in Vietnam should be so small in scope. Every physician, for example, should spend a year—perhaps his internship—in some organization such as MEDICO.

I, for one, intend to do all I can. After I receive an M.D.—which is an attainment very uncertain and far in the future—I will join MEDICO. (At present I am working for a Ph.D. in microbiology at St. Louis University and trying to be accepted into a medical school, which is somewhat difficult since I am totally nerve-deaf.)

JUDITH ANN PACHCIARZ.
St. Louis, Mo.

I WANT TO EXPRESS my support for the editorial "The Second Front in Vietnam," and to ask if you know of a way my husband and I could support a Vietnamese child—either financially or, perhaps, as adopted.

MRS. BRUCE C. WATSON.
Wayne, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is putting Mrs. Watson in touch with the appropriate agency and will be glad to act as a clearing house for all personal offers of help.*

ICY: Unfinished Business

RICHARD N. GARDNER'S excellent article, "ICY Plus One: An Inventory" [*SR*, Nov. 5], prompts me to note that Wisconsin held its official observance of U.N. Day by conducting a Wisconsin Conference on International Cooperation, patterned on the White House Conference. Among the Washington reports considered was that on human rights.

Participants found it incredible that for more than seventeen years the U.N. treaty on genocide has been still hidden in a pigeonhole of the U.S. Senate. They were shocked, too, to learn that three other human rights treaties—the abolition of slavery, the political rights of women, the prohibition of forced labor—have not been heard of since President Kennedy submitted them to the Senate in 1963.

The recent dramatic legislative advances in the field of domestic human rights make it difficult to understand our government's foot-dragging in the field of international human rights.

BRUNO V. BITKER, Chairman,
Governor's Committee on the
United Nations,
State of Wisconsin.
Milwaukee, Wis.

The View from Japan

THERE ARE several dangerous half-truths left by the shadowy impressions of Richard Hughes's article, "The Orientalization of the West" [*SR*, Oct. 8]. One is in the title, which implies that the West is more likely to be Orientalized than vice versa.

Regarding Japan, the only truly indigenous Japanese export he mentions is Zen, which I can't see is having much influence yet on "the American way"—whatever that is. The others are the products of mechanics, which are not native to Japan. Even "Japanese architecture and design" are so altered by modernization and Westernization that their Japanese-ness is only a faint flavor.

The other half-truth is that Japan is holding its own against Western influence in its social institutions and cultural patterns. From where I have been sitting for three years, in a small provincial city of 350,000 in south-central Honshu, it appears that most of what Mr. Hughes calls the "basic traditions" of Japan are rapidly dying out.

MRS. JEAN GERARD.
Wakayama City, Japan

Preserving Alaska's Heritage

WITH REGARD TO Katharine Kuh's article, "Alaska's Vanishing Art" [*SR*, Oct. 22], we have established recently a new research unit, the Laboratory for Research in the Fine Arts and Museology. Our prime interest is the preservation of cultural objects. We believe that we could be of great help in doing research to develop methods of preservation of the totemic art of Alaska and in supplying graduate students of anthropology to carry out the work, and we are willing to offer our services for this most challenging project.

DR. CHARLES MUSKAVITCH,
Curator, Laboratory for Research
in the Fine Arts & Museology,
University of California.
Davis, Calif.

IT WAS GOOD to note that Katharine Kuh feels that failure to teach native culture to the students in Alaska is a missed opportunity. Geographical and cultural isolation take a tremendous toll on Alaskan native students, be they Eskimo, Aleut, or Indian.

To help remedy this, two programs, among many others, have been recom-

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LITERARY HORIZONS

John Dos Passos Reminisces

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is likely to be a problem for a writer, for the chances are that he has used some of his best material in one form or another in the course of his literary career. John Dos Passos's fiction is not predominantly autobiographical in the way that Thomas Wolfe's is, or even Ernest Hemingway's; but over his nearly fifty years as novelist and journalist he has inevitably put himself into his books. "The Camera Eye" sections of *USA* are autobiographical, and the glimpses they give of the author's character and history contribute significantly to the design of the work. *Chosen Country* draws on the lives of Dos Passos, his father, his mother, his wife, and some of his friends. His first two books, *One Man's Initiation —1917* and *Three Soldiers,* grew out of his experiences in World War I, the former quite directly. In *Rosinante to the Road Again, Orient Express,* and *In All Countries* he described his travels in Spain, the Near East, Russia, Mexico, and elsewhere.

In *The Best Times* (New American Library, $5) Dos Passos gives a selective and rather fragmentary account of his life from 1896, the year of his birth, to 1936, the year in which the Spanish Civil War began. At the outset he describes his father, John Roderigo Dos Passos, a lawyer of some prominence in his day, who appears as James Knox Polk Pignatelli in *Chosen Country.* He is a complex and picturesque figure, and one is sorry that he vanishes so soon from the book. His character and the fact that he and Dos Passos's mother were not married until Dos Passos was in his middle teens help us to understand the novelist's career. (Jay Pignatelli thinks, "Was it the bar sinister or the nearsighted eyes that made him always fumble the ball . . . or the foreign speech or the lack of a home that made him so awkward, tonguetied. . .?")

Dos Passos's first fame was won with *Three Soldiers* (1921), which was sometimes praised but more often damned as an exposé of the evils of war. Actually, although he condemned war in theory, Dos Passos, as he makes clear in these memoirs, enjoyed his war experiences. "I've not been so happy for months," he wrote a friend from France in 1917. "Hell, by God, is a stimulus." Even when his experiences were intensely painful, he was exalted by the struggle to put them into words. And the chaos after the war, evil though it might be, he found exhilarating. As he said in the introduction he wrote in 1932 for the Modern Library edition of *Three Soldiers*: "In every direction the countries of the world stretched out starving and angry, ready for anything turbulent and new."

Dos Passos was one who wanted to see for himself what was going on in the world, and during the Twenties he traveled in Spain, the Near East, and the Soviet Union, and, as I have said, he wrote about what he saw. In *The Best Times,* for reasons that are not clear to me, he devotes many pages to his journey to the Near East in 1922, paralleling and sometimes paraphrasing the account that appeared in *Orient Express* and was later included in *Journeys Between Wars* (1938). His description of his visit to Russia in 1928 is similarly related to the section of *In All Countries* called "Russian Visa." Both passages are interesting, though less so than the fuller accounts that had been previously published. What puzzles me is why Dos Passos decided to give so much space in a rather brief book to these particular episodes, about which he had already written so well.

The most rewarding portions of the book are those in which Dos Passos writes about his contemporaries. Here, for instance, is a description of the way E. E. Cummings talked when he had had the right amount of wine and brandy: "I've never heard anything that remotely approached it. It was so comical ironical learned brilliantlycolored intricatelycadenced damnably poetic and sometimes just naughty." Although he thought Scott Fitzgerald was rather silly about everything but writing, and had doubts about Zelda's sanity, he got on with them pretty well until they became celebrities. "It wasn't that I was not as ambitious as the next man; but the idea of being that kind of celebrity set my teeth on edge." When he was introduced to the dignified Edmund Wilson outside the office of *Vanity Fair,* for which Wilson then worked, "Bunny gave an accent to the occasion by turning, with a perfectly straight face, a neat somersault."

Although he was ill-disposed towards social groupings of any kind, Dos Passos saw a good deal of writers and radicals both in New York and in Paris. Like almost everyone else, he was fond of Gerald and Sara Murphy, and at their home at Antibes he saw the Fitzgeralds, the MacLeishes, Picasso, and others. "It was a marvelous life," he writes, but he couldn't stand more than four days of it. For a time he and Hart Crane had rooms in the same house in Brooklyn. "Hart," he writes, "had all the elements that should have made a firstrate poet and a firstrate man, but somehow they were put together wrong." After describing Crane's irresponsible behavior, he adds,

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"You couldn't get mad at him any more than you could at a refractory colt."

He liked Hemingway, but he was not unaware of his idiosyncrasies. "Right from the beginning," he says, "Hem was horribly prone to accidents. I've never known a man who did so much damage to his own carcass." "He was a moody kind of fellow even then. Sorry for himself." "He had an extraordinary dedication to whatever his interest was for the moment. Whether it was six-day bicycle racing or the bullring or skiing or fishing a troutstream, he stuck to it till the last dog was hung." At times he liked being with Hemingway—"Hem was the greatest fellow in the world to go around with when everything went right"—but he came to find the great man pose too much for him, and there was a coolness between them even before they quarreled over the role of the Stalinists in the Spanish Civil War.

Dos Passos says little about his writing, merely recording that he was working on this book or noting that that book wasn't selling well. And he does not say much about his politics. He is simply reminiscing about "the best times," and they were the best times in more ways than one, for in 1936, with the publication of *The Big Money*, concluding volume of *USA*, he had reached his peak as a novelist. Nothing he has written since then has enhanced his reputation, nor is this book likely to do so; but I am glad that he set down these recollections, which I have read not only with interest but also with respect for the author as a man. That was not the way I felt about Hemingway when I read *A Moveable Feast*. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1216

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1216 will be found in the next issue.

QUCSBCH VQ XEQQVR LCBY PY-

BVEAQ ZN LEGCHVPN.

—EQUCG OVHBY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1215

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

—William Shakespeare.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Open Case

I have been reading "JFK in Dallas," by Arnold L. Fein [*SR*, Oct. 22], with dismay. The case can hardly be considered closed so long as such questions as these are being ignored:

1. Why did the Commission conclude that all of the shots came from the school book depository building, when the preponderance of the evidence suggests that some, if not all, came from elsewhere?
2. Why was Mrs. Kennedy's testimony concerning the President's wounds removed from the record and suppressed?
3. Why was the rifle found in the school book depository building first described by three witnesses (all police officers, and to some degree expert) as a Mauser until the day following the assassination, when suddenly it became a Mannlicher-Carcano?
4. Why was the evidence refuting Oswald's ability to fire three shots in the required time with that rifle beaten by doubletalk into a shape purporting to show the opposite?
5. Why did the Commission rely so heavily on testimony of Mrs. Markham, which was in conflict with testimony of all other witnesses to the Tippit killing, particularly in view of the fact that Mrs. Markham was such a poor witness, was caught lying, and was described by one Commission attorney as an "utter screwball"?
6. Why have witnesses and private investigators been intimidated and harassed by the Dallas police and by the FBI?
7. Why are we not allowed to view the photograph taken by Mary Ann Moorman showing the Presidential motorcade *and* the sixth floor windows of the school book depository building shortly after the motorcade passed the building and seconds before the shots were fired?
8. Why was Phillip Willis's picture showing a man who looked like Jack Ruby in front of the school book depository building shortly after the assassination cropped so as to obliterate the man's face?
9. Who is that standing in the doorway of the school book depository building at the very moment the shots were fired, who looks so much like Oswald (in the picture taken by J. W. Altgens)?
10. Is it mere coincidence that so many witnesses have died violent deaths since the assassination?

Jack M. Foster.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Judge Fein says of the single-bullet theory: "It flies in the face of evidence, expert and otherwise. . . ." However, as all the books (and, indeed, the Warren Report) make clear (and *this* is Epstein's main point), you either accept the single-bullet theory or there *must* have been a conspiracy, since Oswald's rifle could not physically fire all the shots otherwise credited to it in the time interval available. And, incidentally, a conspiracy can mean two persons acting in concert to commit a crime, and does not necessarily infer a plotting, political group.

Wolfgang Zuckermann.

New York, N.Y.

Have the editors of *SR* become so blasé that they completely ignore their contributors' style? Judge Arnold Fein's article, contains both admirable information and horrible sentence structure (eighteen expletives on the first two pages, plus copious use of passive voice, weak verbs, and piled-up phrases).

Norman Fordyce.

El Camino College, Calif.

I rate Judge Fein's article a masterful work illustrating a command of the English language seldom read anywhere. May all reporters store this in their files as the epitome of all fields of reporting.

D. H. Waite.

Vancouver, B.C.

Before Random

I would like to cite a few features of which we are especially proud, which Granville Hicks implies are unique to The Random House Dictionary [*SR*, Oct. 22].

First, The World Book Dictionary, published in 1963, has attempted to provide clearly-stated, accurate, and up-to-date information on current American English usage. Second, several of the examples Mr. Hicks cited (he did credit the *examples* to the publishers) of new words in The Random House Dictionary have been in The World Book Dictionary for some time, for example, "jet set," "kooky," and "guesstimate." Third, Mr. Hicks stated that, "The main body also contains names of characters in literature, which is an innovation so far as I know and a useful one. . . ." As just a few examples, World Book Dictionary lists "Abdiel" (from *Paradise Lost*), "Hyde . . . Mr." (from *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*), "Jekyll . . . Dr.," and "Malaprop . . . Mrs. (*The Rivals*)." In addition, we include many entries on Biblical and mythological characters. We regularly examine current periodicals so that, in cooperation with Clarence Barnhart and Doubleday & Co., we may include frequently-cited names of literary characters in The World Book Dictionary.

We know that language is alive, that meanings are dependent upon usage, and that usage changes. We believe particularly that our usage notes assist readers in understanding their language and in using it to communicate effectively.

Leoni Zverow,
Research Editor,
The World Book Dictionary.

Chicago, Ill.

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New Nation in a New World

1775: Another Part of the Field, *by Ivor Noël Hume (Knopf. 465 pp. $8.95),* ***The Colonial Venture: An Autobiography of the American Colonies from Their Beginnings to 1763,*** *by Judith Mara Gutman (Basic Books. 340 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Colonial Experience,*** *by David Hawke (Bobbs-Merrill. 774 pp. $10), detail America's birth and growth to maturity. Wilbur R. Jacobs specializes in early American frontier history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. Among his books are "Wilderness Politics and Indian Gifts," "Frederick Jackson Turner's Legacy," "The Letters of Francis Parkman."*

By WILBUR R. JACOBS

THE GREAT historian Frederick Jackson Turner once told a friend that "conditions in ancient history and, indeed, in much of the history of the past are so different from those in the present that lessons derived from anything but recent history are apt to be misleading."

Turner was knocking the old cliché that history repeats itself. But Ivor Noël Hume, in a thoroughly documented and gracefully written book on Revolutionary Virginia, demonstrates that the former was partly wrong. If we talk about the decline and fall of the great empires, we may see little resemblance to events of modern times. However, if we gaze through the window to the less distant past that Ivor Hume has opened in his *1775: Another Part of the Field*, we see that the actions and reactions of people have changed but little.

A historian and archeologist who has long studied extant clay pipes, colored bottles, and buckles left by early Virginians, Mr. Hume has now turned to the manuscript and printed record to provide an exhaustive, month-by-month chronicle of the year 1775. If at times the narrative moves at a snail-like pace recording the trivia of everyday life, the action on the whole is lively. From the opening comment by a contemporary diarist on Sunday, January 1, "The Parson is drunk and can't perform the duties of his office," the account is vividly human.

Very early in Chapter I, "January," it is apparent that European news was sometimes three months old by the time it reached isolated Williamsburg. Even New England news, datelined November in January issues of the *Virginia Gazette*, usually traveled to the Old Dominion via London. (Such delay gave hot tempers a chance to cool and may have stimulated careful planning of Patriot opposition to the British.) In his chapter for "June" Mr. Hume notes that first details of the Patriot capture of Fort Ticonderoga on May 2, 1775, by forces under Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold were not reported in the Virginia press until the 3rd of June.

That month was perhaps a turning point in the year. On June 4 the British governor, Lord Dunmore, who now had to arm his servants, narrowly avoided a direct confrontation with angry Williamsburg citizens after some of their young men were wounded by a "spring-gun" blast triggered by a concealed string at the town magazine. It was also in June that the House of Burgesses met for the last time as a body of the British colonial government, and the legislators, finally deciding against reconciliation with England, sent Thomas Jefferson to Philadelphia to place their views before the Continental Congress. On June 29, 1775, the Williamsburg press told its readers that there was no news from the North, "nothing . . . has transpired in that quarter." However, about ten days earlier, the bloody slaughter on Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill had set in motion the recall of British commander General Gage.

Although Lord Dunmore had conducted himself as a colonial statesman in dealing with hostile Indians in 1774 (for which Virginians were grateful), the next year he found himself placing his colony under martial law and offering freedom to slaves who deserted their masters. Moreover, Dunmore himself seems to have been partially responsible for the burning of Norfolk. It is doubtful, though, that he was guilty of abusing a young woman from the Norfolk poorhouse. Nor is it probable that the Patriots were guilty, as Dunmore charged, of "Ravashing young Women before their Parents." Despite his discordant actions on a scene of escalating violence, Dunmore seemed to have had almost blind faith that in the end all would be well. He appeared unaware that behind these crowded scenes in rural Virginia in that tempestuous year great economic and social forces were moving individuals almost as if they were puppets on the stage of history.

Judith Mara Gutman's sprightly volume, *The Colonial Venture* — which opens with Hakluyt's voyagers, who

"It says Gloria Holstein in the mortgage and loan department is the fairest one of all."

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feared "unknown kingdomes," "cruell people," and "terrible beastes of the Sea"—is an "autobiography" of the colonies from the time of exploration and settlement to the year 1763, sometimes called the year that marks the threshold of the Revolution. With narrative and selected quotations from journals, letters, travel accounts, and governmental tracts—those contemporary records that illustrate the spirit and aspirations of the colonists—Miss Gutman embroiders a variegated tapestry of a New World utopia and refuge for the oppressed. Descriptive comments on colonial government, economics, wars, and society are drawn from Andrew Burnaby, Benjamin Franklin, Michel de Crèvecoeur, and other writers. The entire study, according to the author's bibliographical acknowledgments, is based on seven compilations of published documents, four of which are often used as supplementary texts for college students. Thus there is little that is new in this attractive book, which is obviously addressed to the lay reader.

Conversely, David Hawke's *The Colonial Experience* is a brilliant new survey of the whole Colonial and Revolutionary era, a fresh narration and synthesis of scholarship. Hawke's book, which starts with the age of discovery and ends with the Constitutional Convention of 1787, promises to be the best of its kind. It charts a new course through the Sargasso Sea of colonial politics into the shifting channels of social and cultural developments, then cuts through the choppy waves of wars and revolution. Christopher Columbus, John Winthrop, Anne Hutchinson, Benjamin Fletcher, Robert Dinwiddie, Pontiac, Lord Dunmore, George Washington, and dozens of other figures are treated in Hawke's analytical, biographical essays. Despite the tremendous scope of his narrative, the author manages to endow most of them with life. One may not always agree with the precise historical proportions or the interpretative views set forth in this stimulating book, but even the most critical reader must acknowledge that David Hawke has given us a learned, readable account of the Republic's complex formative years.

HERE, then, are three books that go far in detailing the saga of America's youth and growth to maturity. Ivor Hume and Judith Gutman tell of the lives and aspirations of individuals in specific periods of time, while David Hawke offers a new perspective on the whole period. All three authors provide distinctive versions of the Colonial era and illustrate the varied techniques of providing a historical image.

In Defense of Modern Romance

***The Sex Kick**, by Tristram Coffin (Macmillan. 256 pp. $5.95), maintains that present-day Americans are devoted to seeking physical pleasure at the expense of emotional commitment. Robert J. Levin, an editor of Redbook magazine, writes both fiction and nonfiction.*

By ROBERT J. LEVIN

TRISTRAM COFFIN'S latest book is ostensibly a report on the new sexual freedom in the United States. To determine what it is really about, however, proves to be a difficult if not impossible task. Any reader who ventures into the book will promptly find himself lost in a fog of words. No matter how carefully he searches for a sequence of ideas that he can follow to a logical conclusion, he will remain trapped in a thick cloud of contradictions and generalizations.

Chapter I is called "The New Freedom." What is this freedom and how new is it? Mr. Coffin writes: "If a Rip Van Winkle were to awaken today from a sleep of fifty years, he would sense a new freedom when he saw the modern woman. When he went to sleep, the female costume was a long, baggy skirt down to the ankles and a loose blouse held together by a cameo brooch. . . The modern woman advertises her sex. . . The skin-tight slacks proclaim every sensuous bounce and sway. The sweater and low-cut neckline charm the beholder. The bikini, common to every country club and beach, resembles nothing so much as the G-string of the old burlesque queen."

If you have been asleep for fifty years, *The Sex Kick* may tell you something new. But not otherwise. The sentences quoted above, however, are characteristic of the author's approach to his subject. Sexuality, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and Mr. Coffin is going to see it everywhere. Not only that, he is going to have his cake and eat it too—writing in titillating detail about behavior he can then criticize. He is himself a victim of a malady he diagnoses in others:

> There are certain nuts who get their kicks from prying into others' sex. They are called voyeurs, and they get that way from having their libido jammed up at an early age. Father's switch or the threat of hellfire blew the fuse, so they cannot have a good time the way most of us do. They have their fun pretending to be as pure as Mary's little lamb and imagining—with a wild inventiveness—the orgies all around them.

The language alone is revealing—"certain nuts," "others' sex" (whatever *that* may mean), "libido jammed up," and so on. It characterizes an approach that is completely subjective and, as it turns out, irresponsible. Mr. Coffin is the kind of writer who invents incidents in the guise of reporting facts. For example:

> Plainly a new kind of sex pattern is evolving. It is one in which each partner is consciously seeking physical pleasure and in which a love affair is gauged by the success or failure of this mission. . . . Since the bang is what counts most, there is no need for the elaborate ritual of love and fidelity.
>
> A sample of the new sex is seen in an episode that took place in an upper-middle-class suburb of Washington. . .

The "episode" involves parents who find their fifteen-year-old daughter in bed with a boy and who subsequently lecture her on the dangers of pregnancy. She reassures them by saying she has been taking her mother's birth control pills. Impossible, says the mother, since she always counts them.

" 'Oh, I can explain that,' the girl replied. 'Whenever I take one, I put a saccharin tablet in its place.' "

The joke is at least eight years old; this reviewer has heard it many times, and no one ever was foolish enough to offer it as an actual happening, if only because a person would have to be astonishingly ignorant not to realize that a saccharin tablet bears no resemblance to any birth control pill. Mr. Coffin, however, reports the story as fact, and to buttress it he pretends to locate it geographically—in such a way, of course, that it can never be checked. In addition, the old joke is supposed to illustrate a point ("a sample of the new sex. . ."). But it illustrates nothing at all and has nothing to do with any "new" kind of sex pattern. Even Mr. Coffin, aware that he is standing on a nonexistent limb on a nonexistent tree, hastily concludes: "This incident does not prove that all or even a very large segment of 'nice' high school girls are taking to sex as soon as they stop playing with dolls."

Again and again the author bounces back and forth like a pingpong ball over the net of controversy. The new style in sex, Coffin maintains, "is far more casual and more physical" than before. "There are two ways of looking at this change in style. On the one hand, it is progress in equal rights and more hu-

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mane treatment of the female, so hurrah. . . On the other hand, it means a loss of traditional femininity, and so shed a tear." How to equate more casual sex with more humane treatment of the female, or more physical sex with a loss of traditional femininity, is something the author doesn't trouble to make clear at this point (on page 33). But soon (on pages 82 and 83) he reduces the "new style" to nothingness. He writes: "Another myth about the American woman is that she is more sexually promiscuous than her mother. This is not so. . . Today's woman appears to be more sexually responsive than her mother, but by and large she does not engage in premarital intercourse and is faithful to her husband."

Mr. Coffin takes virtually the same tack with every major aspect of the contemporary approach to sex. Documenting a little and sensationalizing a lot, he creates an image of a sex-mad society so that he can then deny it. He concludes with reassurances that all's well with the American sex world. The male is not a "sex cat"; he's "a confused, perplexed guy" who "needs a good woman to look after him." College students are not whooping it up at orgies; "sure, they would like to have sex, if it can be done pleasantly, in good company, and if they can fit it in between the math and sociology papers." And today there are no more homosexuals "than in our father's or grandfather's time. However, there is an immense change in the way in which society generally looks upon the homosexual. . . The public seems to accept the Freudian view that the homosexual is emotionally crippled, damaged terribly in early life."

THIS summary is generally in accord with the conclusions of most authorities, which recently were given clear and coherent expression in the April 1966 issue of *The Journal of Social Issues*. If the author of *The Sex Kick* had ended his book on this note, it could be dismissed as much ado about nothing. But it isn't that simple. Mr. Coffin, having given a nod in the direction of fact, cannot keep himself from expressing quite a contrary point of view.

His basic concern is reflected early in the book. After pointing out that the Roman Catholic Church "is racked with an argument on whether to accept sex as a normal joy to which married couples are entitled without reproduction," he notes that "this is in marked contrast to the prevailing mood fifty years ago. The clerical interdictions against sex had invaded medicine, the law and literature in America. Competent medical authorities said sex was debilitating and if persisted in too long would lead to a break-down." Mr. Coffin then quotes a physician in 1886 who wrote that the sex act is "exhaustive" and "destructive"; the ridiculous quotation seems chosen to reflect how foolish were the unfounded fears of sex in 1886. But in the next sentence Mr. Coffin writes: "Very recently this alarming theory was given scientific credence. A New York biologist, Dr. Walter Lener, reported to a scientific conference that new tests with animal life show that sexual activity may actually shorten life."

This note is sounded again. Mr. Coffin refers to the famous Dutch gynecologist, Dr. T. H. Van de Velde, who insisted that the woman, too, has a right to sexual pleasure. Her pleasure depends on the man's ability to make love, which includes withholding his climax. "This," writes Tristram Coffin, "is easier said than done and may damage the nervous system." Mr. Coffin, of course, has no medical documentation for this rather bizarre concern. Speaking for himself, however, he comments that "the most superb joy is not the physical, but something of the same feeling that overcomes

the lonely worshiper at the shrine."

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Tristram Coffin labels the marriage counselor "a fornication expert," sees marriage manuals as containing "salacious details of sex," and is worried that the modern woman may "throw off her traditional role and become the sexual aggressor."

The Sex Kick is much like a 4th of July pinwheel—a lot of sparks spinning dizzily and going nowhere.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

OPENERS

And now we present the opening lines of several plays by that popular playwright Mr. William Shakespeare. Alice Costello of Chicago feels that it will not be difficult to attribute the lines to the right plays. The curtain rises on page 57.

( )	Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this sun of York . . .	1. *Henry VI, Part I*
( )	Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms . . .	2. *Titus Andronicus*
( )	In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say it wearies you . . .	3. *Julius Caesar*
( )	Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star Chamber matter of it . . .	4. *Twelfth Night*
( )	Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home: Is this a holiday?	5. *Macbeth*
( )	Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure . . .	6. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*
( )	If music be the food of love, play on . . .	7. *Coriolanus*
( )	I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.	8. *King Richard III*
( )	Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.	9. *King Lear*
( )	Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!	10. *The Merchant of Venice*
( )	Now, say Chatillon, what would France with us?	11. *Antony and Cleopatra*
( )	When shall we three meet again In thunder, lightning, or in rain?	12. *King John*

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Adventures in Ilium

One Passion, Two Loves: The Story of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann, Discoverers of Troy, *by Lynn and Gray Poole (Crowell. 299 pp. $6.95), portrays the tempestuous couple whose excavations in Turkey led to the study of prehistoric Greece. Fred Gladstone Bratton is the author of the forthcoming "A History of Egyptian Archaeology."*

By FRED GLADSTONE BRATTON

IT HAS been customary to picture Heinrich Schliemann as an untrained amateur and dilettante, standing awestruck amidst the ruins of Hissarlik, filling Sophia's red shawl with the golden treasures of Priam. Even recently Schliemann has been dismissed as "a complete stranger to every scientific method of treatment of his subject." In his defense, Lynn and Gray Poole point out that the excavator of Troy and Mycenae was not just an eccentric millionaire seeking more gold; Schliemann had a Ph.D. in archeology and brought to his task many years of scholarly preparation, as well as a working knowledge of a dozen languages. The Pooles, however, do not attempt to gloss over Schliemann's mistakes in chronology, his crude methods of excavation, or his deceit in smuggling treasures out of the country of their discovery in violation of regulations—a form of grand larceny practiced, incidentally, by Lord Elgin in Greece, Wallis Budge and Ludwig Borchardt in Egypt, and many others, both amateur collectors and professional archeologists. Although Schliemann's digging at Troy was indeed bungling, it must be remembered that scientific techniques in excavating were unknown in the 1860s; moreover, his work there, maladroit though it was, paved the way for more professional methods.

Schliemann was a man of action, not a solitary thinker; and his fabulous career offers abundant material for the biographer. The Pooles were fortunate in acquiring a fund of newly discovered documents, including 750 personal letters contained in a trunk that was found in 1965 in a basement in Athens. Drawing on these and other memorabilia made available by General Alex L. Mélas, Schliemann's only living grandson, the Pooles have produced an account of the remarkable partnership of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann that is at once sympathetic and objective. The wealth of detail in *One Passion, Two Loves* attests to the authors' extensive research and travel.

While their primary interest is the relationship between Schliemann and his wife, the Pooles do not neglect the more technical aspects of excavation. Step by step they follow the dramatic events that turned Schliemann's persistent dream of Troy into amazing success, proving the historical reality that underlay what had always been regarded as purely poetic fiction.

Heinrich Schliemann was a more traveled man than his hero, Odysseus. Before turning to his archeological ventures at the age of forty-eight, he had journeyed across the United States and had visited Egypt, Palestine, India, China, Japan, the East Indies, and Arabia. As a cabin boy on the brig *Dorothea,* he had been shipwrecked off the coast of Holland. Later he was sent to Russia as chief agent for a Dutch firm. Schliemann lived through the fire of San Francisco and amassed a fortune in the California gold rush, then established for himself a commercial empire with investments in many lands. He spoke and wrote the language of whatever country he was in.

But Schliemann's final and dearest love was Greece. He became so Hellenized that he divorced his Russian wife on the grounds of incompatibility and wrote to the archbishop of Athens, begging him to "find a beautiful Greek girl, with a kind and loving heart." The archbishop sent photographs of several of his nieces, from whom, "guided by Pallas Athena," Schliemann selected Sophia. With her picture in his pocket, Schliemann sailed for Athens, found the young girl, and after a swift and bizarre courtship, married her. The years that followed were turbulent ones for the young bride, who was thirty years his junior. The impetuous and autocratic Schliemann took her in hand and, like a Svengali, forcibly educated her in linguistics and archeology, dragged her through every country of Europe, bought her clothes, and trained her in social graces. Their love survived the emotional strain of those years and finally matured into a mutual dedication and understanding, for Sophia proved to be an excellent helpmate not only in the excavations but in their study of the antiquities.

The Schliemanns excavated at Troy *for six years without a Turkish permit;* but considering the frustrating conditions under which they labored – the stupidity and obstinacy of the Turkish government, labor troubles, the theft of antiquities by agents from different countries, landslides, rockfalls, and the opposition of other scholars—one is inclined to overlook their "illegal" procedure. The *firman* was granted in 1876, by which time Schliemann had virtually completed his work at Troy. The world now knows that he erred in identifying the third instead of the sixth stratum from the bottom as the Troy of Priam and in assigning the Mycenaean graves to the twelfth rather than the sixteenth century B.C., but Schliemann's miscalculations have never completely overshadowed his great accomplishments. More important than his Homeric discoveries was the fact that his excavations led to the study of prehistoric Greece and to the disclosure by Sir Arthur Evans of the Cretan character of the Mycenaean civilization in the second millennium B.C.

Heinrich died in 1890 and Sophia in 1932.

One Passion, Two Loves contains seventy-five illustrations, many of them never previously reproduced. Lynn and Gray Poole have here achieved the ideal combination of readability and scholarship and, like Heinrich Schliemann himself, have succeeded in separating truth from legend.

—*From the book.*

Painting of 1871 excavation at Hissarlik—bungling but beneficent.

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A Rampart Against the Romans

Masada: Herod's Fortress and the Zealots' Last Stand, *by Yigael Yadin (Random House. 272 pp.$12.95), tells of the excavation, unique in the annals of archeology, of a spectacular site whose history was previously known only from the records of the first-century historian Josephus. James B. Pritchard, curator of Biblical Archeology at the University of Pennsylvania, excavated Herod's palace in Jericho in 1951.*

By JAMES B. PRITCHARD

MASADA, which towers 1,300 feet above the shore of the Dead Sea in the remote desert wastes of southern Judea, is a mountain of rock with a flat top, less than a mile around and shaped by nature like a ship. For a century and a quarter explorers have noted and charted the faint outlines of ancient buildings that could be seen at the summit of this natural refuge. But it was left to Yigael Yadin, Israeli general and successful archeologist, to plan and carry out a full-scale excavation and to restore the monuments sufficiently to suggest their former grandeur.

Having satisfied his own scientific curiosity by digging for eleven months between 1963 and 1965, Professor Yadin has now brilliantly fulfilled his obligation to the general public by giving a dramatic account of what Masada was in antiquity and by telling the story of how this remote ruin was forced to give up some of its 2,000-year-old secrets.

It was Herod the Great who first saw the possibility of making Masada into a fortress. Between 36 and 30 A.D. he built extravagantly on this Gibraltar-like position: storehouses, water systems, baths, palaces, and a casemate wall that enclosed the entire compound. Within he found both security and comfort.

All that we knew until recent years of Masada's history was to be found in the work of Flavius Josephus, Jewish historian of the first century A.D., who describes how the rock became a symbol of courageous resistance. Here, within the walls that Herod had built a century earlier, Jewish Zealots in A.D. 70 sought refuge from the Romans who had destroyed the Jerusalem Temple. Finally, in A.D. 73, when the Romans had breached the wall and capture was inevitable, these last defenders—960 men, women, and children—chose to take their own lives rather than allow themselves to fall into the enemy's hands. Josephus describes the entrance of the Romans into the Masada fortress:

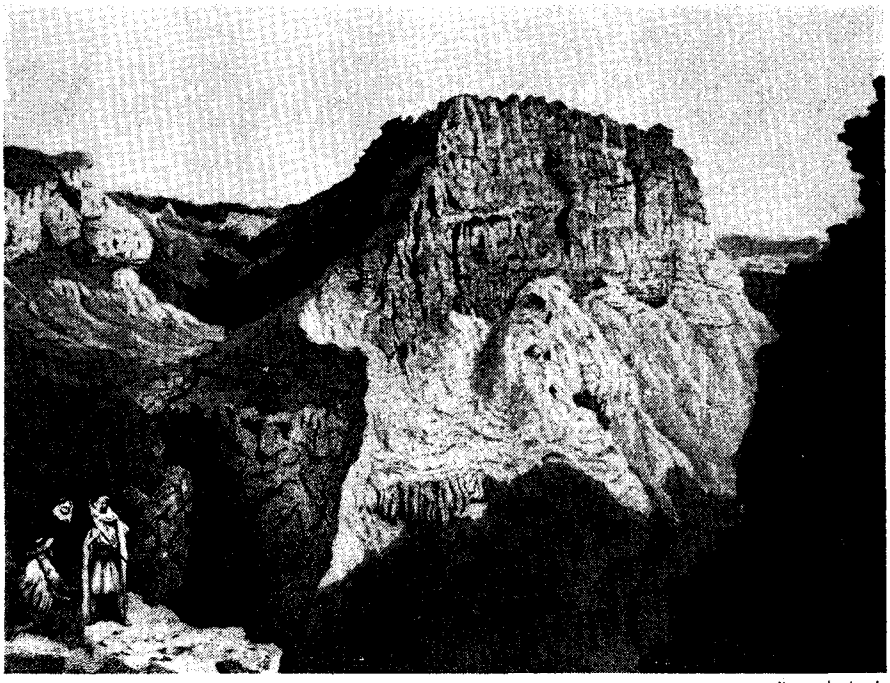
> They came within the palace, and so met with the multitude of the slain, but could take no pleasure in the fact, though it were done to their enemies. Nor could they do other than wonder at the courage of their resolution, and at the immovable contempt of death which so great a number of them had shown, when they went through with such an action as that was.

A site so spectacular in its location and history deserved some drama in its recovery. In a brief period of eleven months, Yadin planned and executed what is the most extensive archeological effort yet carried out in Palestine. Problems of logistics were solved through the use of helicopters, pipelines, cranes, and other heavy equipment, which had to be dismantled at the base and pulled to the top by cable. The need for labor was met ingeniously. Volunteers from twenty-eight countries responded to a brief announcement of the project in the public press. The stipulations were that the volunteer pay his own transportation, that he agree to stay for at least two weeks, that he could not bring a camera, and that he could expect only food, lodging—and work! Each of the twenty-three fortnightly shifts averaged 300 volunteers, of such diversified callings as student, model, editor, artist, waiter, pilot, dentist, chambermaid, elephant trainer. These were the people Yadin organized into the force that made the latest successful assault upon the fortress of Masada. Unique in the annals of archeology is the excavator's account of collecting and managing this largest—and certainly most heterogeneous—labor crew yet to be utilized in an excavation.

The results of this painstaking clearance of toppled walls and fallen roofs are effectively presented in maps, plans, and excellent photographs, ninety-six of them in color. With Josephus's description in hand Yadin takes the reader from one detail to another of the buildings and walls, to show how accurate the Jewish historian was. Only occasionally does the archeologist find that Josephus was mistaken.

In addition to the sumptuous buildings of Herod the Great, later transformed to little more than hovels to shelter the courageous Zealots, the team found fragments from fourteen scrolls with important biblical, sectarian, and apocryphal texts. Yadin tells the dramatic story of the discovery of thirty-eight silver shekels and half-shekels, which, with two other hoards found on the site, constitute the largest group of shekels ever uncovered in one location.

This is indeed an exciting tale, told not by an armchair scholar, but by a thoroughly competent field archeologist who had the vision to lead an assault on Masada and the good luck to bring to light an amazing amount of its history.



—From the book.

Engraving of Masada by W. Tipping—"a symbol of courageous resistance."

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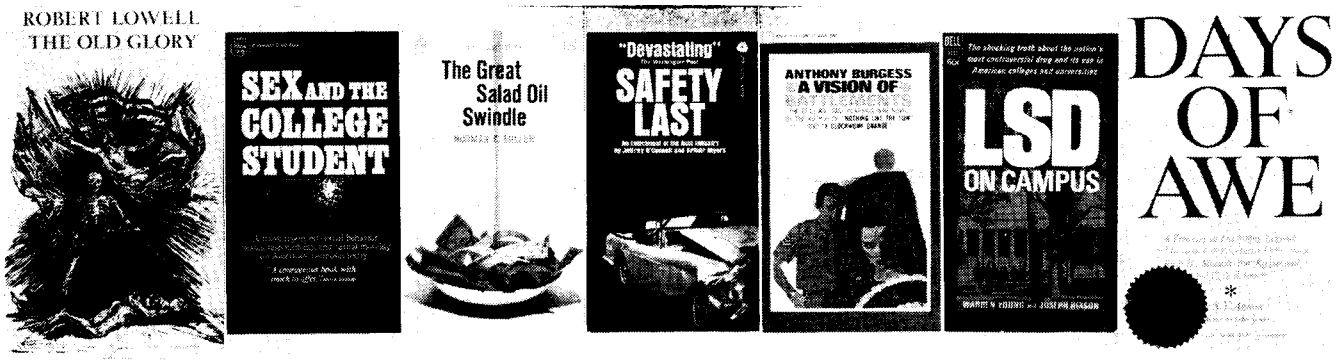

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

When S. Y. Agnon of Israel won Sweden's Nobel Prize, Schocken Books, which owes its existence to Agnon, opened a bottle of champagne. Salman Schocken, who died in 1959, was already a successful Berlin businessman in 1914, when he met the twenty-six-year-old Agnon, then a struggling writer. Schocken promised to find him a publisher. Failing to do so, he kept his word by opening his own publishing house, Schocken Verlag, whose first four titles were "the complete Agnon." Since then Agnon has been central to Schocken's publishing ventures, which, following the advent of Hitler, relocated in Tel Aviv and New York. In addition to four hardcover English editions of Agnon's novels, stories, and novellas, Schocken has issued in paperback his *Days of Awe* and *Israeli Stories* ($1.95 each). The firm's only other fiction writer is Kafka.

Over his champagne Theodore Schocken, son of the founder, recalled Agnon in the days before and between the two world wars. Although at the age of twenty Agnon had moved from Galicia to Palestine, he visited Germany often as a house guest of the Schockens. Ted Schocken remembers showing him his boyish poetic efforts, to which Agnon responded, "I'll teach you to write in Hebrew because the word endings are so similar you'll never have trouble finding rhymes." About his own writings, symbolic and mystic, Agnon rarely comments. "What does it mean? That's up to you."

The New York offspring of Schocken Verlag is housed modestly in an apartment where antique furniture and Victorian marble fireplaces provide an Old World *gemütlich* atmosphere. Following the Nobel announcement, an embargo was placed on tying up any of the firm's four telephones with personal calls. They have no switchboard. "One effect of the award," noted an editor, "is that when I tell people this is Schocken Books they no longer ask incredulously, '*Shocking*, did you say?' "

This time of year parents are getting hysterical about their youngsters' applications for college. A soothing solution is *College Entrance Guide* (Grosset, $1.95), which, while making no guarantees, does answer pertinent questions ranging from what college to approach to how to pay for it. . . . Getting accepted is only half the fun. *Sex and the College Student* (Crest, 75¢) won't console anxious fathers but that wasn't what the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry's Committee on the College Student had in mind when they prepared this handbook on the mores of modern schooldays. . . . A companion volume is *LSD on Campus*, by Warren Young and Joseph Hixson (Dell, 60¢), the whole acid scene in all its psychedelic splendor. . . . Marshall McLuhan, otherwise known as "the first pop philosopher," distills some of his ideas about communications in *Understanding Media* (Signet, 95¢). Here, as in other McLuhan writings, the theory is that content is only half as important as the way of saying it; thus "the medium is the message." Indeed, Bantam is readying a new McLuhan book entitled *The Medium Is the Massage.*

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

The Scribner Library is intently pursuing its plans to publish C. P. Snow's entire Strangers and Brothers sequence in paperback. The newest, *Time of Hope* ($1.65), the eighth to appear in paperback but third in the chronology of the series, introduces the reticent narrator Lewis Eliot, who spends most of his time detailing the lives of his companions in and around London. This then is Eliot's own account of his early years in provincial England, where he struggled to find his place and, like Stephen Dedalus, to sift his love for his mother from that for other women. A diametrically different university setting is the stage for Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson* (Signet, 75¢), written in 1911. Beerbohm dismissed this portrait of a captivating young woman who lays waste academic Britain as "just a fantasy," but readers through the decades have disagreed, and the indomitable Zuleika remains a pre-Waugh delight.

Since the closing days of World War II, when GIs inundated college campuses, the Stanford University Creative Writing Center has been where the action is. *Twenty Years of Stanford Short Stories* (Stanford University Press, $2.95), edited by Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft, reprints the center's best fiction in the past two decades. What's surprising—especially considering how really good some of the stories are—is that most of the authors have remained unknown. Stegner himself sadly comments that "Literature in America turns out to be an art that can be practiced fully only by people with an independent income, by a very few who hit the jackpot, and by housewives." Among collections of short stories which have lingered is George P. Elliott's *Among the Dangs* (Compass, $1.45). First published five years ago and reissued, it is in demand by readers who are obliged to a writer who catalogues the ills of the Sixties—marital, occupational, spiritual.

New and noted: *A Vision of Battlements* (Ballantine, 60¢), by that prolific Englishman Anthony Burgess; this novel, his first, written in 1949 but unpublished for sixteen years, mocks wartime Gibraltar, where not everyone was a hero. Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock* (Signet, 95¢), the third in the tetralogy, adds to George Webber's maturation European adventure and an at-home Park Avenue-style love affair. Postwar intrigue about East-West deceptions animates *The Devil's Agent* (Avon, 95¢), by Hungarian-born Hans Habe.

Business

The best of the contemporary business brain trust contribute their ideas to *The Corporation in Modern Society* (Atheneum, $1.95), edited by Edward S. Mason. Eugene V. Rostow, Raymond Vernon, W. Lloyd Warner, among others, comment on power, law, and ethics in the business community. Unfolding a drama that is intensely human, *Corporations in Crisis* (Anchor, $1.25) reprints

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Richard Austin Smith's *Fortune* articles in which such giants as General Dynamics, U.S. Steel, and General Electric are pictured impaled during times of highest stress.

One of the grandest of those true accounts that are stranger than fiction is Norman C. Miller's *The Great Salad Oil Swindle* (Penguin, $1.25), about Tino De Angelis, who wheeled and dealed his nonexistent product into a titanic fiasco that spilled over onto Wall Street and international high finance.

The automotive industry takes a beating in *Safety Last* (Avon, 60¢). Lawyer Jeffrey O'Connell and reporter Arthur Myers, who together visited Detroit safety engineers and Congressional committee rooms, come up with an indignant tale of industrial indifference to a national problem. If the O'Connell-Myers book is in the American muckraking tradition, Ida M. Tarbell's *The History of the Standard Oil Company* (Torchbooks/Harper, $2.45) started it all. Voiced in the one-volume condensation by David M. Chalmers is the old venom against the octopus called monopoly. The much-denounced John D. Rockefeller appears in better light in *The Reputation of the American Businessman* (Harper Colophon, $1.45), by Sigmund Diamond, who pursues the careers of such nabobs as John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, J. P. Morgan, and Henry Ford. And speaking of the Croesuses, who's better qualified to give advice than J. Paul Getty? *How to Be Rich* is published by Playboy-Pocket Books (75¢) but there's nothing frivolous about Mr. Getty's words to would-be billionaires. He believes in promptness (Time is Money), thrift, good personal habits (he abruptly stopped smoking when he realized it had become a compulsion), and holds that we are "on the threshhold of a prosperity greater than any in history."

Latin America

In *Latin America: A Cultural Outline* (Harper, $1.45) Stephen Clissold ponders whether there is such a thing as a Latin American way of life. This inquiry, more subtly than customary in sociologic surveys, searches the depths of the continent's past in order to project its aspirations for this century. Peter Nehemkis, Washington lawyer and government advisor, explains in *Latin America: Myth and Reality* (Mentor, 95¢) some of the essential grievances of what he feels are misunderstood peoples. An informative book, it offers enough geographical background to make the economic inequities comprehensible. For them Wendell C. Gordon's *The Political Economy of Latin America* (Columbia University Press, $2.95) largely blames "alien institutions," which began with Spanish rule and continue today with absentee investors.

"No countries attach more importance to their intellectual élite than do the Latin American republics," writes W. Rex Crawford in *A Century of Latin-American Thought* (Praeger, $2.50). What the intelligentsia had to say may not have reflected adequately the plight of the peon but it was meaningful in distilling the climate of cultural opinion.

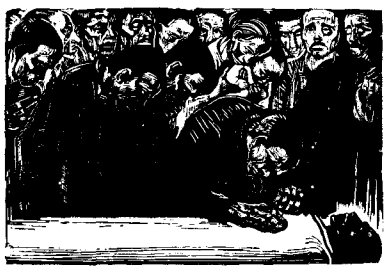
G. C. Vaillant's classic *Aztecs of Mexico* (Pelican, $2.95) recalls the plumed splendor of a brief but brilliant civilization. The most famous accounts of the conquistadores' triumphal march to Montezuma's palace draw upon the marauders' journals, but in *The Broken Spears* (Beacon, $1.95), edited by Miguel León-Portilla, the horrendous tale has been pieced together from fragments of reports by the few priests who survived the mass slaughter. It's a primeval tale filled with magic and evil portents and enough chilling detail to establish the year 1521 as one of history's darkest.

Theater

The influence of Bertolt Brecht has been considerable upon contemporary dramatists, who have hearkened to his illuminating theories about what drama for our times should be. *Brecht on Theatre* (Dramabook Hill & Wang $2.45), translated by John Willett, sets forth the German playwright's esthetics with specific reference to such works as *The Threepenny Opera, Mother Courage, Mahagonny*. "I don't let my feeling intrude in my dramatic work," writes Brecht. "I aim at an extremely classical, intellectual style of performance. I'm not writing for the scum who want to have the cockles of their hearts warmed." Less uncompromising is his charming account of hammering out an English translation of *Galileo* (Evergreen, $1.45) with Charles Laughton in California. Laughton, intrigued with the role of the seventeenth-century scientist, believed that the play spoke boldly to today's bomb-menaced world. *Edward II* (Evergreen, $1.45), translated by Eric Bentley, has been called Brecht's only tragedy; a reworking of Marlowe's play, it has been transmuted through the Brechtian intelligence into a grimly poetic drama about a beleaguered king railing against an unanswering universe. Evergreen Press is indefatigable, and the newest of their ambitious drama ventures is the Playscript series, an international potpourri ranging from American Joel Oppenheimer's spoof of the West, *The Great American Desert*, to Trinidad playwright Errol John's *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* ($1 each), which recently won first prize in the *London Observer*'s play competition.

On and off the American stage: Saul Bellow's *The Last Analysis* (Compass, $1.25), whose hero, Bummidge, has a kind of Herzogian grandeur; the drama had but a short run on Broadway so one can only conclude that it reads better than it plays. Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* (Noonday $1.95), in which the poet-playwright makes the flag an ironic symbol of continuity in American history. *Dutchman and The Slave* (Apollo, 95¢), two plays, provocative and profane, by the most outraged of American Negro dramatists, LeRoi Jones. Jack Gelber's *Square in the Eye* (Evergreen, $1.95), wherein the author turns from the drink and dope of *The Connection* fame to a headier brew of dilemmas.

"Never before has an art set so consciously and violently to change the physical appearance of things, their color, form and space content, in favor of an augmented transcription of the artist's reactions to the visible and spiritual world," writes Bernard S. Myers, describing not today's abstractionists but their artistic antecedents in *The German Expressionists* (Praeger, $4.95). Abundantly illustrated in color and black-and-white, Myers's encyclopedic study makes coherent patterns of the self-searching, often demonically emotional paintings by such twentieth-century masters as Oskar Kokoschka, Ernst Kirchner, and Wassily Kandinsky.



"Memorial to Karl Liebnecht," by Kathe Kollwitz

"Ode to Joy," by Ernst Berlach

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Survival of the Soviet Synagogue

The Jews of Silence, *by Elie Wiesel, translated from the Hebrew by Neal Kozodoy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 141 pp. $4), a record of a pilgrimage to the synagogues of the USSR, finds that Soviet Jews continue to cling to their cultural identity in spite of anti-Semitism and pressure on them to "pass." Harry Schwartz of the New York Times wrote "Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

ON YOM KIPPUR eve 1955 I stood in front of the main synagogue of Moscow, one of several thousand people crowding the street because they could not enter the jammed building. A woman standing next to me mentioned that she had a ten-year-old son, and when I asked whether he could pray or knew anything about the Jewish religion, she answered, "How should he know? There's nobody available to teach him." But when I followed by asking whether her son knew he was a Jew, she looked at me in scorn and replied, "Of course he knows he's a Jew. Every day he goes into the street and the other kids beat him up and call him a kike [*zhid*, in Russian]."

Memories of that and other encounters with Soviet Jews flooded back to my mind as I read Elie Wiesel's affecting *The Jews of Silence*. Mr. Wiesel, a novelist and Israeli correspondent in this country, went to the Soviet Union last year and made a pilgrimage, much like mine a decade before. He traveled from city to city, visiting synagogues, talking to Jews wherever he could find them, making in effect a one-man survey of the condition of Soviet Jewry. It is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of this subject.

Much of what he describes was all too familiar to me from my own earlier experience. The pervasive fear he found among Soviet Jews had been there ten years priorly, too. So had been the Jewish overseers in the synagogues. Working for the Soviet secret police, as other Jews before them worked for the German Gestapo, they are frantic to prevent any free contact between synagogue worshipers and visiting foreign co-religionists. Depressingly reminiscent, too, was the mutual suspicion Mr. Wiesel found among Soviet Jews, the whispered warnings that one or another of the devout was really an informer.

My pilgrimage from synagogue to synagogue had taken place little more than two years after Stalin's death. When I talked to Soviet Jews their memories of the "doctors' plot" were still fresh, and time after time they told me that they had sensed "the rope tightening around our necks" during those terrible weeks of January and February 1953. But Mr. Wiesel's reportage makes plain that the same apprehension hangs on even today.

The core of the matter, as this book makes clear, is that Soviet Jews feel unwanted, feel themselves to be pariahs, at least so long as they cling to Jewish identity whether cultural or religious. Thousands, perhaps tens and hundreds of thousands, have "passed," of course, and today hide as "Russians," "Ukrainians," or "Byelorussians," much as some Americans born Jews have become Episcopalians, Christian Scientists, or Unitarians. However, in Russia the pressure for such assimilation is deliberate and unceasing, and there is no powerful organized Jewish community, such as exists here, to discourage it.

Yet the miracle of Jewish survival over the millennia has been owed precisely to the negative feedback from the efforts to rid the world of Jews. In every century it has been the anti-Semites who have guaranteed Jewish survival by provoking a stubborn reaction even from those who, under other conditions, might have preferred to pass. And so it is in the Soviet Union, Mr. Wiesel reports. His description of the "Night of Dancing," when he saw thousands of young Soviet Jews dancing and singing in the street outside the great Moscow synagogue, celebrating Simchas Torah, is the most moving part of this book. On that one night a year, fear disappears.

PERHAPS the son of the woman I talked to on Yom Kippur eve 1955 was in that swarm of singing and dancing youngsters Mr. Wiesel saw last year. Perhaps not; but it doesn't matter. The point is that a half-century after the Bolshevik Revolution a new Soviet generation has come to maturity containing tens of thousands of young men and women who think of themselves as Jews, even though they know little or nothing of Judaism or its traditions. I ended Mr. Wiesel's book with far more hope than I ended my reconnaissance trip in the Soviet Union a decade ago.

A Playground in Hell

The Children, *by Charity Blackstock (Little, Brown. 240 pp. $4.95), recounts the author's experiences in working with Jewish adolescents who had survived the Nazi concentration camps. Irving Halperin is professor of English at San Francisco State College.*

By IRVING HALPERIN

WE HAVE seen their faces, with the aged and cavernous eyes, in photographs and films of ghettos and concentration camps. What crimes had they committed that the Nazis forced upon them such unspeakable suffering? For almost 1,500,000 Jewish children this is now an academic question. They were murdered.

Miraculously, some survived. After the liberation, emaciated and looking like wild animals, they emerged from the camps, forests, deserted villages, barns, bombed-out buildings, cellars, bunkers. Inwardly disfigured, they viewed the world around them fearfully and cynically, as something that existed solely to provide them with whatever they could take from it, by whatever means. During the first few months after their liberation some of them smashed and set fire to the buildings they were housed in. They behaved, in short, as cruelly as had their former jailers. And what is perhaps more lamentable is their premature loss of innocence. Certainly there is nothing childlike about the eighteen-year-old boy who, reflecting on his imprisonment, said to the author:

> "Do you know something?—I have never been so gloriously filled with life as I was in Auschwitz. It was such a hell of a triumph to do death down for just a few more hours, for perhaps just one more minute . . . When I woke up in the mornings, I used to come out and gaze at the crematoria chimneys and the barracks and the barbed wire.

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list)
Faith Baldwin, James Bryant Conant, Joan Crawford, Hon. James A. Farley, Jerry Lewis, Henry R. Luce, Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren

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I used to smell the filth and disease, and see what a fine lot of skeletons we all were—and I was still alive, they hadn't got me yet, it was wonderful. Wonderful! To see the dawn coming up, to know one was alive for one more day. One more beautiful day."

The marvel is that some of these young people were gradually transformed into less hostile, more trusting human beings, through the help of a sprinkling of men and women. The author was one of them.

Charity Blackstock was born in London of Scottish and Hungarian ancestry. At Oxford, Miss Blackstock studied English literature, and later at the London School of Economics she received a Social Science Diploma. During the first postwar years she was the administrative secretary of a remarkable operation which helped to bring over to England from French institutions some 500 Jewish adolescents who had been in concentration camps, and to place them for a month or two in comfortable English homes, where they might experience family life.

The venture was hardly without its difficulties. Though hungry for affection, the young people were wary of reaching out for it. At times they were extremely rebellious toward their English hosts, who could neither comprehend nor cope with their attitude. ("How in the name of sanity could a kindly, well-intentioned woman who had lived her life in the suburbs begin to understand the state of mind of a boy who had, six years back, been dragged out of the gas chamber by his hair and flung into a mountain of corpses, where he lay for a day and a half until it was safe for him to crawl away?")

MISS Blackstock did not come easily to her role as substitute mother. Looking back, she depicts herself as a spinster "small in stature, with a soft voice," overanxious, sentimental, permissive ("It was plain that I had no real authority and could easily be defied."), and too emotionally involved with some of the young people, whom she constantly refers to as "my children." Further, she expresses serious doubt that very much was accomplished. ("Perhaps out of the five hundred or so children that I brought over, two dozen have established a permanent relationship.") Nevertheless, it is unmistakably clear from the ample evidence in Miss Blackstock's lively, sincerely felt, and telling account that she did a magnificent job.

The cavernous eyes of children will remain as a tragic image of the Holocaust. Still, we may draw sustenance from knowing of those who held out compassionate hands to the homeless and despairing.

A Light on Loneliness

The Woman with the Little Fox, *by Violette Leduc, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 297 pp. $4.95), comprises three short novels whose lonely heroines struggle for a foothold in a society that has rejected them. Thomas Bishop heads the French Department of NYU's Washington Square College.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

AMERICAN readers recently became aware of a powerful, original "new" voice from France, Violette Leduc, through her tortured, brilliant autobiography, *La Bâtarde*. Even in her own country her talents had long gone unnoticed by all except a small group of fellow-writers who had recognized her undeniable skill. But this strange, middle-aged woman has finally come into her own and is winning well-deserved critical as well as popular acclaim in France. With the publication of three novellas, collected under the title *The Woman with the Little Fox,* we are now given our first glimpse in English into Violette Leduc's fictional world.

It is a strange, oppressive, yet obsessing world of loneliness, peopled by sad, innocent creatures desperately attempting to carve out for themselves a tiny foothold in a society that has rejected them. Mlle. Leduc has compassion for them as they struggle in bizarre situations to preserve a reason for living, seemingly alone among the successful "normal" people; but the author's pity is carefully controlled and never leads to sentimentality.

Clarisse, the spinster of "The Old Maid and the Dead Man," lives in the solitude of the café-grocery store she keeps in a small village. A little boy who likes to hang around her is her only real contact with humanity until the night she discovers a dead man in her café. For Clarisse, this stranger is the greatest of treasures—a secret, someone of her own on whom she can pour out all her suppressed tenderness, even if he can give her none in return.

The second and longest of the stories (in fact, it is somewhat *too* long), "The Gold Buttons," is more traditional in theme and mood: unloved and harshly treated by her father, a young peasant girl leaves home and becomes a domestic; but she never succeeds in finding in this lowly social state the love and tenderness she so urgently needs.

—Jerry Bauer.

Violette Leduc—affinities to Maupassant, Flaubert, and Beckett.

Simplest, most powerful, and most tragic is the last tale, which gives its title to the volume. Its heroine has lived her sixty years utterly alone in the midst of the teeming city of Paris, through which she wanders in isolated wonder, on the verge of starvation. Like the dead man for Clarisse, a priceless marvel suddenly enters her existence: she finds a discarded fox collar in a garbage can. The mangy fur becomes her companion, her lover, her child, and it gives her a *raison d'être*. At length, when not a franc is left for food she brings herself to sacrifice the fox, only to discover that no one wants it. Finally, in order to keep going, she succumbs to the ultimate possibility: with eyes closed and hand outstretched she waits for the coins of generous passers-by.

Because Violette Leduc is a woman and because her characters are female, the name of Colette has inevitably been offered as a point of comparison, as if every French novelist who happens to be a woman were necessarily in the lineage of Colette, given to writing some vague thing termed "feminine novels." Actually, the comparison to Colette is a very unfruitful one. Violette Leduc seems to have far greater affinities with

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Maupassant, Flaubert (the Flaubert of *A Simple Heart*), and Beckett.

Beckett's influence is particularly strong in the last novella. Like the characters of Beckett's novels, like Winnie in *Happy Days,* the protagonist of "The Woman with the Little Fox" lives in forlorn misery but doggedly continues to exist, using her time for inventories of her sensations and her possessions—in this case, the few remaining scraps of food. We find the same gloom and hopelessness as in Beckett, and, like him, Mlle. Leduc commiserates with the suffering humanity she portrays.

The effect on the reader is also similar to that of Beckett's works: it is painful and joyless, but filled with an elemental force that sweeps one along in a universe *sui generis* startlingly created by Violette Leduc's prose. *The Woman with the Little Fox* is hardly a pleasant book, but one will not easily forget it.

Robot Factories and Dinosaur Hunts: The stories of Brian W. Aldiss are like no others; they are delicate, astringent, alarming, ebulliently vulgar. In *Who Can Replace a Man?* (Harcourt, Brace, & World, $4.50) he examines the place of people in an automated world (they live like mice in computer-controlled factories, which turn out robots to make other factories); the prospects of resurrection (a twentieth-century college professor finds himself a sideshow attraction in the remote future, forced to relive one ordinary day in his life, over and over, while his half-seen audience titters); the delights of hunting dinosaurs in the Jurassic Age; the possibility of humane warfare (weapons no longer kill people, they merely deafen them and turn them into grotesque giants), and the future of Anglo-American solidarity (in a nuclear showdown, Britain declares herself neutral and leaves us in the lurch).

Aldiss's writing refutes those who believe science fiction must be either remorselessly pedantic or witlessly dull. These are charming stories, inventive, witty, good-humored, and enormously entertaining. Aldiss has his own distinctive voice, and the sharpest eye for comic nastiness since John Collier's. Many old favorites are in this book, along with some stories unfamiliar to American readers. One of these, "Man in His Time," is a virtuoso performance—a brand-new and startling idea about time, brilliantly brought off.

—Damon Knight.

Imitation Real Phony: Take a girl of Holly Golightly's age who lies, is mysterious about her past and mixed up about her present and future; who drinks a lot and keeps her house key somewhere besides in her bag; whose dialogue is peppered with Frenchisms, and who looks a lot like Audrey Hepburn. (Say she not only looks like Audrey and sounds like Holly, but she wants to sing like Ruth Etting and Helen Morgan.) And say that, on her suicide at the age of twenty-two, five different men who have known her narrate what they knew. (The chapter headings tell you they are five different men: The Painter, The Writer, The Agent, The Actor, The Teacher.) What you have is a pastiche of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *The Barefoot Contessa* called *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie* (New American Library, $4.95), a first novel by Audrey Gellen Maas.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Maas's treatment adds nothing more than a flat second-rateness to the original fey playgirl character. Where Holly (as The Agent in Capote's book-film put it) was a *real* phony, Nellie is an imitation real phony —a double negative which translates to tedium.

According to the book jacket, the author was a producer-adapter for Talent Associates, where she converted a number of books into films. Wittingly or not, she has here converted conversely.

—Louise Armstrong.

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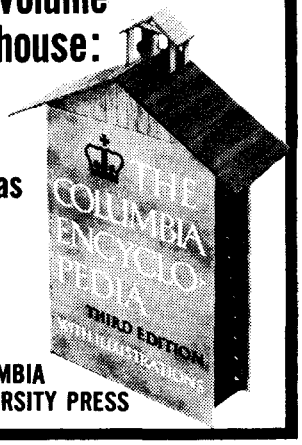

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The World's Wickedest Men. *By Andrew Ewart. Taplinger.* $4.50. Of Mr. Ewart's thirteen nominees, five were twentieth-century characters and two were Americans: Lucky Luciano and Senator Joseph McCarthy. All the names will be familiar, and the sketches of the careers should hold your interest.

The Golden Fleecers. *By Walter Wagner. Doubleday.* $4.95. Mr. Wagner here puts forward the thesis that Los Angeles is the con man's world capital, and he goes far toward proving just that in this breezy survey.

The World's Most Intriguing True Mysteries. *By Rupert Furneaux. Arco.* $3.95. This cluster of enigmas covers much territory and much time: lost cities of the Mayas, the Mayerling tragedy, Amelia Earhart, England's most haunted house, etc. (no two alike). Agreeable time-killer.

Brass Knuckles: The Oliver Quade Human Encyclopedia Stories. *By Frank Gruber. Sherbourne Press, 1640 La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles.* $5.95. These stories helped keep a human being alive in the depths of the Depression; therefore read them with a hearty appetite. Also read and reread the foreword: "The Life and Times of the Pulp Story." It is both heartrending and hilarious, and it deserves preservation as literary history and as offbeat autobiography.

Tree Frog. *By Martin Woodhouse. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. British research scientist spends critical hours in Sahara and aboard pilotless experimental plane to foil the bad guys. Nice sense of technical authenticity here, and there's a highly plausible Yank who doesn't say "guess" once. Top-notch.

Stowaway. *By Ronald Johnston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.50. Presence of deadhead passenger poses problem for British captain taking over new ship at Piraeus; cruise down Mediterranean is a dilly. Yarn has beautiful suspense factor, three-dimensional personnel. A winner.

With a Vengeance. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $3.95. Sequential garrotings in

"All the time I was governor I just assumed I was one of the 'good guys.'"

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L.A. area drive Lt. Luis Mendoza and his good crew almost to distraction, but justice naturally triumphs; *SR* is mentioned. Still on the ball.

A Taste of Treasure. *By John Creasey writing as Gordon Ashe. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Activity of skin divers off Australia's Great Barrier Reef lands lass and lad in king-size jam; Scotland Yard sends over its biggest gun. Taut and explosive; the fir flies, literally.

Who Is Lewis Pinder? *By L. P. Davies. Crime Club.* $3.95. Unshod adult male found unconscious in rural English lane poses identity problem for capable cops and mental and psychiatric problems for capable doctors and nurses. A real teaser.

The Burned Man. *By Bart Spicer. Atheneum.* $5.95. Intelligence chief at SAC base in Spain has tough time when radiation victim turns up on his doorstep; top brass jetting in from Washington fails to help matters. Cast preponderantly male. Admirably written and paced from start to finish.

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Dusty Death. *By Osmington Mills. Roy.* $3.25. Gunning of cleaning woman in English county town gives local constable chance to do his stuff; kindly detective inspector tosses him a few hints. Leisurely tale has nice atmosphere.

The Day It Rained Diamonds. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Milo March, insurance op., vacationing in L.A. area (where all the action takes place), saves his employers much dough by solving murder and producing missing gems. Come on, Milo, get back in stride!

Dead Ernest. *By Alice Tilton. Norton.* $3.95. In 1939 Phoebe Atwood Taylor, creator of Asey Mayo, Cape Cod peeper, invented a second New England shamus, Leonidas Witherall, whose exploits she narrated under the pseudonym given in our heading. Happy restoration!

CORRECTION: *Moving Target,* by Jack McClenaghan (Harcourt, Brace & World), described as a 50¢ paperback in *SR* Oct. 29, is a clothbound book ($4.50). —SERGEANT CUFF.

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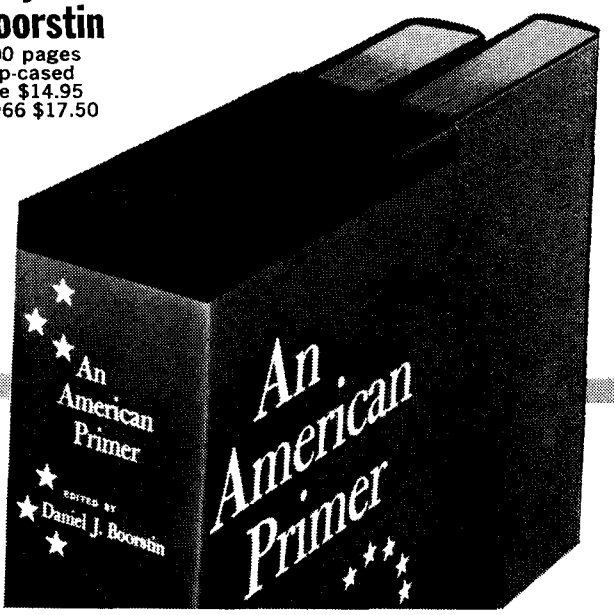
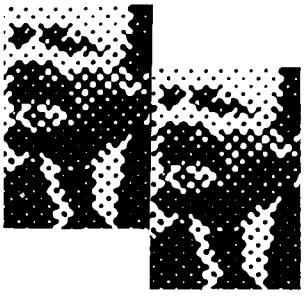


PATTERNS OF SOVIET THOUGHT



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Sigiriya: Palace of a God-King

SIGIRIYA, CEYLON.

THE BOULDER of Sigiriya rises 600 feet above a jungle-covered plain near the center of Ceylon. Stone steps climb the lower slopes of the western side of the rock to a ledge, widened into a gallery, which winds up to a rock shelf on the northern side. The shelf is dominated by the brick forepaws of a giant lion whose body once contained staircases leading to the top of the boulder. The lion's body has long since collapsed; today, iron ladders and steps cut out of the rock lead to the top. Nearly three acres of ruins cover it, and from its heights the ruins around its base take on scale and order. Two vast sets of moats and ramparts can be made out, enclosing more than 100 acres of green plain.

This great rock was the capital of Ceylon at the end of the fifth century A.D. Before that time and after it, only hermits used the rock, living in caves at its base and leaving little trace of their presence. The splendid and puzzling ruins of Sigiriya are the relics of the reign of one king, Kassapa, who ruled the island for eighteen years.

We know little more about Kassapa than we do about the rock itself. The Buddhist monks who chronicled this part of Ceylon's history tell us only unpleasant things about "this most wicked of men." He started his royal career by driving his brother—his father's favorite—into exile in India, and by having the king, his father, stripped, chained, and walled up alive ("What man, seeing this, would still hanker after pleasures or life or fame?" the chronicler exclaims). He ended his royal career by cutting his throat to avoid capture after his brother returned from India and defeated him in battle.

Why did Kassapa make Sigiriya his capital? The monk-chroniclers say that he "betook himself through fear" to the rock, leaving the traditional capital in the plains, because he wanted a fortress to guard against the possible return of his brother. At first glance the massiveness of the rock and the several miles of moats and ramparts suggest a fortress. But the symmetry of the moats makes them seem more water-garden than barrier; the gallery-ledge provides unmilitarily easy access to the summit; and the ruins at the top are more palatial than fortress-like. Most of the summit area seems to have been terraced gardens; and near the top are the remnants of a throne and of a stone bath, 90 feet long and 70 feet across.

The chronicles also say that on Sigiriya Kassapa built "a fine palace, worthy to behold, and dwelt there like the god Kuvera." A former archaeological commissioner of Ceylon, Dr. S. Paranavitana, interprets this phrase to mean that Sigiriya was no ordinary fortress or palace, but the "abode of a god-king." According to this theory, Kassapa, in an effort to establish his rule, proclaimed himself an incarnation of Kuvera, God of Wealth. As Kuvera lives on Mount Kailasa in Hindu and Buddhist mythology, so must his royal incarnation live on a mountain. For this reason Kassapa not only moved the capital to the rock-mountain of Sigiriya, but altered its features to match the descriptions of Kailasa in classical Indian poetry. The artificial lake to the south of the rock corresponds to the sacred lake Manasa; the shelf on which the brick lion stands corresponds to the "plateau of red arsenic" inhabited by a giant mythical lion; and so forth.

To buttress his theory, Paranavitana points to the prevalence of god-king cults throughout Asian history, and to the many mountain-palaces of other Asian god-kings: Potala, the home of Tibet's kings, who were regarded as Avalokitesvara incarnate; the central mountain-like structures of the successive palaces of the god-kings of Angkor; the cosmic mountain-tower in the center of the royal palace at Mandalay; and the colossal mountain-building of Borobudur, in central Java.

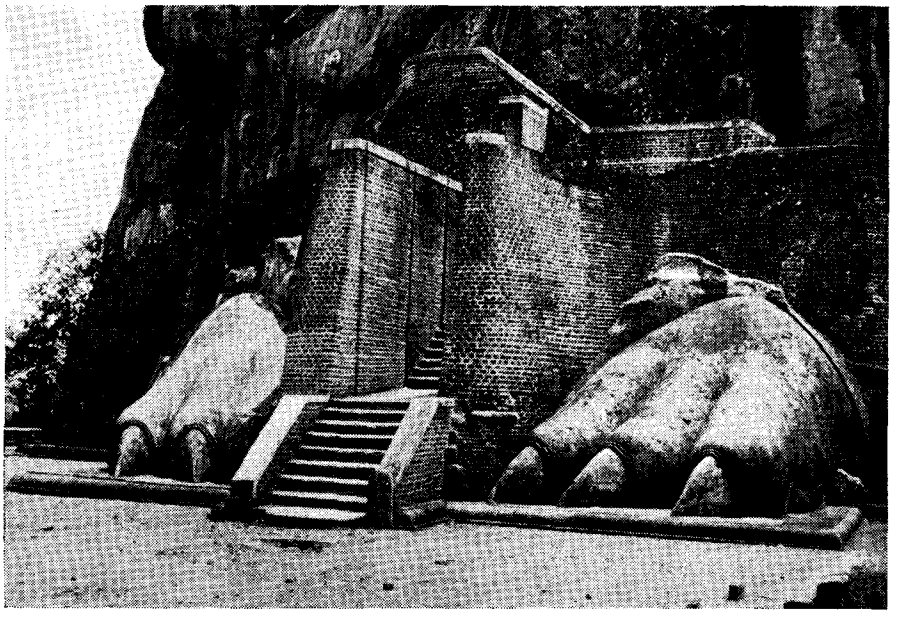
IF the theory is as valid as it is appealing, the extreme hatred of the Buddhist monks for Kassapa is at once explained by Kassapa's supreme blasphemy. And we can understand why the great rock was abandoned after Kassapa's death: What king would dare to reign in the palace of a god-king who had failed?

Forty feet above the ledge on the western side of Sigiriya, in a small pocket in the rock, is a cluster of paintings which rank among the masterpieces of Eastern art. The paintings are of twenty-one women—all that are left of a frieze of several hundred such figures which once may have extended the length of the rock. The figures end at the waist, emerging from the white plaster background as if from clouds. For the most part bare to the waist, the women hold flowers in their long slender fingers; flowers and jewels are woven into their dark hair. Their full breasts are accentuated by gold necklaces and by the delicacy of their long waists.

The sensuousness of the forms never becomes heavy; it is offset by the use of cool, simple colors—pale golds and greens, soft browns and whites—and by reliance on graceful gesture, on linear definition rather than on modeling in depth. This combining of sensuousness and grace in the Sigiriya paintings is an overwhelming achievement.

If the paintings have any flaw, it is in their lightness and superficiality in comparison to the richness and profundity of the more famous wall-paint-

(Continued from page 53)



—Christa Armstrong.

Entrance to ruins of God-King Kassapa's "palace in the sky" — "Splendid and puzzling."

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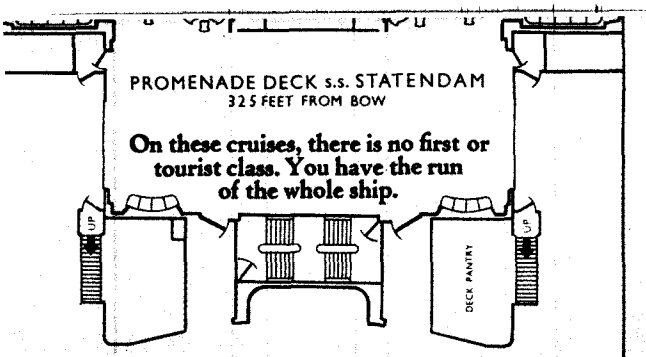
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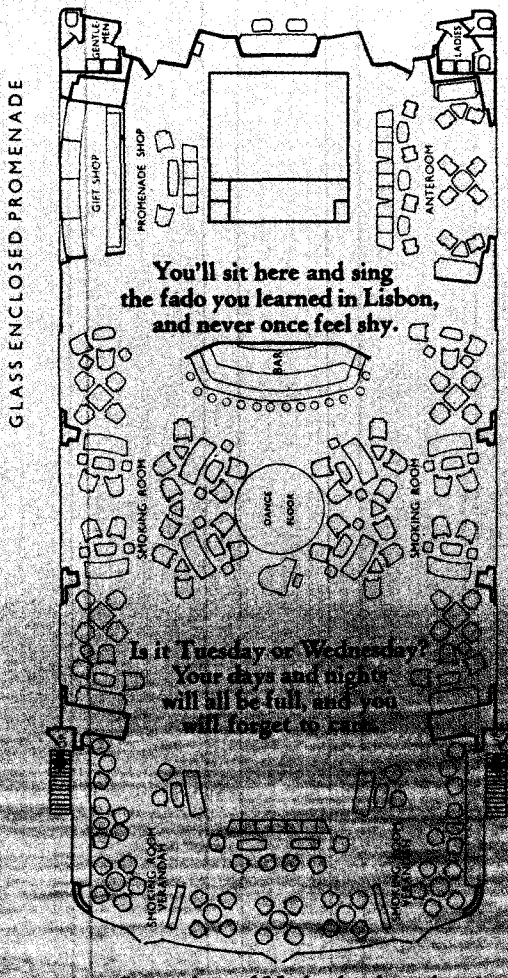
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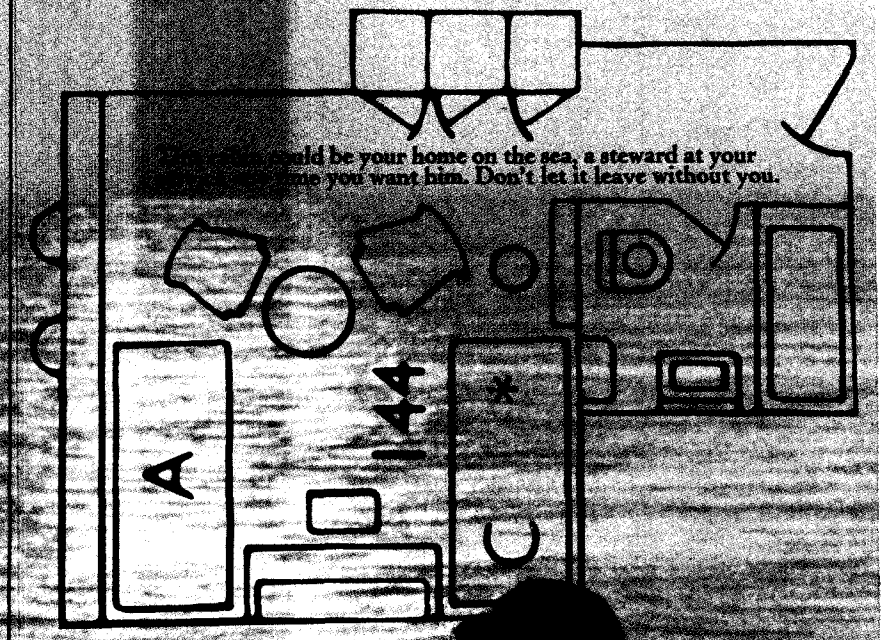

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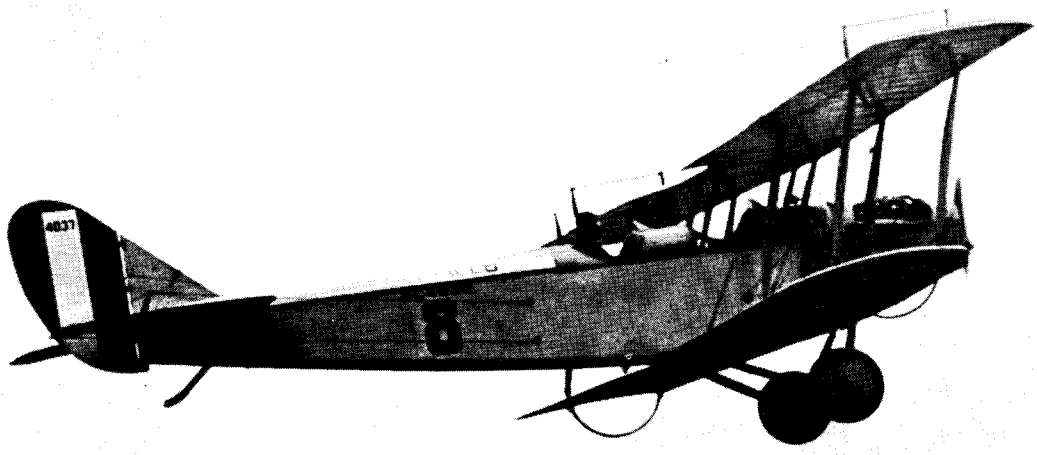

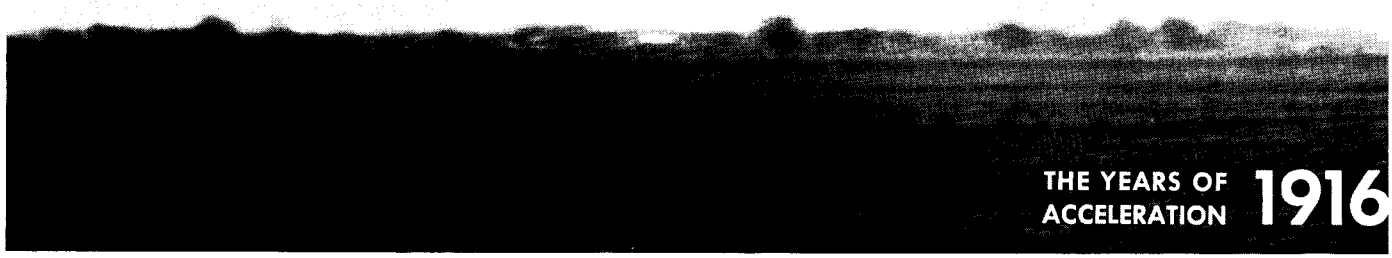

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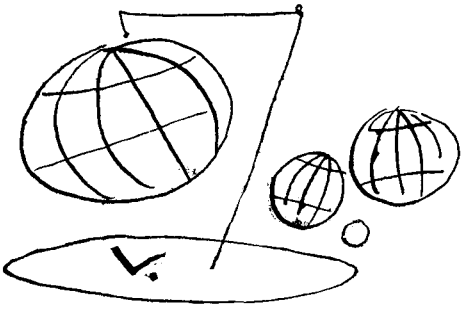
ings of Ajanta, in India. But the Sigiriya work has a spontaneity missing at Ajanta. Changes made while the artist was painting can be seen at once. Here the position of fingers balancing a flower has been altered; there the whole shape of a breast has been changed. Fifteen centuries fall away, and we see the work being done.

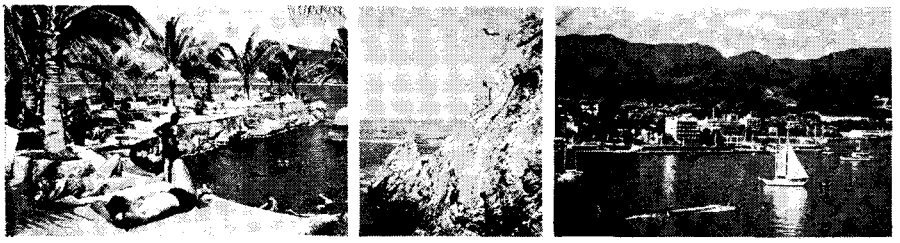
THE paintings are mysteries as well as masterpieces. No other cycle of early Ceylonese painting has survived, and later Ceylonese painting—the murals of Dambulla and Kandy, for example—is cheerful folk art, at best. How was Ceylon able to produce such masterworks? Was there a Ceylonese painting tradition? How did it develop? What became of it? Or were the paintings done by masters from India? The paintings are clearly of the same general tradition as those of Bagh and Ajanta on the mainland; but the colors, the feeling, the handling of details—the eyes, noses, and lips, in particular—are distinctive. Experts can agree only that they do not know the answers to these questions.

Between the painted pocket and the ledge, the face of the rock is covered with highly polished plaster. This "Mirror Wall" is particularly adapted to scribbling, and the Sinhalese who visited Sigiriya by the thousands in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries were no more able to withstand the primal Kilroy urge than tourists of any other time or nation. Their writings, laboriously collected and translated by Dr. Paranavitana, record the reactions of visitors of a thousand years ago to the wonders of Sigiriya.

For the most part, the wall-writings are no more varied or inspired than the comments in a typical visitors' book. Almost all the ancient sightseers extol the beauty of the painted figures in the stock similes of Indian poetry: breasts are like swans, teeth like pearls, eyebrows like arched bows, hair like dark clouds. Many speculate on the identity of the lovely women: Are they Kassapa's wives? Or courtesans? Or perhaps goddesses? And to a man the visitors lament the refusal of the figures to speak when spoken to.

But fragments of the writings reach out to touch us across language and time. A young monk writes of how the beauty





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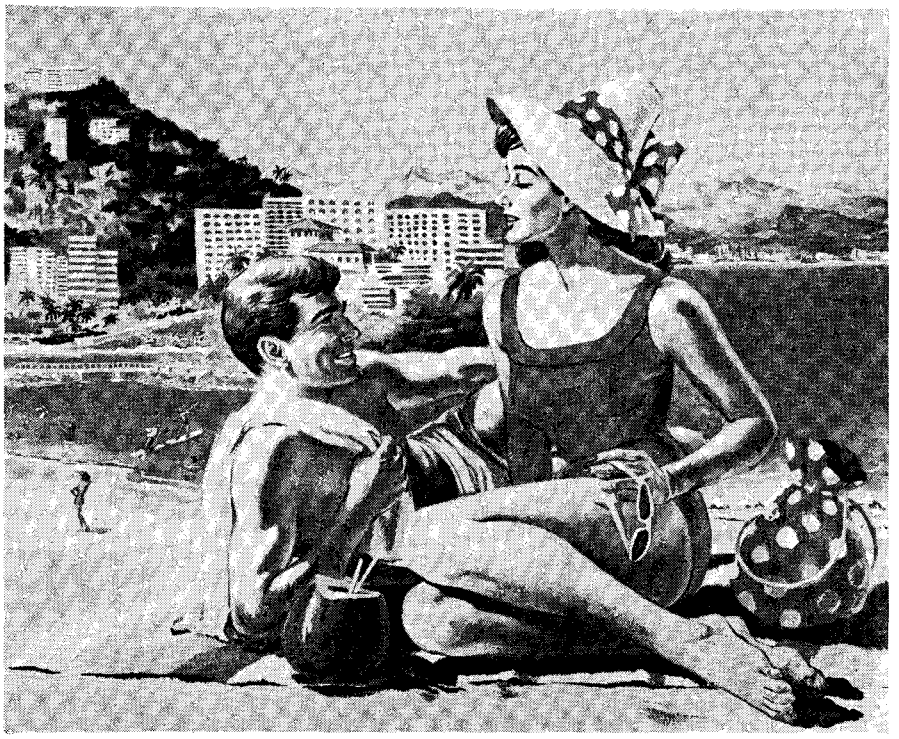

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of the figures has troubled him; an older monk suggests an affair to one of the figures, urging that her lover, even if he were to find out, would not be angry at such a trifling lapse in "you who are Oceans of Virtue." A visitor called Kit (there is always one like him) writes: "I went and saw. There is nothing to see." A gentleman named Menen, infinitely more sensitive, observes that "to have one's mind enthralled by a beautiful woman is like placing on one's head a jewelled elephant goad."

Such misogynism is understandably rare in the writings: The sensuous beauty of the figures fascinated the ancient visitors as it fascinates us. Who can think of the "homely virtues" of one's wife after seeing the "golden-colored one on the mountainside"? one visitor asks. Another writes, or rather sighs in writing: "There is a water-lily in her ear; her tender breasts, upturned and heaving, have been restrained by a shining band of gold; her color is like that of gold." A third, seeing the figures, reaches up his hand "with the desire of grasping their girdle in dalliance." And after these the sober Buddhist: "Any one who comes face to face with this, let him not think that this is good. Let him ponder in his mind that all is ephemeral, all is suffering, all is ego-less; and let him investigate the deep-rooted impermanence of things." —MEREDITH MASON BROWN.

Meredith Mason Brown, the son of SR editor-at-large John Mason Brown, visited Sigiriya when he traveled in Asia for a year on a Sheldon Fellowship from Harvard.

In the Beginning

By Norma Farber

Get up! said Mary to the three grown
men on their knees.
And since her child was newly born,
they rose, somewhat stiff, to please

the serious mother, who
was shooing assorted nosy
animals, Shoo! shoo!
that sniffed her infant's toes.

Sh! (with severity) It's too much
commotion for so small
a thing. Let him breathe. Don't touch!
O what a frightening stable-ful.

Go now, all of you. Let me raise
him as one among others, a regular
boy. Thanks for your praise,
and what you say about a star.
I mean—these first few days:
don't make me look too far.

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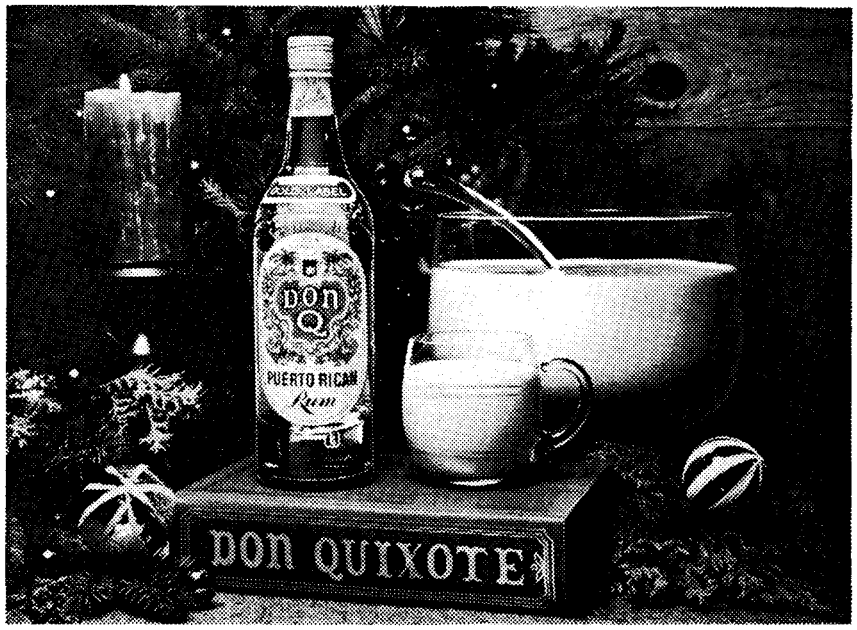
Grenville Clark

Continued from page 31

the genuineness of the desire of the Russians present to reduce and eliminate the danger of war. He spoke of the enormous number of casualties suffered by the Russian people in the Second World War. He referred to the siege of Leningrad and the heroism of its people. He spoke of the contribution made by the Russian people to victory in the war. He spoke movingly and with great dignity. Then he spoke of the need to avert even greater wars in an age of nuclear weapons. He defined the basic principles that had to go into the making of a workable peace. He described the opportunity before leaders of public opinion in getting acceptance for these principles. He called on both Americans and Russians to see the problem of disarmament in a larger and more historic setting than weapons alone. When he sat down, both sides gave him sustained applause. And from that moment, Grenville Clark's name was magic with all the Russians who had heard him and many who hadn't. He had demonstrated not just the power of logic but the prodigious force that is represented by an understanding of the next man's experience and problems. Even more, he had proved that even the most hardened positions tend to dissolve in the presence of honest good will and friendliness.

In 1964, despite advancing age, Grenville Clark took off on a world tour to advance the cause of world peace through world law. And wherever he went, whatever the local political and ideological situation, he made converts and friends, for the two were synonymous. To know him is to believe him.

In November 1965, he received the "Publius Award" of the United World Federalists, an organization that seeks wide acceptance for many of the ideas he helped to define and enlarge. Many of his friends in law and government, whether or not they were world federalists, came to honor him that night. He had earned their love and trust. He has a view of a better world and he has done his best to make it real. —N.C.



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What Home for the Temple?

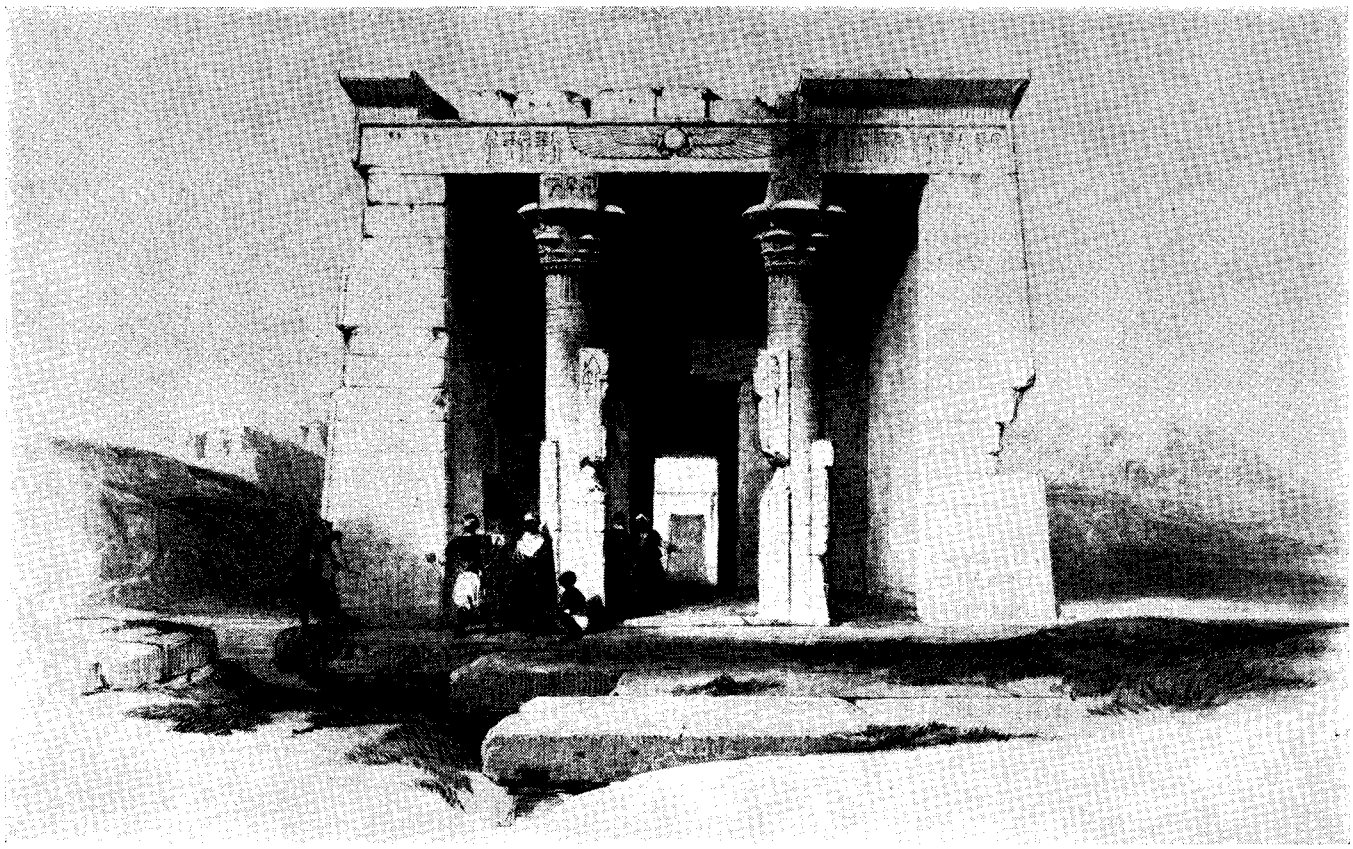
THREE CONCENTRATIONS of Egyptian art supersede all others in the United States. At the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the Old Kingdom is particularly well represented; at the Brooklyn Museum an important collection is further enhanced by a number of priceless masterpieces. This institution also houses the Wilbur Library, which is devoted exclusively to literature on Egypt. But it is New York's Metropolitan Museum that boasts the largest and most representative assemblage of Egyptian art in the Western hemisphere. Any serious American student of Egyptian art and archeology—indeed, of Egyptian history—is inevitably attracted to New York or Boston, since nowhere else in the country can such an abundance of original material be found.

There are times when art concentrations are redundant; at other times they are invaluable. The Temple of Dendur, offered to the United States by the United Arab Republic in return for American funds allocated for the preservation of Nubian monuments threatened by the waters of the Aswan High Dam, is a classic case in point (no pun intended). To assign this well-preserved example of Egypto-Roman architecture to a site where supporting Egyptian material is not available might turn a peerless work of art into little more than a tourist trap.

There has been some talk of locating the temple in Washington on the banks of the Potomac. From every point of view this plan seems unfortunate. The sandstone structure, decorated inside and out with handsome reliefs, was built in the reign of Augustus during the Roman occupation of Egypt. Seen as an isolated example of late Egyptian architecture, it would unquestionably be interesting, but far less so than were it located in chronological context and surrounded by related objects.

Over the years the Metropolitan Museum has assiduously devoted itself to acquiring a distinguished Egyptian collection. Money, effort, and intensive scholarship have played important roles. The first Egyptian objects came to the museum more than ninety years ago, and already in 1895 the Metropolitan was backing Egyptian expeditions for both exploration and excavation. Exactly sixty years ago a Department of Egyptian Art was formally established, and from then on a procession of impressive acquisitions were either purchased by or given to the institution. Presently on view are some 100 Egyptian works acquired during the last two years—often of such high quality as to leave one dazzled. Mention of an archaic lion carved from quartz 5,000 years ago and a Late Dynastic granite portrait head dated 700-650 B.C. gives a sketchy idea of the chronological scope involved.

If the Temple of Dendur finally comes to the Metropolitan Museum, it would find a sympathetic home where some 5,000,000 visitors a year could see it and where numerous graduate students of Egyptology from nearby institutions would welcome it. Trustees of the Metropolitan have made clear to the government their willingness to pay all expenses for shipping the temple to America. Originally located on the Nile about 50 miles south of Aswan, the building has been patiently dismantled into 647 numbered blocks of sandstone and is now stored on Egypt's Elephan-



—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Ancient temple presented by the UAR—"No ordinary gift." (From a plate in Aylward M. Blackman's *The Temple of Dendur*, published in Cairo by the French Institute of Oriental Archaeology, 1915.)

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tine Island. The museum is also prepared to invest $1,500,000 toward a proper indoor setting for the temple. The plan is to erect an extension to the Egyptian galleries where artificial light could reproduce the brilliance of an African sun, and where visitors could examine the building from both ground and balcony levels.

But far more important, ultimately, than correct lighting and comfortable viewing facilities is the preservation of a fine example of late Egyptian architecture. Because the building is made of a highly porous and friable aeolin sandstone, it demands an indoor setting. To expose it to Washington's damp climate and dirty air would constitute a risk even more serious than the dangers of possible vandalism. At present, no chemical or plastic exists that can harden the surface of porous stone and yet protect it from air pollutants and weather. Dendur's pink stone was created by windblown sand, not by the usual mineral deposits, and hence is extremely fragile. Laboratory experiments show that it can even be abraded by talc—the softest of all minerals. In a few years, if exposed to an outdoor urban onslaught, the temple's subtle color would deteriorate and its crisp reliefs disintegrate.

Egypt's hot, dry climate coupled with high dunes of blown sand protected the temple over the centuries. In its original setting, an intense Southern light gave tonal vitality to the reliefs, which were carved with a deliberate understanding of the environment they were to inhabit. To locate the temple amid Washington's historic, albeit youthful, American monuments would be both meaningless and inept. The building must be seen not as an isolated phenomenon but as the culmination of a magnificent civilization.

Our government, much as it may want the temple for Washington, will, we trust, recognize the prior claim of an institution that for years has been seriously committed to the study and acquisition of Egyptian art. The Metropolitan Museum has a trained curatorial staff that can relate the building and its carvings to an already existing body of work; one envisions publications and educational classes resulting from this interplay. For make no mistake, the gift from the United Arab Republic is not an ordinary one. It is unlikely that ever again will our country inherit such a rare architectural monument. All the more reason, then, for competition to give way to the greatest possible public benefit. One hopes that the matter will be decided by impartial scholars and experts rather than by less well-informed public officials. —KATHARINE KUH.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8, 2, 10, 6, 3, 11, 4, 9, 7, 1, 12, 5.

Perspective

Continued from page 29

was harder, fiercer than they knew. We are still dominated by mythical explanations of the universe; myth still haunts social and sexual customs. A century that has suffered Hitler, to say nothing of Stalin and a host of other myth-makers, has need of a Voltaire, of an archpriest whose wit and satire and burning indignation will cut through the specious sophistries by which we permit ourselves to accept evil, suffering, subjection.

IT is always easier to believe than to think, to accept than to resist, to keep silent than speak out. And it is high time to stop decrying these historians and philosophers of the Enlightenment. Theirs was a dangerous age for intellectuals, better far than the centuries that had gone before but still full of hazard. They were brave men, dedicated to the pursuit of truth no matter how uncomfortable or destructive its capture might prove. The study of history was essential in order that the follies of belief might be revealed and the tyrannies of man towards men exposed. Aims that should still be foremost in the historian's mind. I would willingly exchange two-thirds of the American Historical Society for one Voltaire. Like moles, modern historians burrow in silence, making their lists of meaningless facts, spawning their blinkered offspring, and offering nothing but repetition of their professional expertise. Instead, they should be intent on exposing the follies, cruelties, and disasters of life, not in order to preach a philosophy of hopelessness but to strengthen belief in the efficacy of criticism and reason.

As Mr. Gay's admirable book shows, this task of historians and philosophers has always been exceptionally difficult to pursue. Periods of enlightenment have been rare. They have been strengthened by the growth of science, but less than Bacon and Diderot confidently expected; for it has become very easy to separate science from social comment, to strengthen obscurantism at the expense of criticism. But for scientists of all kinds and for historians the tide may be turning. Education is penetrating social depths never before plumbed. The campus is becoming the womb of social dialectic and intellectual revolution that will effectively criticize and change the structure of industrial society: its social and sexual morals as well as its economic organization may be blowing up. If it does, may this New Enlightenment secure, in the fullness of time, as wise, as elegant a historian as Peter Gay.

—J. H. PLUMB.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Zeani and los Angeles—Maazel's Ninth

IF THE TEMPTATION is strong to refer to the Metropolitan's new soprano as Violetta Zeani, it is not because one does not know that her name is Virginia Zeani. Rather it is because she has sung the leading role of Verdi's *La Traviata* nearly 600 times since she made her debut in the part in Turin in 1948, the latest being her first at the Metropolitan.

This, to be sure, is assurance of a certain enviable kind of professionalism, which was in evidence from the moment the curtain went up. Miss Zeani wore Cecil Beaton's beautiful black on white ball gown beautifully, and with her pile of dark hair around fair skin, she presented the likeness of as seasoned a well-preserved courtesan as one could ask.

However when she began to sing, it was with rather less vocal color, quality, and variety than one might wish for. Miss Zeani has a clear conception of Violetta's character, and a sure command of the means to convey it, visually. Audibly, however, it tended to the edgy and nearly harsh, with rare indications that the voice still possessed a sheen. Much, if not all of this, may be tolerated in exchange for absorbing characterization; but not, also, her inability to articulate the turns and involutions of the vocal line in the lower range. There was still the possibility that Miss Zeani might be one of those Violettas who is vocally more at ease once the first act is behind her, but the same traits were as evident outdoors as in. Categorically, Miss Zeani is what is known as a "good artist," and she delivered an impersonation that was deft, charming, and always absorbing to watch, but the real quality of the voice must have been left somewhere back there among the hundreds of Violettas. We can only regret that the Metropolitan management didn't see fit to have those between 200 and 300 sung here, rather than bringing her to New York after she had done nearly twice that many. The evening was, otherwise, too much as this *Traviata* has been before, with a vocally inept, dramatically immature Alfredo by Bruno Prevedi, an authoritative father Germont by Robert Merrill, and chaotically non-stylistic musical direction by Georges Prêtre.

HOWEVER, this day was not without its distinctions, for it began (this being Saturday) with a matinee of Strauss's *Frau ohne Schatten* that was consistently on a high level of credit to all. Robert O'Hearn's solution of the scenic problem grows in esteem with each new contact; the cast has responded to Karl Böhm's settling hand with even greater ensemble unity than it originally possessed; and the fine work of such Metropolitan reliances as Clifford Harvuot (the One-Eyed), Lorenzo Alvary (the One-Armed), and Paul Franke (the Hunchback), plus the off-stage voices of Joann Grillo, Marcia Baldwin, and Shirley Love, among others, permits no lapse of quality when the principals are not performing. These remain as they were previously, with James King having a particularly good afternoon as the Emperor. Earlier in the week he had appeared for the first time as Calaf in *Turandot*, but Puccini's vocal line is not as congenial to him as Strauss's nor the Italian syllables as flowing as the German.

Richard Tucker was Radames with Gabriella Tucci and Rita Gorr as the women who contested for him in the season's first *Aïda*, a new assignment for conductor Thomas Schippers. It was perhaps the most subdued Verdi he has yet delivered, though there was nothing at all reticent about the triumphal scene.

Recollections of another kind of Metropolitan Violetta were revived with the return of Victoria de los Angeles to Carnegie Hall for an appearance of the type called "annual." The Spanish soprano was in radiant mood and prime voice for an afternoon of singing which gave pleasure without stint to her large audience, whether it was Handel, Schumann, Brahms, or the *Tonadillas* of Granados. It was a pleasure to hear a pianissimo of such quality in "So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake" from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, especially one pliant enough to form its florid line as well as she did. However, the los Angeles way with lieder remains singularly her own rather restrained one, whether the matter is suited by it (Schumann's "Der Nussbaum") or not (Brahms's "Sappische Ode"). Paul Berl's accompaniments rarely performed the function they should for a singer of the los Angeles quality.

LORIN MAAZEL's performance of Beethoven at his second series of Philharmonic concerts was much superior to his first, perhaps because it was, this time, the Ninth Symphony rather than the Violin Concerto, thus providing even a conductor of his assurance with a full hour's occupation. It was, indeed, a compelling demonstration of his coolest, most collected manner, done without benefit of score.

To judge from the manner of response he evoked at the very beginning and, again, from the solo quartet in the finale, it was pursuant to a total tonal concept in which lightness was the prevailing tone. Any total concept is, of course, better than none (some are better than others), but in order to validate the premise, it must be sustained without deviation. This Maazel was not yet able to achieve, for the initial tempo tended to waver and slow down when a passage of lyric contrast to the dramatic beginning was reached. Too often this accompanied Beethoven's use of *dolce* as a playing direction, meaning, of course, an alteration of manner rather than of pace. Least successful of the four movements was the Adagio, whose long span of thought eluded Maazel.

Eventually the titanic tread of the

(*Continued on page* 86)

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Burnt Paris?

BEFORE BECOMING too captious about a film event known as *Is Paris Burning?* we ought to devote a few moments, at least, to the considerable strategic, tactical, and logistic problems faced by those who would recreate for a large screen that splendid event of World War II when French and American forces entered a city that had already largely been seized by its fighting inhabitants. Here was a city that, in 1965, was choked by traffic, brightened and polished by prosperity, and regulated by a complex bureaucracy—and this was to serve as the setting for recapturing history of twenty years earlier. Empty streets and boulevards were required, tanks were to rumble ominously over them once again, automatic weapons to stutter from emplacements in treasured monuments.

Therefore, the achievement of director Rene Clement, and the recently deceased producer, Paul Graetz, in overcoming these obstacles is not to be denied. Their handicap, as it turned out, was the script provided by Gore Vidal and Francis Ford Coppola, who appear simply to have lacked the capacity to make military sense and human drama out of the ample material provided by the book on which the film is based.

They have told some of the story, to be sure, and Clement achieves several moments that are vivid and stirring, but to anyone who has not read the book the fragmentized treatment is bound to be puzzling. Unless one is also aware of the political background involving de Gaulle's not altogether acknowledged leadership and the warring factions of the Resistance, the film becomes even more confusing. Clement must share the blame here, for he seems to assume we know all.

The participants appear and disappear, identifiable less as historical figures than as Jean-Paul Belmondo, Leslie Caron, Charles Boyer, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Alain Delon, and a host of all-star others. If anyone dominates the proceedings it is Gert Froebe as General Von Choltitz, the German commander of Greater Paris, Luckily, Froebe brings skill and depth to his portrayal of a hard-bitten destroyer of cities who has lost his faith in Hitler's war—or at least the winning of the war—but he, too, is handicapped by the script's failure to disclose why he decided to disobey Hitler's order to destroy the city. Even more incomprehensible is Paramount's decision to exhibit the film here in English instead of the three-language (two of them subtitled) version shown in France. We do hear Froebe's voice, but he has obviously delivered his lines originally in German, and has had to match his lip movements with the English track, a not inconsiderable feat. The dubbing, by the way, is not that bad; but it is, plainly, dubbing.

Some of the vignettes are good, as when a French lieutenant politely barges into an old woman's apartment for a vantage point from which to knock out a German machine-gun nest. She attempts to finish her coffee, and he, when the action is over, bids his men pick up the spent cartridge shells. Another vignette though, is very bad: A girl is to carry a message in her bicycle pump; a tire goes flat with a hole as big as a five franc piece; but when a German officer stops to help her he seems to think that fateful bicycle pump will do the job. We won't quarrel about German panzers being badly disguised Shermans, for panzers are in scarce supply these days, but we will quarrel about missing details: the Allied air attacks that made the city virtually defenseless; the order removing artillery battalions from the French 2nd Armored Division and its American 12th Infantry support, so that howitzers would not be employed to devastate the city's buildings. Actually, the saving of Paris was brought about by the German commander and the American military leaders—though they were naturally not aware of each other's decisions.

SADLY, not shown at all was Von Choltitz's sending through the Swedish consul a mission to the Allies to urge them to hurry to Paris; for otherwise, if reinforcements did arrive, he would be forced to defend the city. This alone would have helped us to understand the general's growing fondness for Paris. All this is bothersome. So dramatic were the actual events, so rich is the lore of contributory incident, that why bother to change, invent, and cast big stars in small scenes if the net effect is to short-change history and do damage to what should be our prideful knowledge?

A hysterical Leslie Caron is not Paris of August 1945, and you couldn't kid an eight-year-old child that Kirk Douglas looks like General Patton, sans his two pearl-handled revolvers. Yet, such is the magic of that mere word *Paris* and so heart-warming its liberation, that the movie doesn't altogether fail. It should have been better, that is all.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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December 3, 10, 17.

Theater—Off the Leash

AS A THEATERGOER who thought the 1965 revival of *The Glass Menagerie* disappointing, I now find it a happy surprise that the present revival of *The Rose Tattoo* is so richly rewarding. And while these rewards were apparent at City Center, they emerge even more strongly at the more intimate Billy Rose Theater to which the production has been moved.

That this 1951 Tennessee Williams play should seem even more effective now than in its original presentation is mainly attributable to the maturing of its star, Maureen Stapleton, who played the role of Serafina in both productions, and to the fact that our theater has pulled away from naturalism in the direction of the grotesque. Thus the symbolism of the roses, which originally attempted to represent the sacredness of the sexual communion between man and woman, now becomes a detail that emphasizes the grotesquerie, rather than a possibly too obvious poetic conceit of the author. To accomplish this, director Milton Katselas has concentrated on creating the wild and irrational surroundings in which Mr. Williams's fable can be the center. And everything that happens is ironic—so that we laugh at the ridiculousness of the events at the same time that we recognize the characters' agonizedly sincere involvement in them.

Near the beginning a woman who looks like Zero Mostel in drag punctures Serafina's romantic notions about love by handing her an aphrodisiac with the advice, "Be sure you put it in his coffee at supper and *not* at breakfast." Then a pedantic priest is shocked by the heretical but rather sublime notion that the primitive people of his parish "find God in each other." But the supreme irony is that the healthy lust of Serafina's household exists side by side with pretentious symbols of purity. One of the most telling moments in the play is Serafina's berating of the madonna statue for forgetting her, at the very moment that she is being restored to health and life through the godsend of Mangiacavallo, a naïve laborer who will make a good husband for this run-down widow.

Now it very probably was not Mr. Williams's intention to write *The Rose Tattoo* as a grotesque comedy, but that is what this new presentation seems, and that is why it appears not the least bit dated. Furthermore, it is the ideal style for Miss Stapleton.

For it is this rundown quality and despair that Miss Stapleton here catches so much more fully than she did fifteen years ago. Moreover, the actress has a unique capacity for confronting pretension with practical considerations. Her Serafina deludes herself with poetic euphemisms to describe her own passions, but is hilariously earthy in appraising the same passions in others.

As she tells the sailor who is dating her fifteen-year-old daughter, "My daughter *is a virgin—*" she stops short to face the practical truth, and exclaims with devastating gallows humor, "She is, or she was." And throughout the play Miss Stapleton keeps a magnificent balance between her impulsive and direct recognitions that the worst usually happens and her desperate hopes that it won't.

This balance is also present in the performance of Harry Guardino as the gauche Mangiacavallo. He is particularly entertaining as he blithely wipes off a dropped icecube on the shirt he has just a few minutes before used as a handkerchief. Christopher Walken fits right in as the young sailor, giving us a sense that he, too, is overwhelmed by the contradictions of the situation in which he finds himself. And Maria Tucci manages to grow from Serafina's awkward, pigtailed child into a radiantly beautiful woman during the course of the evening. Behind all this, director Katselas has suggested an omnipresent potential for earthiness with rowdy neighbors and a music that sounds Greek, but which we accept as Sicilian, just as we accept Miss Stapleton's delivery as Italian even though it is not. This production constitutes a thrilling triumph for director and actress that opens up a green territory in which Tennessee Williams might profitably exercise his talent.

OFF BROADWAY, two new playwrights are making an impact. At the Pocket Theater, Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah* presents three short views of contemporary life, using fugue arrangement of movement and dialogue, the contrast of TV screen and natural action, and the turning of actors into bizarre oversize dolls to make his points. And at the Martinique, Megan Terry's *Viet Rock* deals with American complacency about the war by employing a series of actors' explorations of some of the subject's many aspects. Both attractions are short on sustained dramatic significance, but both are frequently exciting in the originality of their stagecraft.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 32

mended to the Alaska Department of Education. The first would be a social studies curriculum for the elementary grades which would include units on language, cultural characteristics, customs, history, and folklore. The second program would be a social studies unit for an Alaska history course or an elective semester course at the secondary level.

Teachers all over Alaska hope that something can be done to help our native students adapt to the strange culture moving in on them. They are a great people.

GARY HOLTHAUS,
Kenai Methodist Church.
Kenai, Alaska.

Hear, Lancelot Whyte!

I WAS INTERESTED to find myself in agreement with the early portion of Lancelot Whyte's editorial, "Man's Task: A Union of Contrasts" [*SR*, Nov. 12]. I am surprised at my agreement because I think we disagree on certain fundamentals.

If I understand correctly what he has said elsewhere, he considers an extension of the law of entropy as the most fundamental principle underlying all reality—a position with which I disagree. I would hesitate to extend this law—which implies the removal of all contrasts and struggle—to aspects of the universe which we do not yet understand. I suspect that when, in the editorial, he advocates "organic coordination" as "the union of contrasts, the integration of differentiated parts, harmony in diversity," he is thinking of entropy, which from my view would result instead in a uniform grayness.

If one leaves out the possibility of an after life for Man and the possible existence of realms of reality which we do not yet understand, then it is natural to consider the law of entropy fundamental. . . . But I am not prepared to do this, first, because I am confident that eventually science will give good empirical evidence for believing there are realms of life which are presently only dimly perceived by the occasional mystic or "abnormal person." I suspect that the coordination of these realms entails the present apparent tragedy, apparent evil, and struggle.

He goes on to say in part that "the perennial objective of Man. . .is not heightened consciousness. . . ." Here again I must disagree. If my conviction as to the existence of other realms is correct, then it is heightened consciousness which will permit Man to attain the goal that Lancelot Whyte states. Heightened consciousness will bring knowledge of these realms and permit Man to derive his satisfactions through such enlarged "understanding of all that exists." The precise manner of such satisfaction we do not yet know, but fundamentally it will be found to lie in his capacity to assist in some small part in the preservation of the universe as a whole—an underlying goal and principle I consider more fundamental than the law of entropy, which is probably limited to the reality we presently experience.

MICHAEL M. HARE.
Smithtown, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is pleased to print this commentary from Mr. Whyte's friend, whose book "Microcosm and Macrocosm" was published by Julian Press this year.*

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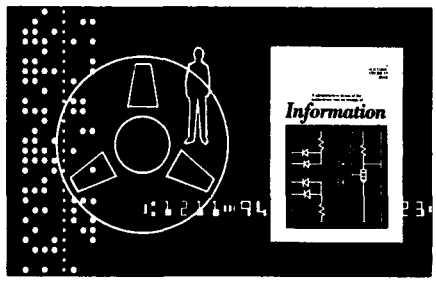

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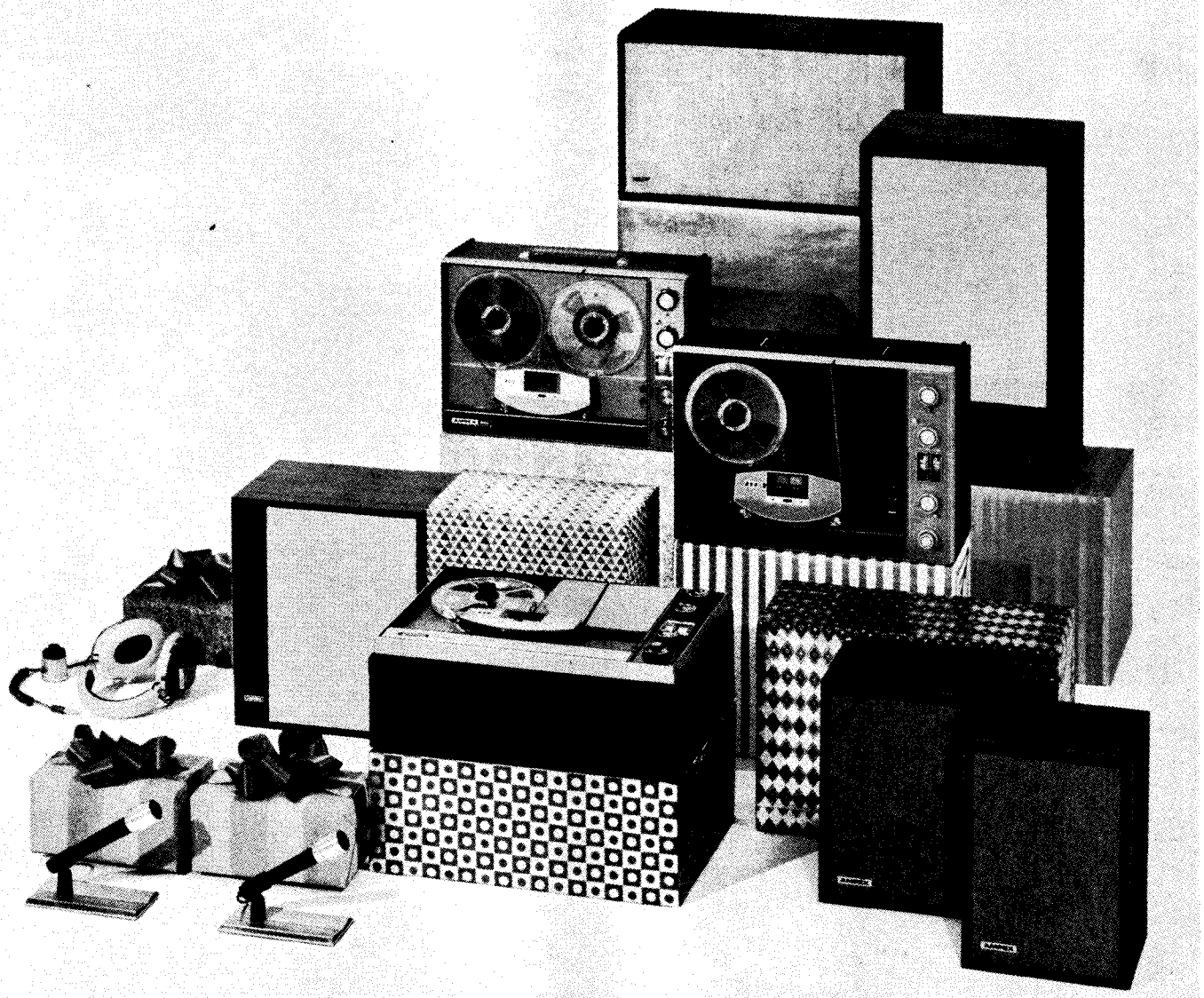

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THE NEW WORLD OF TAPE

Music for those in motion as well as at rest.

EVEN BEFORE the advent of the LP in the spring of 1948, prerecorded tape had been lurking in the wings, a latent or present danger to the supremacy of the flat disc. Sundry efforts have been made along the way (such as entrusting tape with the responsibility of stereo reproduction before it was feasible on disc) to promote tape's advantages and minimize its liabilities, without effecting any profound change in the general habits of the home listener. Cost, difficulty of use, and the need for expensive reproducing equipment have restricted its acceptance either to faddists or to those for whom any superiority, real or fancied, has inbuilt appeal.

Now, however, almost twenty years later, there is a new world of tape aborning—and for the simplest of reasons. Rather than seeking to utilize its ribbon length to perform the same functions as those of the flat disc, some of those entrusted with its future—not all, but a potent minority—have finally seen the handwriting on the reel and read the message: RENDER UNTO TAPE WHAT IS TAPE'S, AND UNTO DISC WHAT IS DISC'S. Instead of remaining in the side-for-side prison—meaning that whatever was on one side of a record was duplicated on a length of tape, whether or not it could accommodate more—recording companies now are making some effort to utilize the flexibility of tape to achieve something which disc *cannot*.

That, of course, is the guiding principle in the automotive development reported by Ivan Berger on the following page. Whether a tape cartridge can satisfy the more critical demands of those who listen to music while at rest rather than in motion remains to be proved. (Berger discusses some of the pros and cons from a technical point of view.) But while awaiting that development, persons who have hitherto been wary of tape may welcome updating on some aspects of it that have not been too widely publicized.

Top place in recent developments, according to my estimate, goes to an Ampex-sponsored refinement by which a reel of tape will, at the end of its progress from left to right, reverse itself automatically and continue to perform, from right to left. This not only reduces the break to seconds (twenty-one in the DGG version of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* on the Ampex-mastered DGR 8863) but also eliminates the tiresome, long-necessary transfer of the reel itself from one side to the other. To be sure, this requires the use of a reproducer such as the Ampex 200 or its equivalent, but there is the plus factor that the unit can also be used to apply a 20-cycle (inaudible) signal which will make any other 4-track prerecorded tape self-reversing. (Ampex, Sony, and Concertone also provide self-reverse.)

Lest some complain that twenty-one seconds is more than might be utilized to change a disc from side to side, let it be considered that this DGG version of *Così* offers forty-seven minutes and forty seconds of Act I in uninterrupted sequence in one direction, and forty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds in the other. The reel on which Act II is wound is evenly divided between 45:40 on side one and 45:12 on side two. Thus, one is privileged to listen to Eugen Jochum directing Irmgaard Seefried (Fiordiligi), Nan Merriman (Dorabella) and Erika Köth (Despina), and Hermann Prey (Guglielmo), Ernst Haefliger (Ferrando), and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Don Alfonso), in more than three hours of music, with only one interruption of twenty-odd seconds, aside from the normal intermission between Acts I and II. In the LP equivalent, there are four breaks (the separation between sides three and four is the "act" interval) which may be made manually or by means of a changer.

IN SOME circumstances where program material is congruent, Ampex, along with some other producers, has put the flexibility of the medium to good use by issuing what are called "double play" tapes. These use the flexibility of tape to, again, do something that the disc cannot. In a current context, DGK 8927 offers Herbert von Karajan's performances with the Berlin Philharmonic of the Third and Fourth Symphonies of Brahms, back to back (to adopt a disc

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terminology). As the Fourth is timed at 42:43, it is clearly a length beyond the capacity of a disc to handle without interruption. To balance the shorter extent of the Third Symphony (32:18), Side 1 also contains the Karajan-Berlin Philharmonic version of the Brahms-Haydn Variations, which may be played in sequence or not as the listener prefers.

However, not all is yet sweet reasonableness and light. I notice in a current London-derived version of the Beethoven No. 9 (Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, with a solo quartet of Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, James King and Martti Talvela) that the total length of the work is split neatly down the middle—Side 1, 34:04, Side 2, 34:18—with the result that the Adagio is also split down the middle, with 7:15 on the A side, and 8:34 on the B side. What attraction there is in this for the *aficionado* finicky enough to pay the differential for a taped No. 9 is hard to say. Doubtless there is some rationale—having to do with the contracts and royalties, no doubt—to this seeming irrationale, but it eludes recognition to the ear disturbed by a break in the tape, (which one has more or less resigned oneself to accept as a limitation of disc).

WHAT is at least heartening about the developments spelled out above—quite apart from considerations of cost or the superior audio quality of a fine tape on a unit equipped to deal with it—is the indication that a few people, at least, are beginning to think of tape *qua* tape. Admittedly, it poses problems in programing and distribution of material, but this, it strikes me, is the direction in which the medium must move if it is to win the favor of the discriminating. And who else would pay the difference?

In a collateral way, the development pioneered by Angel, discussed in the article "Prerecorded Tape at 3¾ ips," [*SR*, Dec. 26, 1964] is making some progress, if slowly. That, of course, is in the area of audio quality, which, as even the non-tape fan knows, becomes reduced as the material moves past the head more slowly. In a late check of two Haydn symphonies (Nos. 88 and 104) performed by the New Philharmonia (mis-labeled "Philharmonic" incidentally) under Otto Klemperer on YS 36346, the sound is admirable at low volume, but tends to develop an edge when the volume is increased. However, Angel's persistence is worthy of admiration, especially as it is designed to offset the higher cost of the material by using less of it (at the slower speed). Its price structure, incidentally, is worthy of mention: $6.98 for a single reel, $11.98 for two-reel packages, and $17.98 for three. If they got around to doing *Die Meistersinger* on this system, it might even be cheaper than disc.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Tape on the Turnpike

TAPE HAS NOT REPLACED the phonograph record. Raw tape costs more, and reproducers are harder to load than phonographs. The gap is slowly beginning to narrow—though as yet not too closely. Clearly, tape's acceptance would rise if it were simpler to use. For that reason, manufacturers have developed, over the years, a number of tape cartridge systems that need no threading, that may be plugged or snapped into special tape reproducers.

RCA's two-hub system was first, with the tape winding from the left hub to the right one, as on most reel-to-reel recorders. Despite advance claims that recorded cartridges would cost as little as discs, the system proved more expensive, and RCA's cartridge (which could not be used on standard reproducers) never really caught on. But it left two important legacies: 4-track recording (now the standard for reel-to-reel recordings) and the dual-hub cartridge configuration since used in miniature by Norelco and others.

Next was the Fidelipac, an endless-loop system using four tracks at 3¾ ips, and the first system developed for use in automobiles. Though widely adopted by broadcasters, it languished for several years before becoming popular for automobile use. The Revere-Wollensak division of 3M shortly thereafter came out with a unique system, using two tracks on special narrow tape, and a single-hub cartridge that feeds a take-up reel within the machine, automatically rewinding after play. This was the first system to offer an automatic tape changer—up to twenty cartridges could be stacked and played in sequence. Norelco then introduced a portable unit, the battery-operated "Carry-Corder," using a miniature "cassette" in the old RCA dual-hub configuration, but with two (monophonic) tracks on 1/7 inch tape, playing at 1⅞ ips. After that, the deluge.

Several West Coast manufacturers and importers began promoting Fidelipac tape players for automotive use. Enough Californians were spending enough of their lives motoring to make the newly reactivated medium a smashing success.

Cartridge tape offers several advantages over the automobile radio: no reception problems, even in tunnels; no commercials or announcements; no need to rely on a station's program director to pick what you hear; no static or interference—and stereo sound (which few auto radios can receive).

Norelco put a toe on the auto bandwagon with the Carry-Corder "Car Mount," basically a sliding shelf that holds their Carry-Corder beneath an auto dashboard. The Carry-Corder, unlike the Fidelipac units, is not fixed to the car, but can be removed and used as a portable recorder when desired. Also unlike the Fidelipacs, the Norelco units can record as well as play—but the Fidelipac players are in stereo, and a growing library of stereo recordings is available for them.

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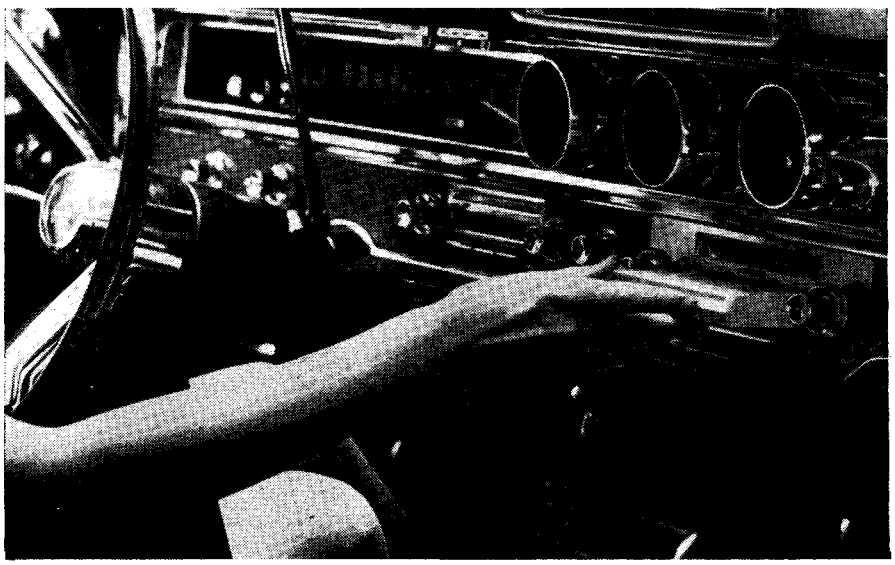

—*RCA Victor Records.*

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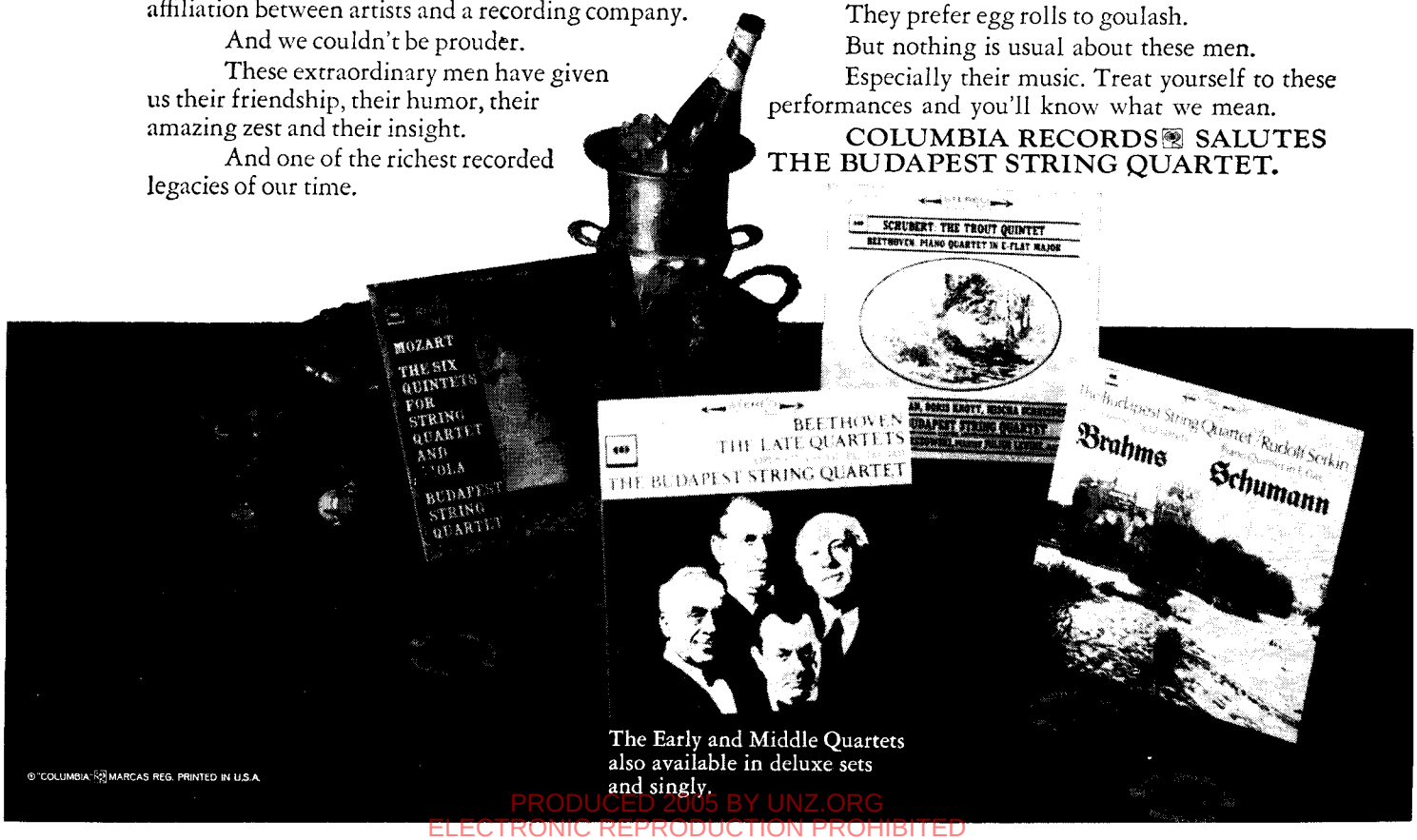

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in the late Twenties, developed an 8-track, continuous-loop cartridge in conjunction with RCA. Thereupon RCA announced that its repertoire would be available for automobile use only in the new 8-track system. Ford announced 8-track players as a factory-installed option, and Chrysler as a dealer-installed accessory (Chrysler, GM, and American Motors have since announced factory-option 8-track players). With the backing of these giants, sales of the Lear Jet system soon surpassed those of the 4-track units—though more of the Fidelipac 4-track players are in use, thanks to their early start.

Soon most of the best-selling popular LP records became available in either 4-track or 8-track tape cartridges. But these cartridges could be heard only in automobile units, so dozens of manufacturers began producing home equipment, too—among them Arvin, GE, Magnavox, RCA, Bogen, Lear Jet, Motorola, Roberts, Philco-Ford, and Craig Panorama. Some were basically automobile units in small cabinets; others, portable phonographs with tape players replacing the record changer; still others, consoles with tape playback added to the usual FM/AM/phono facilities. Most of these units use the 8-track system.

Then Norelco, backed by the overseas muscle of Philips, announced that a million of its Carry-Corders had been sold throughout the world, and expanded its cassette line to include stereo recordings and both home and automobile players for its mono and stereo cassettes. The endless-loop 4-track and 8-track automobile cartridges and the Norelco cassette are now battling to dominate the home and auto tape cartridge market. Though there are many other cartridge systems available none seem real contenders for market dominance. How do these three major systems compare?

The Endless Loop: The motorist must keep his eyes on the road and his hands on the wheel. A continuous-loop cartridge needs no attention from him. When one of these 4-track or 8-track albums ends, it starts again from the beginning and recycles endlessly until removed or replaced with another cartridge. There is, however, no way of locating the beginning of a selection, and, on current machines no way of skipping any portion of the tape.

The 4-track cartridges contain two stereo "programs"—the equivalent of the two sides of an LP record. When the first stereo pair of tracks has been played, the player shifts to play the second. Eight-track cartridges are similar, having four stereo programs, each equivalent to half an LP side. Most 8-track players shift tracks automatically, and most 4-track units manually, by the flick of a lever or switch.

The two sides of a phonograph record often play for different lengths of time. When one side ends, the tone-arm skips over the unrecorded portion to the center groove; the record is then flipped to play the other side. But the endless-loop cartridges have no way yet of skipping blank spots.

In popular music, this presents no real problems. Popular albums are composed of short selections that can be juggled easily into two or four programs of equal length. For classical music, however, this is a problem indeed. The movements of a symphony vary greatly in length. In the Procrustean bed of the endless-loop cartridge, the work must be neatly sliced into two or four equal parts, with a certainty of at least occasionally interrupting a movement.

Hub-to-Hub: In the Norelco system, the tape stops automatically at the end of a program. To play the other program, you remove the cassette, flip it over, and reinsert it—not a difficult task. Unrecorded areas where one side runs shorter than the other are no problem—the Norelco system allows you to fast-forward past the blank spot (and Lear Jet has promised an 8-track unit with fast-forward for the future). A cassette can also be rewound to its beginning. And, unlike most endless-loop systems, most machines accepting this cartridge can record as well as play back.

Cassette recorders have been announced by forty companies, including Columbia, Concord, EMI, General Electric, Hitachi, Magnavox, Mercury, Panasonic, Revere-Wollensak, Sony, and Toshiba. Most are battery portables similar to the original Carry-Corder, with only Norelco so far offering a complete line of auto and home players.

Quality: Recording at slow speeds (3¾ ips for the endless loop systems, 1⅞ for the Norelco cassette) always reduces the quality potentially available from higher speeds, assuming equally sophisticated engineering in all cases. Slow-speed recordings usually lack the high-frequency response of faster recordings, have more tape hiss and other noises, and are more likely to suffer from short-term speed variations (wow and flutter). An endless-loop cartridge may be subject to still more wow and flutter due to tape friction, and ultra-narrow tracks (as on the 8-track cartridge and Norelco cassette) are usually noisier.

Crosstalk is another enemy of good reproduction. In most 4-track prerecorded tapes—reel-to-reel or cartridge—the tracks are staggered, with the left and right channels of the first program on tracks 1 and 3, separated by the left channel of the second program on track 2. (The right channel of the second program takes up track 4.) In the 8-track system, the setup is similar, with the two channels of the first program on tracks 1 and 5, the second program on tracks 2 and 6, and so on. If the heads of either the reproducer or the recorder on which the tape was made are misaligned, the listener will hear parts of the second program mixed in with the first.

Non-Standard Cartridge Systems

Channel Master. Inexpensive portable, battery-operated recorder. Cartridge contains two reels with a common axis.

Cousino. "Audio Vendor" endless-loop tape magazine. Fits standard reel-to-reel recorders, but must be threaded.

Grundig. (Imported by DeJur-Amsco); "DC International" system; similar to Norelco cassette, but takes larger, longer playing cartridges. No tape library available.

MGM. Playtape monophonic portable player; prerecorded cartridges with four selections each (equivalent to Extended Play 45-rpm records). Available from Sears, Roebuck & Company. Aimed primarily at teen market. Stereo available in spring; mono players compatible. Long-playing cartridges to become available in future. Automobile units to come. (MGM records are also available in 4-track reel-to-reel and both 4- and 8-track cartridges.)

Muntz. "Mad-Miny" 4-track player accepting single record Mini-Paks and full LP size cartridges of the standard Fidelipac 4-track type.

Orrtronics. Continuous-loop, 8-track player available for home or car. Home version has fast-forward with automatic stop at end of tape, records as well as plays. *Not* compatible with Lear Jet type 8-track loop systems.

RCA. The original cartridge system. Much prerecorded tape is still available for this system, but the industry as a whole is looking the other way. 4-track, 3¾ ips, hub-to-hub stereo.

Wollensak. The only cartridge changer on the market. Special ¼ inch tape feeds from and returns to single-hub cartridge. 1⅞ ips, prerecorded tapes available.

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The Norelco system has an ingenious solution: The first stereo pair is recorded on adjacent tracks 1 and 2, the second pair on tracks 3 and 4. There may be more crosstalk between the channels of one stereo program, but there is less of the far more annoying interference from other programs. Moreover, this track configuration makes all mono and stereo cassettes and recorders compatible: The mono recorders, whose tracks are the width of the two stereo tracks combined, "read" both channels of a stereo recording, mixing them automatically into a monophonic blend; each channel of a stereo recorder reads an identical half of the monophonic track, so both stereo outputs carry the monophonic signal.

My listening experience has been very limited—four 8-track cartridges heard on one 8-track player—and so cannot be called universally valid. The unit I heard had limited high-frequency response, as expected, surprisingly little tape hiss, moderate wow and flutter, and highly objectionable crosstalk (perhaps due to a defect in the sample machine). In the noisy environment of even the quietest automobile—the use for which the system was designed—the limited high end and hiss would probably not be noticed, and even the crosstalk could conceivably cease to annoy.

Compatibility: Similar as the 4-track and 8-track cartridge systems may appear, there are great differences between them, and a machine designed for one cannot accept the other. A few compatible machines are now available, however, that accept both the Fidelipac 4-track and Lear Jet 8-track cartridges. (Norelco cassettes are not compatible with the endless-loop cartridges, and probably never will be.)

Equalization is another problem. For technical reasons, high frequencies are boosted and lows suppressed when making either a disc or tape recording, and the lows boosted and highs suppressed correspondingly in playback. After several years of confusion at the beginning of the LP record era, the Recording Industries Association of America established a standard for such frequency equalization. Until then, every record company used a different curve, and high fidelity playback systems bore two or three knobs whose sole purpose was to compensate for these varying curves. When reel-to-reel recorded tapes grew popular, the RIAA adopted standards for them, too.

Today, though dimensional standards have been fixed for cartridges, no equalization standards have been set and no moves seem afoot to set them. Though the tape cartridge is not, to say the least, the last word in high fidelity, it would seem wise to standardize and preserve such fidelity as cartridges can provide.

Costs: Of the endless-loop systems, 4-track is a bit less expensive, with automobile players selling usually from $75 to $125, vs. $100 to $150 for 8-track machines. (Livingston's 8- and 4-track compatible player is $129.95.) Endless-loop recorders average $200 to $250.

Most machines accepting Norelco cassettes are monophonic, battery-operated portables between $70 and $100. (Mercury's stereo portable is $160.) Home playback decks are available from $50, home recorders from $80 to $200.

The price of recorded cartridges ranges from $2.98 to $7.95 for half-hour 4-track cartridges to $17.95 for 2-hour 4-tracks, with one-hour cartridges available at $9.95 and $10.95. In 8-track, cartridges are available at $5.95 to $7.95 for forty minutes of music, $7.95 to $8.95 for eighty minutes, and $9.95 for eighty-minute "Twin-Paks." Norelco cassettes, $6.95 for an hour of music, are, on the average, the least expensive.

—Ivan Berger.

Directory of Tape Cartridge Equipment

A.R.C. Electronics. 4-track automobile player; also automobile record changer taking twelve 45-rpm records and playing through car radio.

American Geloso "Stenotape 915." Dictating machine taking cassette similar to—but incompatible with—Norelco system.

Arvin. Console and consolette phonographs with compatible 4- and 8-track cartridge players.

Aura Sonic. 8-track mono and stereo car players.

Automatic Radio. 8- and 4-track automobile players; 8-track home player; 117-volt AC adapter for power-line operation of automobile players in home.

Auto-Sonic. 4-track car player.

Autostereo. 4-track home, auto and marine players.

Berkline. "Stereolounger" reclining chair with built-in 8-track player, speakers in wings of chair.

Bogen. Compact system including AM/FM-stereo, phono, 8-track player.

Borg-Warner. 8-track automobile player.

Capitol Records. Stereo 8-track players for home and auto.

Cinematic. Monaural car player operating through existing AM car radio.

Concord. Portable monophonic recorder using Norelco cassette; AC adapter available.

Craig Panorama. 4-track stereo recorder for home use; 4-track players for automobile.

Duo-Vox. 8-track car player.

General Electric. Portable mono recorder for Norelco cassette; home stereo player for 8-track cartridges.

Jay Electronics. Compatible 4- and 8-track players for home or car.

Lear Jet. 8-track players, with and without FM-stereo, for home and car; battery portable stereo player.

Livingston. "Audiosphere": Cartridge players for car and home, compatible with 4- and 8-track systems.

Magnavox. Battery portable mono recorder for Norelco cassette.

Masterwork. Home players for 8-track.

Mercury. Battery portable mono and stereo recorders for Norelco cassette; 120v. AC adapters available. Also AC-operated home playback-only and record-playback units.

Metra. 4-track home player.

Motorola. 8-track players for home and car.

Muntz. 4-track players for car and home; home recorder with built-in record player, AM and FM radio.

Nassau. 4-track recorder for car or home.

Norelco. Monophonic battery portable recorders, mono and stereo home recorders, mono and stereo auto players, portable radio with built-in mono recorder, all using Norelco cassette. AC power supply and Car-Mount available for portable.

Orrtronics. Special 8-track endless-loop system not compatible with Lear Jet type stereo-8 cartridges; stereo and mono player for car (mono player operates through existing car radio). Home unit with recording facilities and fast-forward.

Panasonic. Portable mono recorder for Norelco cassette.

Philco-Ford. Consoles with radio, phono, 8-track cartridge players.

RCA. Mono and stereo recorders for RCA cartridge; player for 8-track cartridge.

Roberts. 8-track home player; home recorder for 8-track cartridge and 4-track reel-to-reel.

SJB. 8-, 4- and compatible 8/4-track systems for car or home, with or without FM tuner.

Sentry. 4-track auto player.

Sony. Battery portable mono recorder for Norelco cassette.

Soundex. 8-track players for home and car.

Standard. Mono portable cassette recorder.

Telepro. 4-track stereo players for home, car or boat; mono player for car.

Tenna. Compatible 8/4-track players.

Viking. 4-track players for home or car.

Wollensak. Mono battery recorder for Norelco cassette; cartridge recorders with changer mechanism for special Wollensak cartridges.

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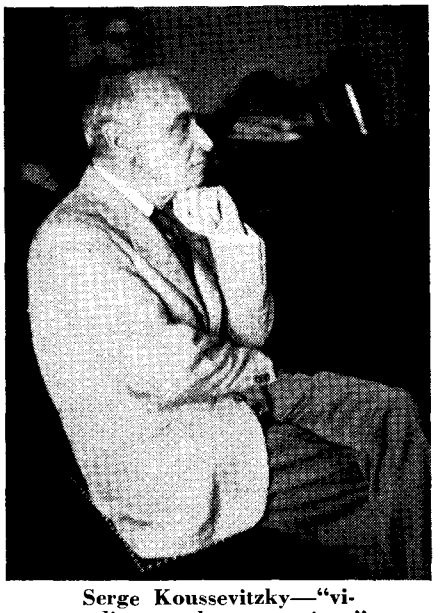
Recordings in Review



Serge Koussevitzky—"vitality and magnetism."

Boston Yesterdays

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4; "Academic Festival" Overture.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5.* SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 9.* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Battle of Kershenetz" (Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh).* RACHMANINOFF: *Vocalise (arranged by the composer).* FOOTE: *Suite for strings in E.* HANSON: *Serenade, Op. 35. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra (with Georges Laurent, flute, and Bernard Zighera, harp, soloists in the Hanson).* RCA Victor VCM 6174, mono only, $9.59 (2 discs).

OF THE Big Three who dominated the American orchestral scene in the Twenties and Thirties (in part, in the Forties), the least current memory is that of Koussevitzky. His activity terminated half a dozen years before Toscanini's (Stokowski, of course, is still very much current), and his recordings have not persisted in anything like such abundant variety.

Had the question come up prior to the appearance of the present release, I would have surmised that the reason for this was the unsatisfactory quality of their sound, vis-à-vis current standards. However, in the light and weight of the quality conveyed in these restorations (only the Hanson was not issued previously) that surmise has no validity at all. Even in the case of the 1939 Brahms, the transfer to LP has been accomplished with such success that a very real sense of the orchestra, the conductor, and the special quality of sound that emerged from their interaction is conveyed.

The reason for this is not wholly mysterious: it was, after all, recorded in Symphony Hall, up to the best technical mark then available. The results (in the case of the Brahms, I find my description twenty-five years ago to have been "one of the triumphant evidences of the miraculous instrument Koussevitzky fashioned in his twenty-five years of work"; and the Tchaikovsky, "full of rich wonderfully matched sounds") have been substantially exceeded by *today's* best, but it is remarkable how much remains. Together they should convey, to those who never knew it "live," something of the vitality and magnetism of the Koussevitzky experience.

For those who knew it well, the favorable recollections come back almost instantly; but also, in a curiously strong relief, the offsetting weaknesses. Outstanding among them, one discovers again in the performances of the Brahms and Tchaikovsky symphonies, was the absence of a really strong sense of structure. In his enthusiasm for what he was doing, Koussevitzky had a weakness for lingering on favored melodic passages, or dwelling on one section of a movement, whether it was rationally defensible or not. But there is abundant evidence, too, as to exactly why the great orchestra he evolved and the uses to which he put it exerted a fascination for so many.

As a protagonist of the unfamiliar as well as the new, Koussevitzky ran a close race for supremacy with his rival, Stokowski, as may be deduced not only from the fine performance of the Shostakovich Ninth, but also of the Rimsky-Korsakov "Battle of Kershenetz." The first of these is as good as any performance since, and the latter is yet to be exceeded. And certainly Hanson should treasure this performance (previously unissued) of his 1945 Serenade in which the singular sound of Georges Laurent's flute—best remembered otherwise from the unforgettable *Daphnis et Chloé* of Ravel—is perfectly displayed. The Elgarish work of Bostonian Foote was a frequent favorite of Koussevitzky, for reasons which this recording of 1940 makes clear. In it, as well as in the *Vocalise*, the now bygone sound of the Boston's strings has a resonance and purity rarely heard in orchestral performance today.

Two Bruckner Sevenths

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 7 in E. Carl Schuricht conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra.* Nonesuch H-1139, $2.50; stereo, H-71139, $2.50. *Symphony No. 7 in E.* WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll. Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* London CMA 7216, $4.79; stereo, CSA 2216, $5.79 (2 discs).

THERE IS a difference not only of time and place and personalities in these performances, but, actually, of generations. As might be expected from the circumstances, one is light, energetic, forward-moving, non-ponderous; the other is more deliberate, weightier, rather dwelt upon. What is hardly expectable, however, is the association of names with tendencies. For it is the Schuricht version (recorded in 1960 when he was at or near eighty) which certainly is the leaner and less ponderous of the two, the Solti (Schuricht's junior by thirty-two years) which is the more drawn out and stately. (The Symphony is also described on London's box front and liner as in "A" major.)

When Schuricht performed the same work with the Vienna Philharmonic on its first visit to Carnegie Hall in late 1956, it struck some that the ring and brightness, the clarity and transparency of the sound through which he conveyed Bruckner's ideas were inherent in the orchestra itself. As the fortunate juxtaposition here provided shows unmistakably, it is in the conductor, not the orchestra. What tradition it stems from I have no way of knowing. But it makes eminently good sense in making possible a stronger link, a smoother flow from the imposing material with which the work opens to the lighter episode that follows, or between the thump of the scherzo and the lilt of its trio. This is no small contribution to the better appreciation of what the true Bruckner is all about, and Schuricht must be credited with a handsome success in making it apparent.

Solti's treatment is rather more in the view of what is considered "conventional" Bruckner now, and beautifully performed in the style it suits him to pursue. It is interesting to note that the two conductors differ only by seconds in their delivery of the first and last movements (20:05 for Solti, 20:08 for Schuricht in the first; 12:10, 12:07 in the finale), but by considerably more in the slow movement (22:55 for Solti, 18:27 for Schuricht) and scherzo (9:40, 8:40). There is a plus, for those who are willing to pay the price for it, in the decision of London to give a full side to the adagio, rather than dividing it as Nonesuch does, which also brings on the *Siegfried Idyll* on the fourth face. This is an altogether curious affair, which combines a great deal of beautiful playing by a small ensemble of Vienna Philharmonic men with over-finicky detail and more than angular phrasing by Solti. However, for

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those to whom the Bruckner is the thing, and who are satisfied with a fine rather than superfine sound, the concept of Schuricht and its reproduction are warmly recommended. The Solti is a shade better reproduced if not as attractively performed as the Klemperer combination of Symphony No. 7 and *Siegfried Idyll*. (Angel 3626; stereo, S-3626).

Opus 130 In Toto

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet in B flat, Opus 130 (with Grosse Fuge). Smetana Quartet.* Crossroads 22 16 0055, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0056, $2.49.

HEARING this recording in the afternoon preceding a recent evening in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art posed some interesting considerations of "live" vs. recorded performance. The evening in question was the one on which this same Smetana Quartet (performing, as is its preference, without the printed music) performed the B-flat Quartet as climax to a program of Haydn, Martinu, and Beethoven. It was the conclusion then that the tonal range at the disposal of the group (conditioned somewhat by the attractive but slender tone of first violinist Jiri Novak) was insufficient for the problems at hand.

Here, however, that is not at all the case. Thanks to the microphone and its advantageous placement, the body of sound produced seems quite sufficient for the needs of the work. However, another series of values comes into consideration as well. In the presence of the actual playing, it struck me that the Smetana players were thoroughly in command of the musical problems of the work. Here, however, with the opportunity for revisiting a section which requires it, the stronger impression is that they are attacking rather hastily and without quite the sure command that goes with mastery, a problem a little beyond them (especially in the "Cavatina," one of the greatest slow movements by anyone).

One thing that cannot be taken away from the Smetana ensemble is its disposition to see the whole problem through as it first occurred to the composer. As is well known, it was originally created with the *Grosse Fuge* (the jacket of the release makes a linguistic hash of "*Grosse fugue*") as the last movement, and another, less sizable finale substituted when some of Beethoven's circle suggested that the work had grown (at fifty minutes plus) too long. However, for those who prefer to have it as it was conceived, the Smetana players oblige. What is more, the whole intellectual plan of the movement (with its references to earlier movements) is thoroughly comprehended and vigorously followed through. If not the best performance ever on records of this quartet, it is one that has much to commend it, especially at the attractive price.

Haskil's Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas in D minor (Opus 31, No. 2) and E flat (Opus 31, No. 3). Clara Haskil, piano.* Philips World Series 9001, $2.50; stereo, 9001, $2.50.

SAVE for the accident which resulted in her death six years ago, Haskil would still be reaping the rewards of a career which was slow to blossom but bore all the more remarkable fruit for that reason. She had such an uncommon combination of integrity and impulse that the ordinary machinery of concert-giving hardly conformed to her necessities, or she to its. Indeed, even in the later years, when she began to be welcomed by American orchestras and made much of in the press, her frail figure and (nearly) dowdy appearance seemed hardly part of a public "entertainment."

What she had to communicate is radiantly present in these performances, for those who may have missed them originally or developed their interest in the subject since Haskil's death. That is a musicianship as pervasive as it was encompassing (which means that it had depth as well as breadth), an uncompromising fidelity to the composer's personality as she conceived it (meaning that such a nickname as *The Tempest* for the D-minor Sonata did not press upon her a compulsion to make the work melodramatic rather than merely dramatic), a resolute disdain for the flashy or the meretricious. The result is an accomplishment as freshly alive as the day it came into being. This example of Philips's "compatible" stereo (derived from a master originally issued on Epic) strikes me as productive of about the same result as a mono disc played through two speakers.

Hilde Güden—"natural evolution from maid to mistress."

Güden as Gräfin

MOZART: *Figaros Hochzeit. Walter Berry (Figaro), Hermann Prey (Almaviva), Anneliese Rothenberger (Susanna), Edith Mathis (Cherubino), and Hilde Güden (Gräfin), with the Dresden State Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Otmar Suitner.* Seraphim 6002, $7.47; stereo, S-6002, $7.49.

ONE OF the odder by-products of Angel's Seraphim enterprise, this recording from Dresden has the interest (among others) of presenting a number of familiar performers in a context strange to their American careers. That is to say, with the exception of Mathis, all are well known to audiences of the Metropolitan, though not all in the roles they assume here, or any at all in the language (German) which is utilized.

Perhaps the greatest interest will be centered in the presence in this cast of Hilde Güden as Rosina (or as she is known in Herman Levi's translation, the Gräfin). When Güden was singing Mozart at the Metropolitan, her role was Susanna, and a better one has rarely been seen or heard. Her natural evolution from maid to mistress finds her with ample vocal resource to deal with the altered problems to the advantage not only of the two great solos (in this version "Hör mein Flehn" and "Wohin flohen die Wonnestunden") but also of the ensembles. Indeed, the still shining sound she can command makes for an uncommonly silvery blend of values in the rapid passages with Susanna, and especially in the "Letter Duet."

As for the others, Prey is a much more satisfactory Count for the microphone than he is in a large theater, Berry sounds like the next fine Figaro, and Mathis is a delightful Cherubino. None of this would amount to very much were not the conducting of the little-known (in the West, anyway) Suitner full of relevant spirit and a thorough familiarity with the involutions of this highly sophisticated score. Of course, there is always the language to be reckoned with: But it may be said on behalf of all —beginning with Suitner—that there is nothing in the least ponderous about their treatment either of recitative or ensembles; that it is, musically, Mozartian if verbally in the vernacular. The reproduction makes all of it a resonant delight. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 2917, $4.79; stereo, LSC 2917, $5.79.	Self-improvement is one of anybody's most admirable traits, but when it brings with it a challenge to improve on the unexcellable, it may be more bold than wise. That, it strikes me, is the hazard with which Rubinstein was confronted in undertaking to improve on the version of this work he made in the Fifties with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Orchestra. That was one of those occasions when, in the sporting term, both men "came to play" and brought off a collaboration of immense brio and verve as well as a pooling of their long years of experience. To be sure, it wasn't stereo; but it was first-class Brahms, which cannot always be said of this venture. It is, in its own way, a solid and representative performance: but it doesn't, as its predecessor did, dare the unattainable, and come very close to it. It may even be more accurate, but that doesn't make it better Brahms.
Debussy: "Clair de Lune" (arr. Caillet); *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*. Bizet: Intermezzo (*Carmen*). Humperdinck: Prayer (*Hansel and Gretel*). Schumann: *Träumerei* (arr. Frost). Massenet: *Elégie* (arr. Frost). Offenbach: Barcarolle (*Gaîté Parisienne*). Saint-Saëns: "The Swan" (*Carnival of the Animals*). Mendelssohn: Nocturne (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* music). Chopin: Nocturne Op. 9, No. 2 (arr. Harris); Nocturne Op. 28, No. 7; Prélude Op. 28, No. 7. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6283, $4.79; stereo, MS 6883, $5.79.	Columbia had a worthy idea in sending home the percussion section and heavy brass and letting the superb strings, woodwinds, and horns of the Philadelphia Orchestra entertain themselves and us with their low-key (dynamically, that is) artistry. However, they might have done even better had they kept the choice of material to matter conceived for orchestra (that is another way of saying: had they left out the Chopin nocturnes, the Schumann *Träumerei* and Massenet's *Elégie*). Taken together, however, the sequence is so well played and recorded that it will give pleasure to anyone who measures the appeal of music by the ear rather than the brow. The version of *L'après-midi* is specially distinguished by the flute playing of William Kincaid, a longtime adornment of the orchestra, who retired in 1960.
Falla: *El sombrero de tres picos* ("The Three Cornered Hat") Suite: "Danza ritual del fuego" (*El amor brujo*). Granados: *Andaluza*. Albéniz: *Navarra;* "El Corpus en Sevilla" (*Iberia*). Artur Rodzinski conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Seraphim 60021, $2.49; stereo, S-60021, $2.49.	Few of Rodzinski's recordings (most of them on Westminster) represent his qualities so vividly as this incisive, beautifully controlled treatment of Falla and affiliated Spanish composers. Unlike some more recent knights of the baton, who only work profitably in the presence of a major work, or within a specific segment of the literature, Rodzinski belonged to the generation of conductors to whom a *morceau* such as *Andaluza* was as deserving of consideration as a Strauss tone poem. It is, perhaps, no accident that the orchestra with which he achieves such good results is one thoroughly indoctrinated in that point of view through its long association with Beecham, another believer in the doctrine of *molto in parvum*. "El Corpus en Sevilla" is a particular instance of Rodzinski's virtues. This recording, though half a dozen or more years old, is excellent.
Gluck: Overture, "Pantomine," "Dance of the Furies," "Dance of the Blessed Spirits," Ballet Music, "Chaconne," etc. (*Orfeo ed Euridice*). Renato Fasano conducting the Virtuosi di Roma and instrumental ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum. RCA Victor LM 2913, $4.79; stereo, LSC 2913, $5.79.	It is an undeniable pleasure to have so much that is great in the score of *Orfeo* offered in the meticulously produced, suavely polished performances directed by Fasano. With these virtues, however, are the inherent limitations of the complete opera recording directed by Fasano for RCA Victor (*LM 6169*; stereo, *LSC 6169*) of which it is a derivative: That is, the absence of theatrical urgency and dramatic intensity in what is, after all, a vital part of the earliest work for the lyric stage still regularly performed in the world's repertory theaters. The temptation to invoke the parallel passages in the Toscanini treatment may be resisted, but there have been other reminders, on a less exalted level, that if Gluck strove for his own kind of classicism, it had within it a pulse and warmth not present in this playing. Rather, as in the "Dance of the Furies," Fasano confuses haste with urgency, and short bow strokes with intensity.
Prokofiev: *Cinderella* (Ballet Suite). Jean Meylan conducting the Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra. Crossroads 22 16 0057, $2.50; stereo, 22 16 0058, $2.50.	To judge from this demonstration, the musical attitude in Prague toward Prokofiev's ballet is more concerned with its fantasy and fairy-tale values than with the opportunity it provides for orchestral display. Unlike some other versions from both sides of the Curtain, this one is unaggressive, almost reticent in its appeal, more concerned with the abundant lyricism at the root of Prokofiev's score than some of the vividly colored blossoms which decorate its branches. Jean Meylan is a conductor unknown to me (or to the Schwann "Artists" Listing save for another disc with the same orchestra) and the producers of this disc, who tell us nothing about him. However, the treatment of the multisectioned suite tells us that he is a musician of taste and a conductor of acute instincts where such matters as balance, dynamics, etc., are concerned. Good sound, too.
Strauss: *Don Quixote*. Pierre Fournier, cello, with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Deutsche Grammophon 39009, $5.79; stereo 139009, $5.79.	Fournier has recorded this work not once but twice (Krauss-Vienna Philharmonic, Szell-Cleveland) before, and lacks no element of control or understanding to sustain his high standard. And under Karajan, the Berlin Philharmonic delivers a high powered, unfailingly detailed exposition of the score. What is wanting is not in the category of execution but rather of story telling, a transference into aural imagery and narrative sequence of the verbal elements in Cervantes which Strauss vitalized musically. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Karajan's concept of the way they can be made meaningful doesn't convey as much as he might think it does. Every so often Fournier has a stretch in which he can rhapsodize by himself and create a mood, but re-entry of the orchestra brings with it a return to "reality." Giusto Cappone, who is otherwise unidentified but is probably first desk man of the orchestra, performs the solo viola part capably.
Wagner: Overtures to *Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*; Prelude to *Lohengrin*; and "A *Faust* Overture." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 6284, $4.79; stereo, MS 6884, $5.79.	The school of higher education in the art of orchestral performance that George Szell has brought into being in Cleveland has produced few finer examples of its curriculum than this one. It is both refined and animated, polished in detail but full-formed in sum. This applies especially to the *"Faust* Overture" and *Rienzi*, two works that rarely are favored with consideration on this level. There is, however, rather more dramatic content in the *Flying Dutchman* Overture than he realizes, and the glow of imagery and mysticism that can be imparted to the arrival and departure of *Lohengrin* flickers only occasionally in this treatment. The unsigned annotation rather undervalues the degree of difference between the *"Faust* Overture" Wagner wrote in Paris and its revision of a dozen years later. —Irving Kolodin.

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HEIFETZ

Long a collector's item, Heifetz' legendary performance of Elgar's Violin Concerto in B Minor is now being reissued on RCA Victor Red Seal. It is performed with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suite No. 5 in G (French); *Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother:* Concerto in D minor (after Marcello). Handel: Suite No. 7 in G minor. Walter Hautzig, piano. Monitor MC 2103, $1.98; stereo, MCS 2103, $1.98.	Hautzig's suitability for the performance of his chosen literature begins with a refined sense of the tonal values in the contemporary keyboard instrument which can be put to the service of his repertory, but it is far from ending there. The notes, whether in the abstract associations of the Suites or in the more representative connotation of the *Capriccio,* are never appraised for themselves alone, but always as the symbols of meaning. In other words, Hautzig is as much concerned with poetic meaning in the "Courante" of the French Suite or the "Sarabande" of Handel as he is in the "Lament" of the *Capriccio.* As for the "Adagio" of the Concerto after Marcello, it suggests that he might have investigated the original (for oboe) as well as pondered all the aspects of Bach's adaptation of it.
Handel: "No se emenderá jamás" (Spanish cantata). Mudarra: "Isabel, perdiste la tu faxa." Narváez: "Con qué la lavaré." Milán: "Durandarte." Anonymous: "Tres morillas me enamoran." Milarte: "A la sombra de mis cabellos." Daza: "Enfermo estaba Antioco." Pisador: "Guarte el Rey Don Sancho." Bermuda: "Mira Nero." Vasquez: "De los álamos vengo." Nine folk songs. Pilar Lorengar, soprano, with Siegfried Behrend and (in the Handel) Richard Klemm, gamba. Deutsche Grammophon 39155, $5.79; stereo, 139155, $5.79.	Ordinarily it matters little which side of a miscellaneous recital is marked A or B, but in this case the latter would have been a better introductory choice for what Lorengar does here—and perhaps, lure into a better frame of mind some listeners who may be discouraged by the first items on side one. Included among the folk songs are such beauties of the literature as "El café chinitas," "Los cuatro muleros," and "Los pelegrinitos," for which the singer has a warm and personal feeling, and for which her sometimes quavery sound is under better control than it is in the older material. The other titles are "Zorongo," "Las tres hojas," "Anda jaleo," "Los reyes de la baraja," "Romance de Don Boiso," and "La tarara," of which the last-named is readily recognizable as the original for one of Albéniz's best works "Fête Dieu à Seville." Side one reaches a satisfactory conclusion with her understanding performance of the Handel cantata, the best of the "composed" works on the disc. However, the kind of vibrato to which Lorengar is partial is too often too close to inaccurate pitch for my aural comfort. Also, it is more conspicuous in music of sustained line and leisurely tempi (a characteristic of the old romances) than it is in the swifter moving folk songs.
Mahler: Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.* Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Geraint Evans, baritone; with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Wyn Morris. Angel 36380, $4.79; stereo, S-36380, $5.79.	Mahler enthusiasts will be impelled automatically toward this disc, if only to sample what the artistry of Evans will evoke from their favorite composer, and to discover if Morris is one of those with a useful point of view vis-à-vis his music. For others it may be mentioned that it is all a little too clinical and exterior, without the inbred feeling for idiom (verbal as well as musical) which animates the effort of Alfred Poell, a far from great vocalist but a strongly motivated performer. As for Miss Baker, she has a few fine notes (especially in the range of D-F-G) to sound, but the lower range sometimes borders on speech as she tries to deliver the words clearly without supporting the tone as she should. For his part, Morris shows a mind of his own about these songs and their orchestral scoring, which is always invigorating. Where it provokes questions rather than providing answers is in its "production" of the instrumental texture in what I would call a showy way, rather than permitting it to make its points subtly. With this goes a tendency to jaunty tempi which I find inappropriate. However, there can be no reservations about the quality of the recording, or the little essay by Neville Cardus on the songs, each of which is provided with German text and English translation.
Mozart: Quintets (K. 174, 406, 515, 516, 593, and 614). Budapest Quartet, with Walter Trampler, viola. Columbia D3L 347, $4.79; stereo, D3S 747, $5.79 (three discs).	As this is the third time a sequence of these works has appeared from the Budapest ensemble, it is hardly necessary to discuss their qualifications for meeting the challenges they pose, or their discrimination in selecting a fifth player of suitable qualities (in the first sequence it was Milton Katins, in the second the excellent Trampler). Rather it is a question of whether they command the technical discipline to match their own best standards, to which the answer, happily, is an unequivocal affirmative. Whatever the problems that resulted in the uncertain intonation of some Budapest recordings (especially of Beethoven) a few years ago, they are nonexistent in these products of this year. Nor have they, in the long perspective of the decades during which they have been performing quintets, either lost contact with their emotional essence or yielded to the temptation to play for themselves rather than for the listener. The greatest of their efforts is, appropriately, in the greatest of the works, that G-minor of which they have long been the pre-eminent interpreters. At a suitable volume level, the illusion of reality in the reproduction is almost total.
Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante* in E-flat (K. 297b). Karl Steins, oboe; Karl Leister, clarinet; Gerd Seifert, horn; and Günther Piesk, bassoon, with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. *Sinfonia Concertante* in E-flat (K. 364). Karajan with the Berlin Philharmonic, with Thomas Brandis, violin, and Giusto Cappone, viola. Deutsche Grammophon 39156, $5.79; stereo, 139156, $5.79.	Karajan's prior version of the work with wind quartet in the days of his Philharmonia collaborations was long admired for deftness and polish. This one is even better, for all the solo elements are as closely knit as the orchestral, the whole a triumph of carefully considered craftsmanship. The great work with string duo ranks equally high in workmanship, but Karajan's inclination to overshape a phrase in the interests of structural definition (which results in musical distortion) asserts itself every so often and always detrimentally. For those who have missed it, Nonesuch (H-1068; stereo, H-71068) offers a version of K. 297b in which the instrumentation is restored to the quartet for which Mozart originally wrote it (assuming, that is, that one accepts the premise that K. 297b is the "lost" *Sinfonia Concertante* he wrote for Paris in 1778). However, this requires more than a substitution of flute for clarinet, including new doublings and alterations of register in some instances, which change textures and timbres more than a little. Joseph Bopp, who made the "restoration" is also the able flutist in a quartet that includes Hans Kull, oboe; André Fournier, horn; and Henri Bouchet, bassoon; with Karl Ristenpart directing the chamber orchestra of the Saar. The companion work is the *Concertone* (K.190), for which the soloists are Paul Makanowitzky and Georg Friedrich Hendel.
Peragallo: "De profundis clamavi ad te." Dallapiccola: "Canti di prigionia," "Due Cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il Giovane." Petrassi: *Nonsense.* Monteverdi-Choir, Hamburg, directed by Jürgen Jürgens. Telefunken LT 43095 B $5.79; stereo, SLT 43095 B, $5.79.	It is difficult to determine which element deserves primary stress here; the excellent material by the Italians or the superb performance of it by the Hamburg ensemble. However, having presented it in the foregoing sequence, the issue has settled itself, perhaps in tribute to the imagination and subtlety with which each of the composers has realized his purpose. These range from Peragallo's deeply expressive work (in which the traditional "Dies Irae" has a persistent part) to the *Nonsense* of Petrassi, which turns out to be settings of six limericks by Edward Lear, each beginning with the traditional "There was". ("C'era una signorina il cui naso" is the Italian beginning of the first, "Es war mal eine Jungfer, deren Nase," the German equivalent.) In between are the finely expressive works of Dallapiccola, two of his best for voices. The interests of the disc are by no means exhausted by the values thus far enumerated; the marvelously clear and beautifully balanced recording (made at a public concert in May 1964) rouses a desire to hear more of what TELDEC (Telefunken and German Decca) calls its "Royal Sound." A King could hardly ask for better.
Stravinsky: *Perséphone.* The composer conducting, with Vera Zorina, diseuse; Michele Molese, tenor; the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, the Ithaca College Concert Choir, and the Texas Boys Choir. Columbia ML 6319, $4.79; stereo, MS 6919, $5.79.	As two of the principal elements in this issue are the same as those of the long-preferred mono version—which is to say, the conductor-composer and the speaker—its credentials for acceptance are secure. However, it would be inappropriate to leave the matter at that, for the changes are also benefits: Molese has a strong sound, suitable in timbre for what he is called upon to do (preferable to either Richard Robinson in the prior Stravinsky version, or Nicolai Gedda in a now withdrawn one by Cluytens), and the blended choirs are just what is required. Terminally, the recording is clarity itself. —I.K.

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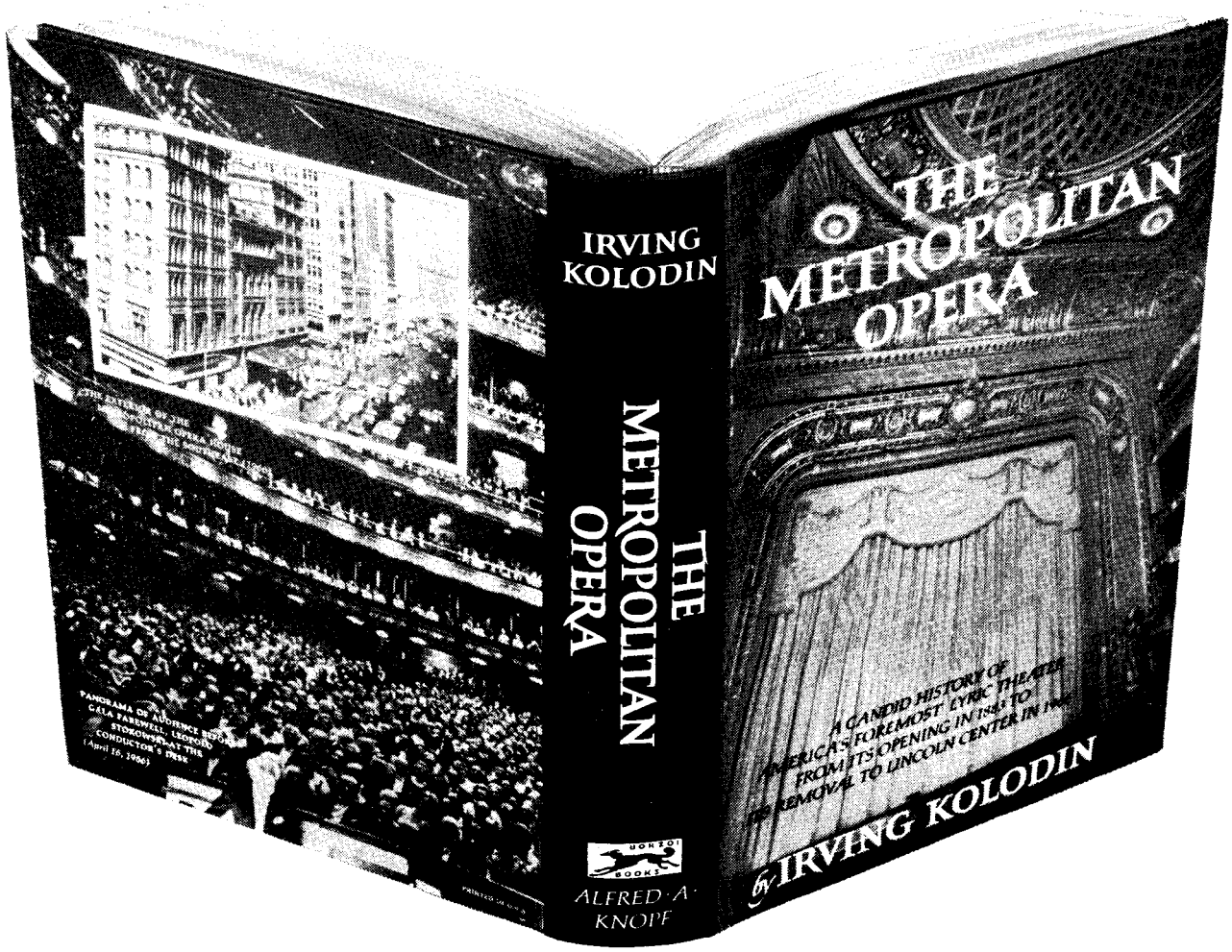
A candid history of the "Met" from the first note of Faust in 1883 to the Gala Farewell this year before its move to Lincoln Center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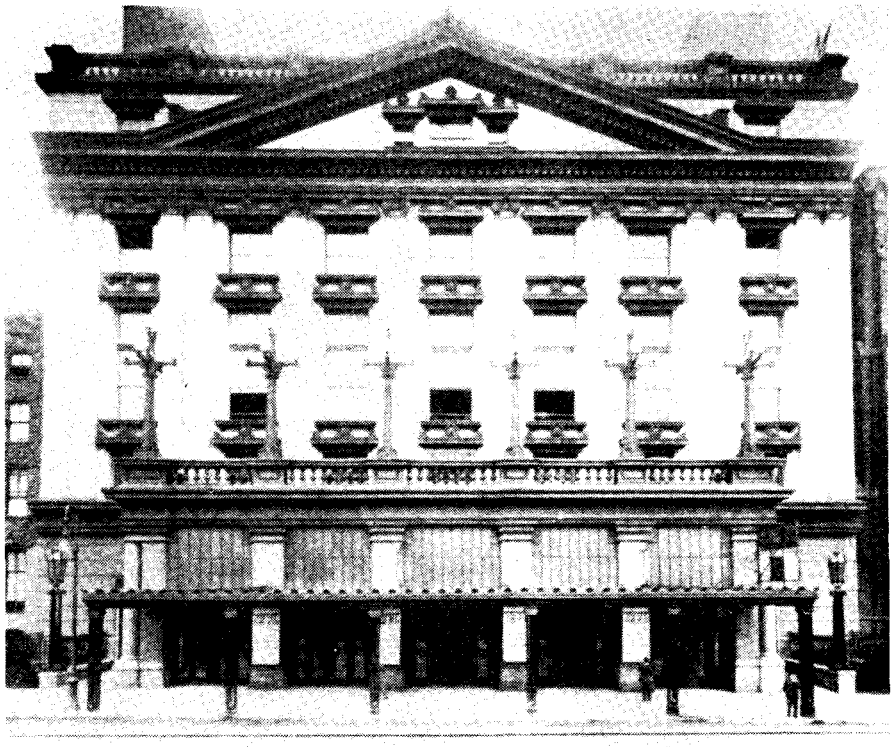

The Manhattan Opera House, opened by Oscar Hammerstein on December 3, 1906, with Bellini's "I Puritani," as it appeared while it was the home of the Manhattan Opera Company

Miracles on West 34th Street

—Museum of the City of New York.

Oscar Hammerstein, Cleofonte Capanini (reading a note), and Jacques Coini (with pointed finger) on the set of Strauss's *Salome*

DURING THE LAST twenty years, the visible and audible surge of new interest in opera has evoked numerous histories of both transatlantic and American opera-giving organizations of the past and present. We have had Harold Rosenthal on Covent Garden, Stéphane Wolff on the Paris Opéra and Opéra-Comique, De Filippis and Arnese on the San Carlo (Naples), and Carlo Gatti and Giampiero Tintori on La Scala (Milan). Over here, we have had Arthur J. Bloomfield on the San Francisco company, Quaintance Eaton on the Boston Opera, Ronald Davis on Chicago—and now we will have Irving Kolodin's pioneering history of the Metropolitan, revised and expanded to include everything up to the move to Lincoln Center.

One of the most colorful and important of the American companies waited until now, however, for anything like adequate narration. We are grateful to John Frederick Cone for *Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company* (University of Oklahoma Press, 397 pp. $6.95), especially because Vincent Sheean's 1956 biography of Hammerstein, good as parts of it are, leaves unmentioned and unspecified much that one has wanted to know.

Gluttonously, one could wish that Mr. Cone had written at greater length and had been urged to provide more pictures (though he does provide what Mr. Sheean's book did not: a picture of the second and more famous of the West 34th Street opera houses). He deserves grateful praise, however, for his scholarly care and for making his book both readable and useful. He has caught and set forth the complexity and high tints of Oscar Hammerstein the man and has made the chronicle of the Manhattan Opera Company's four years almost as exciting as they must have been to live through. He has, that is, successfully carried out the aims set forth in his preface: "1) to determine the status of opera in New York and Philadelphia in the years immediately preceding the founding of this company; 2) to establish Hammerstein's background in the production of grand opera and his plans for its presentation; 3) to evaluate the day-after criticisms and the extended criticisms of the artists and the productions; 4) to provide accurate annals of the performances with the casts and conductors; 5) to ascertain the relationship between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan Opera Company; and 6) to note the significance of the Manhattan as part of the American operatic history."

Mr. Cone's four appendixes are models of utility. The first gives the Manhattan company's personnel for each of its four New York seasons and the conductor and cast for every performance. The second sets out the casts for each of the Manhattan's Philadelphia Opera House

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A caricature of Adamo Didur, who later sang the first *Boris* at the Metropolitan

performances in 1908-1910. The third performs the same service for the company's tours in 1908-1910 to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Washington. The fourth, which is fascinating, prints the complete texts of the April 1910 agreements—signed by Oscar and Arthur Hammerstein and Edward T. Stotesbury—by which the Metropolitan in effect guaranteed itself a monopoly in New York that was not challenged appreciably until the emergence of the New York City Opera Company. (The agreements also, incidentally, forbade Hammerstein to produce opera in Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago during the succeeding decade.) The book ends with a helpful, though somewhat skimpy, index dotted with magic names that will send a true opera buff scurrying back for another look at earlier pages.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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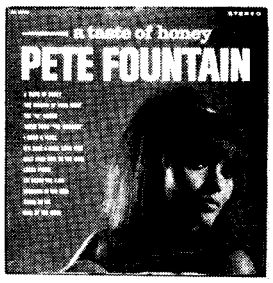

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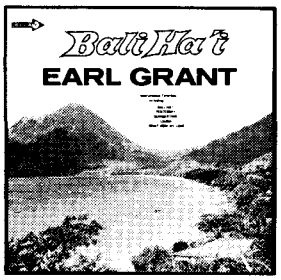

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The Year's Best Recordings

To SIMPLIFY the Christmas search, RECORDINGS presents here a compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in these pages since the appearance of the last such list, just before last Christmas. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral; chamber and instrumental; vocal), collections with miscellaneous content follow the items listed by composers. All discs are available in both mono and stereo unless otherwise indicated. The designation "E" after the record company identification indicates "electronically rechannelled" stereo from a monophonic source; the designation "C" indicates compatible stereo; the designation "M" mono only, no stereo version available. An asterisk before a listing indicates a reissue. Especially recommended items are indicated by †.

Orchestral

Bach: *Concerto No. 1, D minor;* **Chopin:** *Concerto No. 2, F minor.* Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, with David Zinman cond. London Symphony (London).

Barber: *Cello Concerto,* Raya Garbousova; **Britten:** *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings,* Charles Bressler, Ralph Froehlich, with Frederic Waldman cond. Musica Aeterna Orch. (Decca).

Bartók: *Concerto for Orchestra.* Solti, London Symphony (with **Bartók:** *Dance Suite.* London); Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (with **Janácek:** *Sinfonietta.* Columbia); Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon).

Bartók: *Miraculous Mandarin Suite; Deux Images; Two Portraits.* Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia).

Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 1; Choral Fantasia.* Julius Katchen, with Pierino Gamba cond. London Symphony Orch. & Chorus (London).

Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 4.* Rudolf Serkin, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia); Artur Rubinstein, with Leinsdorf & Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

†***Beethoven:** *Violin Concerto.* Henryk Szeryng, with Jacques Thibaud cond. Paris Conservatoire Orch. (Monitor, E).

Berlioz: *Overtures; Damnation de Faust,* excerpts. Ansermet, l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London).

Berwald: *Symphonies in G minor ("Sérieuse"), & C ("Singulière").* Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt cond. Stockholm Philharmonic (Nonesuch).

†**Bizet:** *L'Arlésienne Suite No. 1 & Farandole;* **Grieg:** *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1 & Solvejg's Song.* Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

***Boccherini:** *Symphony in C; Cello Concerto in D;* **Cambini:** *Sinfonia Concertante.* Newell Jenkins cond. Orchestra of the Accademia dell' Orso (Dover, M).

†**Brahms:** *16 Hungarian Dances.* Dorati, London Symphony (Mercury).

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 1.* Eugen Jochum, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 3.* Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 8.* Schuricht, Vienna Philharmonic (Angel).

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 9.* Zubin Mehta, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Copland: *Music for a Great City; Statements.* Copland cond. London Symphony (CBS).

Debussy: *La Mer; Khamma; Clarinet Rhapsody.* Ansermet cond. l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, with Robert Gugholz, clarinet (London).

Debussy: *Clarinet Rhapsody,* Stanley Drucker; *Saxophone Rhapsody,* Sigurd Rascher; **Honegger:** *Pacific 231; Pastorale d'été; Rugby.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

†**Delius:** *Cello Concerto,* Jacqueline du Pré; *Songs of Farewell,* Royal Choral Society; *A Song of Sunrise.* Sargent, Royal Philharmonic Orch. (Angel).

†**Dvorák:** *Violin Concerto; Romance.* Stern. Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Dvorák: *Symphony No. 6 in D, Op. 60.* Witold Rowicki cond. London Symphony Orch. (Philips World Series, C).

Gershwin: *Rhapsody in Blue; An American in Paris.* Stanley Black, London Festival Orchestra (London Phase 4).

Joseph Haydn: *Violin Concerto in A ("Melk");* **Michael Haydn:** *Concerto in B flat.* Robert Gerle, with Robert Zeller cond. Vienna Orch. (Westminster).

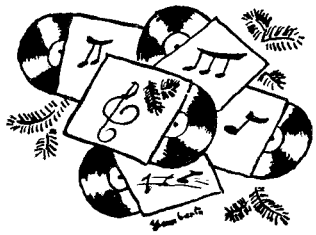
Haydn: *Sinfonia Concertante;* **Danzi:** *Sinfonia Concertante.* Hermann Scherchen cond. Vienna Radio Orch., with soloists (Westminster).

Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 59 & 81.* Dorati, Festival Chamber Orch. (Mercury).

Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 96 & 101.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

†**Henze:** *Symphonies Nos. 1-5.* Composer cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Hummel: *Double Concerto in G, Op. 17; Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 85.* Susanne Lautenbacher, violin; Martin Galling, piano; Alexander Paulmüller cond. Stuttgart Philharmonic (Turnabout).



Ives: *Symphony No. 1; The Unanswered Question; Variations on "America"* (orch. Schuman). Morton Gould cond. Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor).

†**Ives:** *Symphony No. 3; The Unanswered Question; Central Park in the Dark; Decoration Day.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Koechlin: *Les Bandar-Log;* **Messiaen:** *Chronochromie.* Dorati cond. BBC Symphony; **Boulez:** *Le Soleil des Eaux.* Boulez cond. BBC Symphony & Soloists (Angel).

La Montaine: *Piano Concerto.* Karen Keyes, with Guy Fraser Harrison & Oklahoma City Symphony; **Gutche:** *Symphony No. 5.* Max Rudolf, Cincinnati Symphony (CRI).

Lee, Dai-keong: *Symphony No. 1; Polynesian Suite.* George Barati cond. Nuremberg Symphony Orch. (CRI, M).

Lumbye: *Waltzes, Polkas, etc.* Felumb, Tivoli Gardens Musikkorps (Vox).

Mahler: *Symphony No. 4.* Szell, Cleveland Orch., with Judith Raskin, soprano (Columbia).

†**Mahler-Cooke:** *Symphony No. 10.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Martinu: *Fantasia Concertante;* **Falla:** *Nights in the Gardens of Spain.* Margrit Weber, piano; Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (DGG).

Mozart: *Horn Concertos.* Mason Jones, with Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos, K. 107 (Nos. 1-3) & K. 246.* Robert Veyron-Lacroix, with Ristenpart cond. Saar Radio Chamber Orch. (Music Guild).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 9 & 14.* Alfred Brendel, with Janigro & Solisti di Zagreb (Vanguard).

Mozart: *Serenade, K. 203; Marches, K. 408/2 & 237.* Mladen Basic cond. Salzburg Mozarteum Orch. (Eurodisc).

Mozart: *Serenade, K. 320; Symphony No. 28.* Max Rudolf, Cincinnati Symphony (Decca); with *Marches, K. 335.* Basic, Mozarteum Orch. (Eurodisc).

Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 23, 29 & 30.* Helmut Müller-Brühl cond. Cologne Soloists Ensemble (Nonesuch).

†**Mozart:** *Symphonies Nos. 29 & 33.* Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 29 & 41.* Barbirolli, Hallé Orchestra (Vanguard Everyman).

†**Nielsen:** *Violin Concerto.* Tibor Varga, with Jerzy Semkow cond. Royal Danish Orch. (Turnabout, C.)

***Nielsen:** *Symphony No. 2.* Carl Garaguly cond. Tivoli Orch. (Turnabout).

Offenbach-Rosenthal: *Gaîté Parisienne.* Charles Munch, New Philharmonia (London Phase 4).

Prokofiev: Symphony No. 6. Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

***Ravel:** *Valses nobles et sentimentales; Alborada del Gracioso; Pavane;* **Strauss:** *Bürger als Edelmann Suite.* Reiner, Chicago Symphony (Victrola).

Reicha: *Symphony in E flat;* **Vorísek:** *Symphony in D.* Prague Chamber Orch. (Crossroads).

Rodrigo: *Concierto de Aranjuez;* **Castelnuovo-Tedesco:** *Concerto in D.* John Williams, guitar, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia).

Ruggles: *Sun Treader;* **Ward:** *Symphony*

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No. 1. Rozsnyai, Columbia Symphony Orch. (Columbia).

†**Schubert:** *Symphony No. 5;* **Mozart:** *Symphony No. 40.* Barshai, Moscow Chamber Orch. (Angel).

Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 1; Festival Overture.* Ancerl, Czech Philharmonic Orch. (Artia).

Sibelius: *Symphonies Nos. 1-7.* Watanabe, Japan Philharmonic (Epic).

Sibelius: *Symphony No. 2.* Szell, Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips).

Sibelius: *Symphony No. 5; Tapiola.* Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

†**Smetana:** *Má Vlast, complete.* Ancerl, Czech Philharmonic (Crossroads).

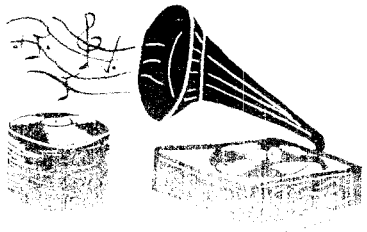
Stravinsky: *Agon;* **Schuller:** *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee.* Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

†**Stravinsky:** *Le Sacre du Printemps; 4 Etudes.* Pierre Boulez cond. RTF Orchestra, Paris (Nonesuch).

Tchaikovsky: *Hamlet; Romeo and Juliet.* Maazel, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake,* excerpts. Monteux, London Symphony (Philips).

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty,* excerpts. Stokowski, New Philharmonia (London Phase 4).



Tchaikovsky: *Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, & 3.* Dorati, London Symphony (Mercury).

Telemann: *Concerto for 3 Violins; Water Music.* Douatte, Collegium Musicum, Paris (Nonesuch).

Thomson: *Symphony on a Hymn Tune; The Feast of Love;* **Hanson:** *Four Psalms.* Hanson cond. Eastman-Rochester Orch. (Mercury).

***Vaughan Williams:** *Symphony No. 8;* **Elgar:** *Enigma Variations.* Barbirolli, Hallé Orchestra (Vanguard Everyman).

Viotti: *Violin Concerto No. 3,* Giuseppe Prencipe. **Boccherini:** *Symphony in C minor.* Franco Caracciolo, Rossini Orch. (London).

***Vivaldi:** *Concertos for Viola d'amore.* Renzo Sabatini, with Anthony Bernard cond. chamber orch. (Everest, E).

Weber: *Bassoon Concerto; Hungarian Rondo;* **Mozart:** *Bassoon Concerto.* George Zukerman, with Jörg Faerber & Württemberg Chamber Orch. (Turnabout).

†**Wirén:** *Serenade for Strings;* **Larsson:** *Pastoral Suite; Liten Marsch.* Stig Westerberg cond. Stockholm Symphony Orch. (London).

Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic: *España*—works of Chabrier, Ravel, and Falla (Columbia).

Anton Paulik cond. Vienna State Opera Orch.: *Waltzes* by Johann & Josef Strauss, Lanner, Waldteufel, Nedbal & Ziehrer (Vanguard Everyman).

†**Philadelphia Orchestra:** *First Chair Encores*—Various soloists, Ormandy conducting (Columbia).

(*Continued on page* 78)

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Bernstein: "It was the combination of the two things, the recording and the theatre performances that brought me here. I love conducting opera. I'm right up there on the stage all the time."

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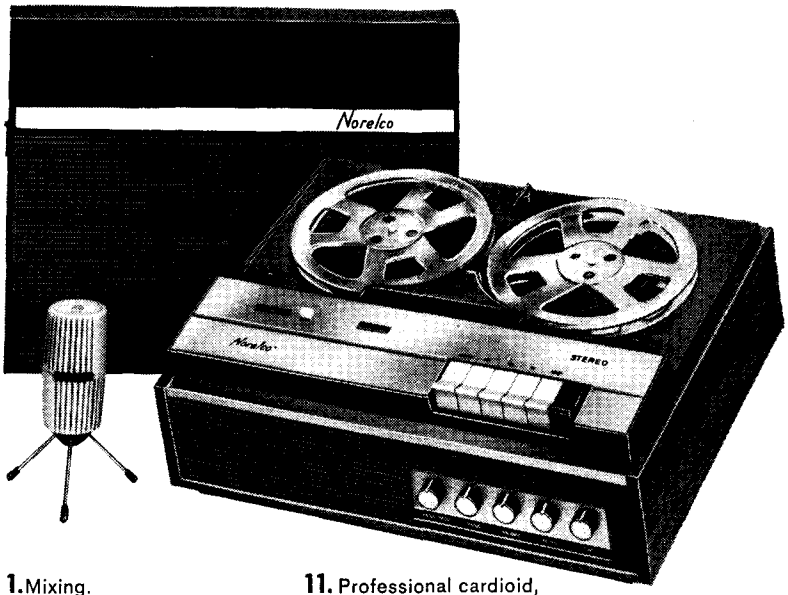

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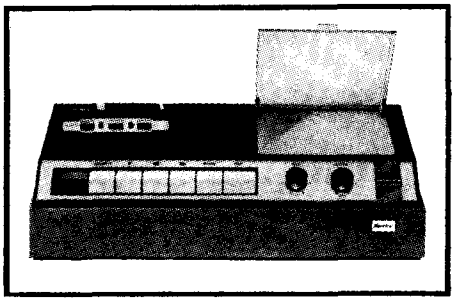

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Continued from page 77

Instrumental & Chamber Music

†**Arensky:** *Trio in D minor.* Heifetz, Piatigorsky, Pennario; **Martinu:** *Duo.* Heifetz & Piatigorsky; **Vivaldi:** *Concerto in B flat.* Heifetz, Piatigorsky, string ensemble (RCA Victor).

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos.* Casals, Marlboro ensemble (Columbia).

Bartók: *Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2.* Hyman Bress, violin, & Charles Reiner, piano (RCA Victor).

Beethoven: *"Archduke" Trio.* Jan Panenka, piano; Josef Suk, violin; Joseph Chuchro, cello (Crossroads).

Beethoven: *Diabelli Variations.* John Browning, piano (RCA Victor).

Berwald: *Piano Quintets Nos. 1 & 2.* Robert Riefling & Benthien Quartet (Nonesuch, E).

Bliss: *Clarinet Quintet; Oboe Quintet.* Melos Ensemble (Everest).

Boccherini: *Quartets.* Carmirelli Quartet (Music Guild).

†**Brahms:** *Hungarian Dances.* Julius Katchen & Jean-Pierre Marty, piano duet (London).

Brahms: *Variations on an Original Theme, Op. 21, No. 1; Variations on a Schumann Theme, Op. 9.* Beveridge Webster, piano (with *Intermezzi and Rhapsodies, Op. 119,* Dover); Julius Katchen (with *Variations on a Hungarian Song,* London).

Brahms: *Waltzes, Op. 39; Rhapsodies, Op. 79; Ballades, Op. 10.* Julius Katchen (London).

Britten: *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge*; **Tippett:** *Fantasia Concertante*; **Corelli:** *Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 2.* Menuhin & Tippett cond. Bath Festival Orch. (Angel).

†**Chabrier:** *Piano Music, complete.* Rena Kyriakou, with Walter Klien in duets (Vox, partially E).

†**Chopin:** *Barcarolle; Berceuse; Boléro; Tarentelle; Trois nouvelles études; Fantaisie in F minor.* Artur Rubinstein (RCA Victor).

Chopin: *Préludes; Berceuse; Fantaisie.* Jeanne-Marie Darré (Vanguard).

Chopin: *Cello Sonata;* **Prokofiev:** *Cello Sonata.* Piatigorsky & Firkusny (RCA Victor).

Chopin: *Waltzes.* Tamás Vásáry (DGG).

Dvorák: *Quartet, Op. 105*; **Smetana:** *Quartet, "From My Life."* Guarneri Quartet (RCA Victor).

Dvorák: *Trios, Piano Quartets, Bagatelles.* Dumka Trio et al. (Vox).

Elgar: *Piano Quintet.* Leonard Cassini & Aeolian Quartet; **Bax:** *Legend for Viola and Piano.* Watson Forbes & Cassini (Dover).

†**Ferguson:** *Sonata No. 1;* **K. Khachaturian:** *Sonata No. 1.* J. Heifetz, violin; Lillian Steuber, piano (RCA Victor).

Joseph Goodman: *Quintet;* **Piston:** *3 Pieces;* **Krenek:** *Pentagram.* Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet (Lyrichord).

Granados: *Allegro de concierto; Danza lenta; Valses poeticos, etc.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano (Epic).

Haydn: *Quartets, Op. 33.* Weller Quartet (London).

†**Haydn:** *Sonatas Nos. 12, 31, 47, 52.* Ray Dudley, piano (Lyrichord).

Hindemith: *Ludus Tonalis.* Käbi Laretei, piano (Philips).

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Hummel: *Septet; Quintet.* Melos Ensemble (London).

*__D'Indy:__ *Suite in Olden Style;* __Saint-Saëns:__ *Septet.* Harry Glantz, trumpet; Claude Monteux & Julius Baker, flutes; Guilet Quartet; Philip Sklar, string bass (Heliodor, E).

†__Ives:__ *Trio;* __Bloch:__ *Three Nocturnes;* __Copland:__ *Vitebsk.* Nieuw Amsterdam Trio (Decca).

__Janácek:__ *Quartets Nos. 1 & 2.* Janácek Quartet (Crossroads).

__Liszt:__ *Piano Music.* Jeanne-Marie Darré (Vanguard).

†__Liszt:__ *Operatic Fantasies; Hexameron.* Raymond Lewenthal (RCA Victor).

†__Mozart:__ *Cassation, K. 99; Divertimento, K. 205; March, K. 290.* Members of the Vienna Octet (London).

__Mozart:__ *Divertimento in E flat, K. 563.* Trio à Cordes Français (Nonesuch).

†__Mozart:__ *Marches, Dances, etc.* Boskovsky, Vienna Mozart Ensemble (London).

__Mozart:__ *Quartets, K. 589 & 590.* Guarneri Quartet (RCA Victor).

__Mozart:__ *Flute Quartets Nos. 1-4.* Karlheinz Zöller et al. (DGG).

__Mozart:__ *Oboe Quartet & Clarinet Quintet.* Berlin Philharmonic Ensemble (DGG).

__Mozart:__ *Clarinet Quintet;* __Weber:__ *Clarinet Quintet.* Heinrich Geuser & Drolc Quartet (Mace).

__Mozart:__ *Serenade for Winds, B flat, K. 361.* Klemperer cond. (Angel).

__Nielsen:__ *Commotio; Little Preludes.* Grethe Krogh Christensen, organ (Lyrichord).

__Paganini:__ *Sonatas for guitar and violin.* Marga Bäuml, guitar; Walter Klasinc, violin (Mace).

†__Ravel:__ *Piano Music.* Werner Haas (Philips World Series, C).

__Reger:__ *Cello Sonata.* Mischa Schneider & Peter Serkin; __Busoni:__ *Fantasia contrapuntistica.* P. Serkin & R. Goode, pianos (Columbia).

__Rifkin:__ *The Baroque Beatles Book.* Composer at harpsichord and conducting various vocal and instrumental ensembles (Elektra).

†__Schoenberg:__ *Piano Music and songs for voice and piano.* Glenn Gould, with Helen Vanni, Ellen Faull & Donald Gramm (Columbia—Schoenberg works, Vol. IV).

__Schoenberg:__ *Verklärte Nacht; Quartet No. 2.* Ramor Quartet et al. (Turnabout).

__Schubert:__ *Octet.* Berlin Philharmonic Octet (DGG).

__Schubert:__ *Quartets in A minor & G minor.* Juilliard Quartet (Epic).

__Schubert:__ *Quartet in G, Op. 161.* Amadeus Quartet (DGG).

†__Schubert:__ *"Trout" Quintet.* Jan Panenka, piano, members of Smetana Quartet & F. Pošta, string bass (Crossroads).

__Schubert:__ *Cello Quintet; String Trio in B flat.* Vienna Philharmonic Quartet (London).

__Schubert:__ *Sonatinas Nos. 1 & 3; Fantasy in C.* Zino Francescatti, violin; Eugenio Bagnoli, piano (Columbia).

†__Schumann:__ *Etudes symphoniques; Fantasia in C.* Vladimir Ashkenazy (London).

__Shostakovich:__ *Sonata No. 2;* __Bach:__ *French Suite No. 5.* Emil Gilels, piano (RCA Victor).

__Stamitz:__ *Quartets.* Rampal, Lancelot, Pier-

(*Continued on page* 83)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Blind Willie McTell: *1940: Library of Congress Recordings.* McTell, vocals. Twelve string guitar. Melodeon MLP 7323, $4.98, mono only.	Blind Willie was one of the finest of all recorded twelve-string guitar players and his commercial blues recordings are among the outstanding in the genre. Several years ago, much to my surprise and pleasure, I discovered that he had been recorded in Atlanta, in 1940, by the Library of Congress for their Folk Song Archive. Shortly thereafter I obtained a tape of the recordings and have, with each subsequent listening, never failed to be captivated by McTell's singing, playing, and conversation. This material is now available in LP form, with the sound quality greatly improved upon, and containing the artist's superb renditions of "Chainey," "King Edward Blues" and "Murderer's Home Blues." An extraordinary document.
Love. Bryan, Arthur Lee, "Snoopy," John, Ken, with vocals, guitars, drums, electric bass. Elektra EKL 4001, $3.79; stereo, EKS 74001, $4.79.	Whether one desires to admit the fact or not, "folk-rock" is here (perhaps not for good) and is a present-day musical trend of consequence. Thus far the output in the idiom has been rank, an all too obvious fact. To say that this recording is a pleasant surprise is an understatement. *Love,* both the title of the group and of the disc, must present what is currently the best in the field.That is not to say that they are the best of the worst. Rather, they are an exciting and creative musical enterprise which merits further listening. The sound quality is unusually good and the bass guitar player is extraordinary.
Muddy Waters: *Down On Stovall's Plantation.* Waters, vocals and guitar; various guitar, mandolin and fiddle accompaniment on some tracks. Testament T-2210, mono only. *The Sound of the Delta.* Various artists including Big Joe Williams, Fred McDowell. Guitar on all tracks; mouth-harp and washboard on some. Testament T-2209, mono only. Both $4.98.	As a result of Peter Welding's diligent, and always intelligent, endeavors, the Muddy Waters LP contains all of the recordings which he made for the Library of Congress, 1941-42. This is the pre-Chicago, pre-urbanized Waters still, at that time, operating in the Son House-Robert Johnson groove, a bit removed from his later commercial efforts. It is a far more exciting artist than the one heard years later. Here are all of the excitement, intensity, bottle-neck stylings and emotion of the volatile delta-style. On *Sound of . . .* a number of older artists, for the most part transplanted Mississippians, are heard.
Tim Hardin. Hardin, vocals, guitar and piano; varied accompaniments include mouth-harp, drums, strings. Verve/Folkways FT 3004, $3.79; stereo, FTS 3004, $4.79.	This is an outstanding debut by a hitherto unrecorded folk artist who is quite more than merely a "folk singer." Described in some quarters as the best of all white blues singers, this fact is hardly apparent on this recording. What *is* apparent is an overpowering talent for composing lyrical and poetic ballads. Although Hardin is a fine singer with a good sense of dynamics, his forte, and a formidable one it is, is musical composition and song writing. But why the burlesque house drummer on "How Long?" Absolutely destructive.
Piano Blues. Artists include Walter Roland, Wesley Wallace, Jabbo Williams, Walter Davis, Miss. Jook Band. Folkways RBF 12, mono only, $5.79.	With the rash of reissue blues material being devoted almost completely to guitar stylings, this most welcome piano set stands as one of the most valuable archive collections yet released. Perhaps as a concomitant to the folk-boom the great blues-boogie-woogie-barrelhouse artists have all but been forgotten. Sam Charters has compiled a well-balanced anthology which contains many rare, unobtainable gems.
Clark Kessinger: The Legend of . . . Kessinger, fiddle, with 5-string banjo and guitar accompaniment. Folk-Promotions FP 828, mono only, $4.98.	Between 1928 and 1930 Kessinger recorded more than seventy instrumental duets (with his nephew playing guitar). These are his first efforts since that time and he exhibits one of the finest, cleanest-sounding mountain fiddling extant. Exciting instrumental music.
Chicago Blues: The Early 1950's. Various artists and instrumentation include Homesick James Williamson, Little Walter Jacobs, Robert Night-Hawk, Eddie Boyd. Blues Classics 8, mono only, $4.98.	The sixteen sides included in this anthology were originally recorded between 1947 and 1955, along with a first-rate explanatory narrative by Chris Strachwitz. They offer much of the best recorded "electric" or "amplified" blues illustrative of the pulsating "Chicago sound." Overall sound revolves about the amplified mouth harp and the electric guitar and echoes the logical postwar extension of the urbanized Mississippi Delta style.
Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers. Includes Poole, five-string banjo and Posey Rorrer, fiddle. County 505, mono only, $4.98.	Poole, a legendary country music figure, dead since 1931, has survived through his vastly distinctive banjo stlye. These recordings were made within a five-year period, 1925-30, and the Ramblers treat traditional items, variants, interchange material (Negro and white) with a skill justifying their well-deserved reputation. The tracks included are rare, and high points include fiddling by Posey Rorrer and "He Rambled," a country treatment of a song traditionally associated with New Orleans jazz bands and Jelly-Roll Morton.
Sarah Ogan Gunning. Miss Gunning, unaccompanied vocals. Folk-Legacy 26, mono only, $4.98.	The younger sister of the famous union champion Aunt Molly Jackson, Miss Gunning puts forth a talent far more convincing than that of her better-known relation. Although an entire album of unaccompanied songs would, normally, be a bit too much, the raw beauty of Miss Gunning's efforts, in this case, is stunning. The repertoire is traditional and topical reflecting the artist's background and formative influences. It is superbly documented and annotated by folk-scholar Archie Green in a thirty-page booklet, itself worth the price of the record.
John Jackson: *Blues and Country Dance Tunes From Virginia.* Jackson, vocals, guitar and 5-string banjo. Arhoolie F 1025, mono only, $4.98.	Another previously unrecorded artist, forty-two-year-old Virginian Jackson, although a Negro, easily traverses the road between Negro and white country music. He is as much at home playing the five-string banjo, singing "Cindy" and imitating Jimmie Rodgers as he is with the blues and "knife-style" guitar. Through all of this he manages to remain original and creative in his own right, possessed of charming vocal intonations and a strong instrumental attack. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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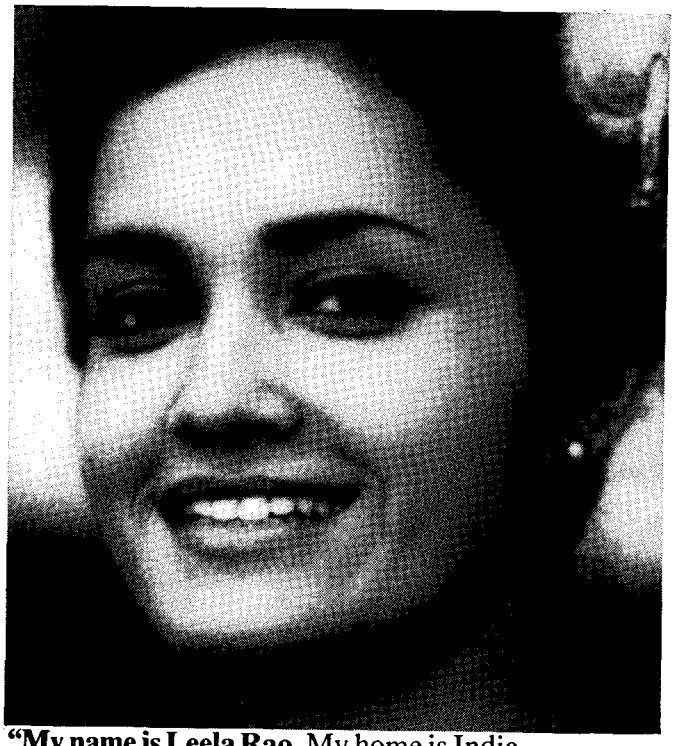

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Best Recordings

Continued from page 79

lot & Coursier, with Trio à Cordes Français (Nonesuch).

Vladimir Ashkenazy: Ravel, Debussy, Chopin (London).

*__Heifetz:__ Strauss *Sonata*, with Brooks Smith, piano; Spohr *Gesangszene Concerto*, Izler Solomon cond.; Tchaikovsky *Sérénade mélancolique*, Wallenstein cond. (RCA Victor, M).

Annie Challan, harp: Debussy, Pierné, Ravel, Fauré, with Cluytens & Conservatoire Orch. (Angel).

André Lardrot: *Works for Oboe or English Horn* by Bellini, Salieri, Donizetti, & Boccherini, with Solisti di Zagreb et al. (Vanguard).

†**Philadelphia Wind Quintet:** Rossini, Ponchielli, Vivaldi, Cambini (Columbia).

†**Jean-Pierre Rampal & Lily Laskine:** *Works for Flute and Harp* by Rossini, Fauré, Krumpholz, Ibert, Damase, etc. (Epic).

†**Sviatoslav Richter:** Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Rachmaninoff & Prokofiev (DGG).

Charles Rosen: *Virtuoso!*—works of Rosenthal, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Godowsky, et al. (Epic).

Gonzalo Soriano: *Spanish Piano Music* by Montsalvatge, Rodrigo, & Falla (Angel).

Sophie Svirsky: *Piano Works* by Pescetti, Bach, Mozart & Handel (Monitor).

Joseph Szigeti: *Sonatas* by Honegger, Webern, Debussy & Ives, with Roy Bogas, piano (Mercury).

Vocal

Bartók: *Bluebeard's Castle.* Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Kertész cond. London Symphony Orch. & Chorus (London).

Bellini & Donizetti: *Arias.* Montserrat Caballé (RCA Victor).

†**Berg:** *Wozzeck.* Fischer-Dieskau, Lear, Böhm cond. (DGG).

†**Brahms:** *42 Folk-Song Settings.* Fischer-Dieskau & Schwarzkopf, with G. Moore (Angel).

*__Canteloube:__ *Chants d'Auvergne;* **Ravel:** *Chansons madécasses; Trois chants Hebraïques.* Madeleine Grey (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," M).

†**Copland:** *The Tender Land,* abridged. Copland cond. New York Philharmonic with soloists & chorus (Columbia).

Donizetti: *Il Campanello.* Ettore Gracis cond. Teatro La Fenice company (DGG).

Falla: *El Retablo de Maese Pedro; Harpsichord Concerto.* Pedro de Freitas Branco cond. ensemble (Epic).

†**Falla:** *La Vida Breve.* Victoria de los Angeles et al., Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos cond. (Angel).

Granados: *Canciones amatorias; Tonadillas.* Montserrat Caballé (RCA Victor).

†**Ives:** *Choral Works.* Gregg Smith cond. (Columbia).

†**Kodály & Bartók:** *Songs.* Kodály Girls' Choir (Angel).

*__Mahler:__ *Kindertotenlieder; Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* Christa Ludwig, with Boult & Vandernoot cond. (Seraphim).

†**Moussorgsky:** *Songs.* Galina Vishnevskaya, with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano,

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Chapman, News

BARBARA HARRIS IS A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS. SHE'S ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT.
Cue Magazine

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Harris, WCBS-TV

The Broadway season will be hard put to come up with another musical comedy to equal THE APPLE TREE in fresh imagination.
Watts, N.Y. Post

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Kerr, N.Y. Times

I am convinced now that there is nothing Barbara Harris cannot do on a stage and do it better than anyone you would care to nominate.
Gaver, U.P.I.

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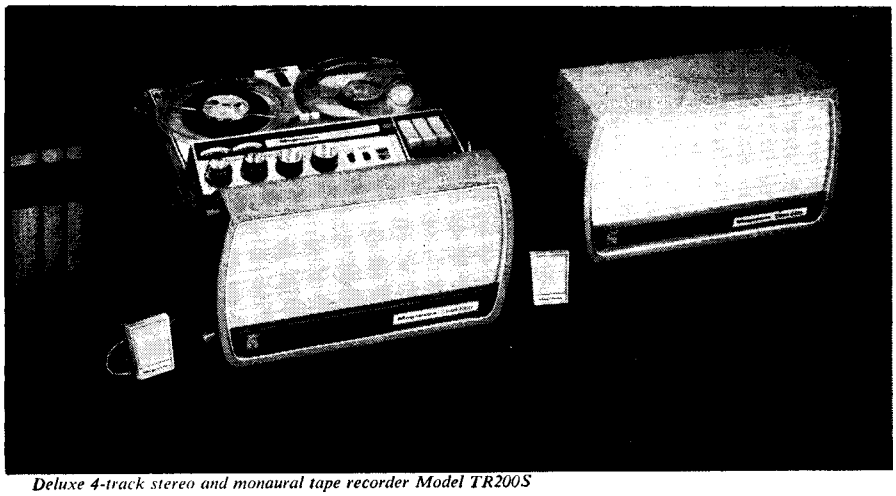

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*__Mozart:__ *La clemenza di Tito.* Gustav Lund cond. Stuttgart ensemble (Dover, M).

*__Mozart:__ *Songs & Arias*; __Strauss:__ *Songs.* Elisabeth Schumann (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," M).

__Offenbach:__ *Tales of Hoffmann.* Cluytens cond. (Angel).

†__Poulenc:__ *Songs.* Bernard Kruysen, baritone; Jean Charles Richard, piano (Westminster).

__Ramírez:__ *Misa criolla; Navidad nuestra.* Ariel Ramirez cond. choir & orch. (Philips).

__Rinaldo da Capua:__ *La Zingara.* Günter Kehr cond. (Turnabout).

__Rossini:__ *Mosè.* Rossi-Lemeni et al., Serafin cond. (Philips, M).

†__Rossini:__ *Sins of My Old Age.* Edwin Loehrer cond. soloists & chorus of Società Cameristica di Lugano (Nonesuch).

†__Schubert:__ *Songs (Seligkeit, Heidenröslein, Jüngling an der Quelle, etc).* Fischer-Dieskau & Moore (Angel).

__Strauss:__ *Vier letzte Lieder & various songs.* Schwarzkopf, with Szell cond. Berlin Radio Orch. (Angel).

__Stravinsky:__ *Berceuses du Chat; Pribaoutki; etc.* Vocal and instrumental ensemble cond. by Pierre Boulez (Nonesuch).

†*__Stravinsky:__ *Pulcinella,* complete. Composer cond. Columbia Symphony Orch., with Irene Jordan, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass (Columbia).

__Vaughan Williams:__ *English Folk Songs.* Imogen Holst cond. Purcell Singers (Everest).

__Verdi:__ *Don Carlos.* Solti cond. Covent Garden, with Bumbry, Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Ghiaurov (London).

__Verdi:__ *Nabucco.* Gardelli cond., with Suliotis, Gobbi, Prevedi (London).

__Wagner:__ *Die Walküre.* Solti cond. Vienna Philharmonic, with Nilsson, Hotter, et al. (London).

*__Weill:__ *Der Jasager.* Siegfried Kohler conducting, with Joseph Protschka, Lys Bert, et al. (Heliodor, E).

*__Erna Berger, Marcel Wittrisch, Louis Graveure, Herbert Janssen, Leo Schützendorf, Gertrud Bindernagel, Michael Bohnen, Daniza Ilitsch, Karl Schmitt-Walter, et al.:__ Opera excerpts (Telefunken, M).

†__Montserrat Caballé:__ *Zarzuela arias* (RCA Victor).

*__Eva Gauthier:__ Bartók, Debussy, Turina, Duparc, Falla, et al., with Celius Dougherty, piano (Town Hall, M).

*__Gigli:__ *Arias* by Giordano, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, et al. (Angel, "Great Recordings of the Century," M).

__James McCracken:__ *Arias* by Verdi, Leoncavallo, Puccini, Gounod, Weber, Wagner (London).

__Birgit Nilsson:__ *Songs* by Sibelius, Grieg & Rangström, with Bertil Bokstedt cond. Vienna Opera Orch. (London).

__Leontyne Price:__ *Prima Donna* (RCA Victor).

*__Opening Nights at the Met:__ Eames, Caruso, Sembrich, Destinn, Ponselle, Bori, Flagstad, Melchior, Pinza, Sayão, Tibbett, Traubel, Peerce, Warren, Galli-Curci, Bjoerling, Milanov, et al. (RCA Victor, M).

—COMPILED BY RICHARD FREED.

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Puccini Concerto

PUCCINI: *Concerto in B flat;* VIOTTI: *Concerto in G minor. Eugene List, piano, with Zlatko Topolski conducting the Austrian Tonkünstler Orchestra.* Musical Heritage Society MHS 709, mono or stereo, $2.50.

PUCCINI: *Concerto in B flat;* HAYDN: *Concerto in G. Frank Pelleg, harpsichord, with Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Haifa Symphony Orchestra.* Mace M-9052 (mono) or MCS-9052 (stereo), $2.50.

NOT ONE, but two recordings have just been issued of an unfamiliar Concerto in B flat credited to Puccini, and the listener is given a choice between piano and harpsichord as the solo instrument. The composer of *La Bohème* and *Tosca* might well have written a piano concerto (why not, after all, if Verdi wrote a string quartet, Wagner a symphony, and the symphonist Dvořák several operas?). But the harpsichord gives the game away, and one is not surprised to learn that the Concerto is the work of another Puccini altogether, though, to be sure, a member of the same family. The Puccinis were prominent musicians for five generations, going back to the first Giacomo, who was born in 1712. The composer of the Concerto was, in fact, "our" Puccini's grandfather, Domenico Vincenzo Maria Puccini (1771-1815).

Domenico's dates indicate a composer contemporaneous with Beethoven, and the Concerto in B flat, which probably dates from about 1795, is in much the same vein as Beethoven's concerto in the same key, written about the same time. Less individualistic than the Beethoven, perhaps, and more firmly rooted in the *galant* tradition of the eighteenth century, the Puccini is no less polished and every bit as rich in fine tunes in its three short movements, which are played without pause.

If the description sounds intriguing, a recommendation is easy to make, for there is really no contest here, in terms of performance, sound, or coupling. Eugene List, whom record collectors tend to categorize under Gershwin, Shostakovich, and Gottschalk, plays with the communicative flair of the Mozart specialist he must be—or, at any rate (to judge from the way he plays here), ought to be. Frank Pelleg, whose performance is stylish but far from generating the sparkling appeal of List's, is put quite out of the picture by the muddiest recorded sound that has come my way in years. The story seems to be that the recording (made in Israel by Pye) was done at an outdoor concert, under less than optimum conditions.

Aside from these rather considerable drawbacks, there is the further consideration that the work simply sounds better on the piano than on the harpsichord, particularly on the piano in the MHS recording: a splendid Bösendorfer whose tone is ideally suited to this kind of music—just brilliant enough, without being glittery, and just warm enough, without being soggy. This happy effect must be attributed primarily to List's knowing fingerwork, of course, but there is no denying that the "personality" of the instrument itself is a far from negligible factor.

Charming as the Puccini Concerto may be, however, it is the Viotti on the MHS disc that proves to be a real surprise, and the real winner. (The Haydn Pelleg plays on Mace is rather lost in the substandard sonic focus, and may be heard to better advantage in Robert Veyron-Lacroix's older version on Westminster.) Viotti, of course, is remembered principally for his violin works, but he did write ten piano concertos as well as twenty-nine for the violin. This one in G minor was composed at about the same time as the Puccini, but calls for a much larger orchestra, adding flutes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, and timpani to the oboes, horns, and strings of the Puccini. It is also a substantially longer work (half again as long as the Puccini), and as thoroughly Romantic in outlook as the two Mozart concertos in minor keys or even the Beethoven C-minor, with Viotti's confidently brilliant writing underscored by the dramatic use of the trumpets and drums. In every respect, it is a splendid piece and, with List's surpassing anything he has done or recorded before, one of the most rewarding phonographic "rediscoveries" (of both the music and the performer) to come along in many months.

If the Viotti Concerto may be termed a "rediscovery," the conductor, Zlatko Topolski, must be reckoned a major Discovery, with a big D. On this disc and another recent MHS issue (Baroque wind concertos), Topolski stands out as a refreshing corrective after some of the (ahem) less inspired *Dirigenten* who have recorded for MHS and other labels in Vienna during recent years. The fifty-two-year-old Yugoslav has the unmistakable credentials of a Real Conductor. He has his orchestra playing with a sweep and polish that belie the notorious paucity of rehearsal in such undertakings, and the thrilling interaction of conductor and soloist is obvious at every step of the way, in terms of tension, momentum, and that rare variety of complete involvement in which the listener, too, can hardly avoid being swept along.

An unusually musical record on all counts is MHS 709, and the sound, too, is just about the best yet from this company. —RICHARD FREED.

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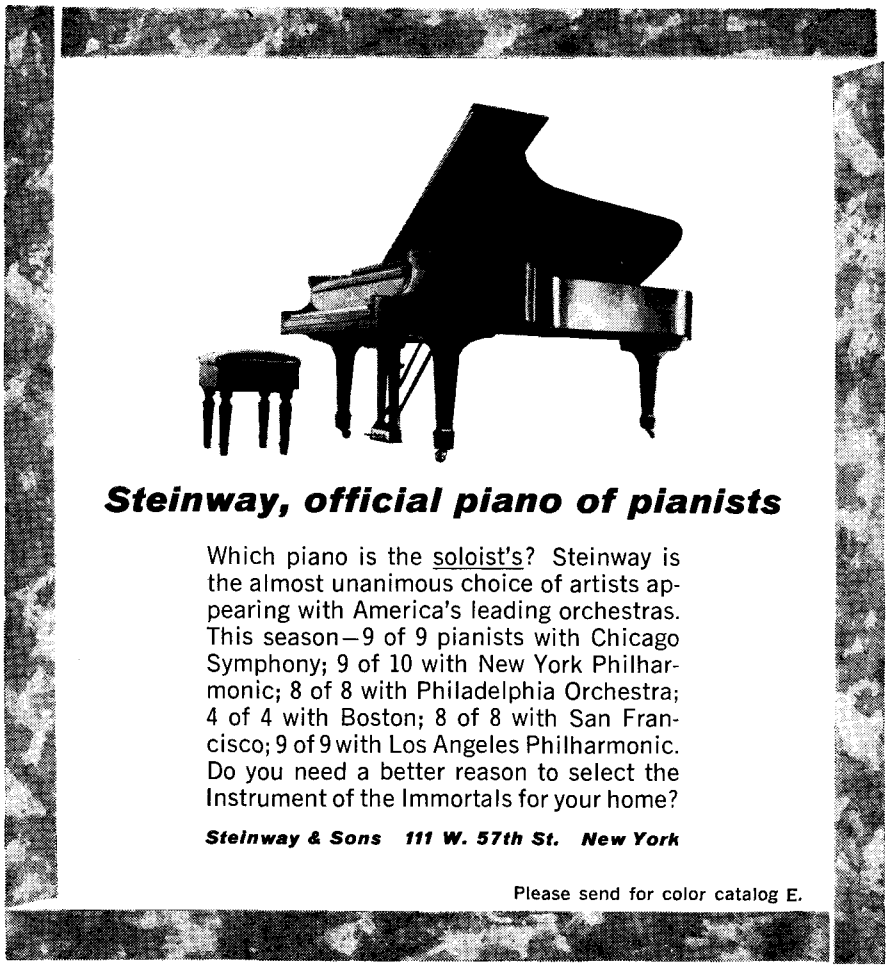
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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 58

chorale finale achieved a likeness of the compulsion that Beethoven imagined, but not without some Maazel-induced deviations. The choice of the singers in the solo quartet—aside from mezzo Shirley Verrett there was not really a robust sound among Saramae Endich, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Yi-Kwei Sze, bass—struck me as related to the opening concept of "air in the sound." This served some moments of their work together well, but not when they were performing at the same climaxing moments as the Collegiate Chorale. For the opening portion of the evening, Maazel elected the D-major Suite of Bach.

It didn't take more than half of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* Overture, which introduced the Philadelphia Chamber Symphony to Philharmonic Hall, to make plain that this newly organized group is made of first-class material. It didn't take very much longer to determine that Anshel Brusilow is not yet the conductor to make the most of that material. A former concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra (they seem to be serving presidential terms these years), Brusilow could have profited from more general experience before applying himself to so specialized an aspect of music as conducting.

Mechanically, he knows the moves (his years, prior to Philadelphia, as concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, and associate concertmaster in New Orleans, have seen to that). Not so readily at hand, however, are the refinements of ear and style that make the difference between renditions and re-creations. Balance, even in the Mozart Overture, was a sometime thing, and major and minor threads in the same composer's A-major Symphony (No. 29) too often occupied inverse prominence. It was, altogether, a curiously constructed program, with a Handel Concerto in D between the first two works of Mozart, then a group of Handel arias (sung with hard, un-Peerce-like sound by Jan Peerce), then more tenor arias, and the Symphony No. 41 by Mozart again. —Irving Kolodin.

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Murrow Remembers

YOU TAKE the record out of its plastic covering and place it on the turntable and you think patronizingly to yourself that this one may be worth listening to because the topic is wartime London and the voice is Edward R. Murrow and you knew them both. Then there are a few seconds of surface scratch and suddenly you hear the familiar baritone of one of the great broadcasters in one of the great broadcasting situations and you realize that you were simply not prepared for anything so rich, so telling, or so able. For the first volume in the new Columbia Murrow series (*Edward R. Murrow, A Reporter Remembers*, Volume One: *The War Years*. Columbia, 02L 332) is that good.

Except for Douglas Edwards's punctuation marks dating and locating each broadcast, the four sides of this album are all Murrow, his voice in the original, sometimes fading and coming back and fading again over wartime shortwave, and saying to the British people at war's end: "I am persuaded that the most important thing that happened in Britain was that this nation chose to win or lose the war under the established rules of parliamentary procedure. It feared Naziism but did not choose to imitate it . . . I have been privileged to see an entire people give the reply to tyranny that their history demanded of them."

The recording opens and closes with Murrow's BBC broadcast of Feb. 24, 1946, to the people of Britain. Yet this is the least of the entries. Murrow in the heat of war-stricken London is better. You listen to the pathetic evacuation of English children as September of 1939 opens, then the declaration of war, the first air raids and the fateful sirens that make your insides move. You feel a sort of unreasonable hatred toward Chamberlain as he bumbles and blusters in Commons, the victim of disasters he cannot control, and then Churchill comes in and the miracle is Dunkirk.

But the firm, cultured radio voice that begins, "This is London calling" (he drops the "calling" later on), is at its exquisite best when it comes from Piccadilly, the dual whine of the sirens behind the quiet voice, a crystal-clear ad lib of British stoicism. He tells about the democratizing of an air raid, the Lords and Ladies huddling together underground with the cockneys and costermongers, and both sides loving it. He uses a retrospectively sad little phrase in one blackout broadcast, an encomium to the friendly glow of his ever present cigarette in the war-torn street, and he employs the historic phrase "too little and too late" as early as 1940, which may have marked its origin.

Yet the two greatest broadcasts in a master recording are Murrow aboard a bomber over Berlin and Murrow entering Buchenwald—firsts in both cases. The flak crackles like sparks as the black heartland of the enemy looms below. Murrow says: "The small incendiaries are going down like a fistful of white rice on black velvet." Of Berlin at the end of the great retaliation raid, the voice almost whispers: "Berlin was a kind of orchestrated Hell—a terrible symphony of light and flame." Later, in the drop over Arnhem, you can actually hear the plane's roar behind the excited voice, then a counting of men leaping into the darkness.

But Buchenwald remains the greatest of them all, and Murrow is not unaware of its historic importance. He warns you at the outset that if you are eating breakfast or lunch you may not wish to hear this broadcast, mild though it is by comparison with the nauseating details. And you are amazed that the date of the Buchenwald entry almost exactly coincides with the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose name is on every emaciated lip as Murrow painfully makes his way across the stink and horror of decaying humanity.

The other broadcasts recalled in these records include a visit to peaceful Somerset, a bleak holiday season in 1940 when no one said "Merry Christmas!" to his neighbor, a bit about the African campaign and the end of the beginning in November 1942, and D-Day. This last is the only disappointment in an otherwise stirring album. Remembering George Hicks's great broadcasts from the Channel on June 6, 1944, one has to give him the nod over Murrow, there. But this is a small demurrer in an otherwise magnificent piece of recorded on-the-spot history, and it will be a long time before these old ears will hear a more dramatic radio tape than the 1943 bomber broadcast over Berlin or the 1945 breakthrough to Buchenwald. For the Brownshirts of our time—and they seem to be stirring again on both sides of the Atlantic—these records ought to be enforced listening. It cannot be said better than Murrow said it.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

"Musicassettes," Dennis Brain Memorial

LONDON.

FALL HAS SEEN the launching in Britain of "Musicassettes"—miniature cartridge tapes and the pocket-sized recorders upon which to play them—by some of our leading manufacturers (though, perhaps significantly, nothing has yet been announced by Decca).

Judging from the lists of recordings so far released, this latest development will not have much significance for those interested in serious music. Indeed, one of the most striking contrasts between Britain and the United States in this field is the fact that, even today, prerecorded tapes of music other than the most ephemeral kind are virtually nonexistent on this side of the Atlantic. Why it should be thus is difficult to analyze, for there is no shortage of tape recorders in British households. It is more than twelve years since EMI first marketed such tapes, and our bizarre purchase tax structure exacts a duty from discs while leaving tapes untouched.

It could be said that Decca's consistent aloofness, allied to the rather half-hearted manner in which EMI and others have sought to promote the product, has never given tape a real chance to become established as an alternative to discs. It may be, too, that British record collectors tend to share my view of tape as providing, not a substitute for discs, but rather a complementary facility of an exciting, though somewhat specialized, type. I cannot see its latest manifestation as likely to affect the wider situation, however much Musicassettes may delight teenagers as a portable alternative to the ubiquitous transistor radio—especially if, as now seems likely, our off-shore pirate radio stations are to be silenced by government action. Moreover, how can tape hope to compete with discs now that we are witnessing so remarkable a proliferation of bargain labels?

This really has been the dominant trend these past two or three years, and, however much the more far-sighted observers may view its ultimate effects upon the industry with misgivings, the record-buying public has by now shed its erstwhile suspicions or incredulity and accepts the new price structure as part of the natural order of things. Supraphon, which really opened the floodgates here and, for a while, reaped a rich harvest, now plays a less important role because of a repertoire which leans heavily toward Czech composers as well as toward chamber music. (Even when it produces a real winner such as the Suk/Navarra disc of Brahms's Double Concerto, extra supplies arrive too slowly to meet the demand of the moment.)

The latest release to arrive from Prague includes only a single orchestral disc—the Second Piano Concertos of Chopin and Liszt—but plenty of chamber works: quartets by Bartók and Milhaud; Schubert's B-flat Trio; violin/cello duos by Hindemith, Martinu, and Kodály; Bach sonatas for cello and harpsichord; a recital of modern French organ music; and two rather surprising vocal collections—a Caruso recital and an operatic concert, with the Prague National Theater Orchestra, by baritone Giuseppe Valdengo, of whose transatlantic activities between 1947 and 1950 I need hardly remind American readers.

Nowadays our own major companies offer formidable competition in the $2.50 to $3.50 price range. Among recent outstanding reissues of this type one notes Decca's *Parsifal* (Bayreuth, 1951)—still a marvelous set—and *Zaub-*

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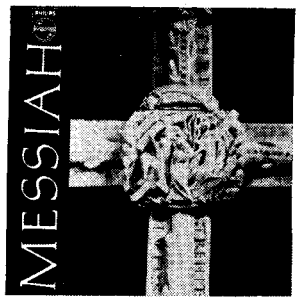

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erflöte (the 1955 Böhm album, in stereo as well as mono). EMI has put out its fine *Flying Dutchman* (with Fischer-Dieskau) on World Record Club, and Beecham's performance of *Die Entführung* is scheduled as a forthcoming bargain. Not only that, its new recording of *The Messiah*, conducted by Charles Mackerras, will appear on an economy label straightaway—a fact which will hardly delight Philips, which is putting out the Colin Davis set at full price.

Then, too, one must consider the superbargain labels which, while they may offer a fair amount of rubbish and not a few superannuated recordings, every now and again come up with issues which few thrifty collectors can resist. This month I noted, on Saga, a very decent stereo version of Schubert's C-major Quintet (Aeolian Quartet), for less than $1.50, and a new label from the same stable, Pan, has been launched with initial releases ranging from an ancient *Creation* conducted by Clemens Krauss to an obviously new recital of music for—of all things—mandolin and forte-piano! These discs, which cost $1.80, come in "two-faced" sleeves with program notes printed on the inner sleeves.

But enough of the marketplace! There is still, it can happily be reported, no shortage of high quality issues for those prepared to pay for them. Decca has two major albums—Bruckner's Seventh by Solti and the Vienna Philharmonic, including, as Klemperer did before them, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* in the original scoring and Rossini's *Semiramide*. The Bruckner is splendidly played and sounds gorgeous, yet Solti's reading seems to me rather shapeless compared to the readings of Walter or Klemperer (however much these two may differ from each other). With the Rossini, it is not so much the performance as the work itself that is open to question: All my love for this composer cannot persuade me that *Semiramide* is anything other than a diverting vehicle for vocal pyrotechnics. The music is splendid in a way; the two principal ladies (Mesdames Sutherland and Horne) sing superbly; and the recording is all that anyone could wish. But from a dramatic point of view the work's impact seems to me negligible.

A third Decca album, entitled *Vienna Chamber Music Festival* contains no new recordings. Its four discs offer a delectable assortment of previously issued performances by Viennese ensembles; a Haydn quartet, Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (plus a march and some dances), the Beethoven Septet, Schubert's Octet and the *Trout* Quintet. Over the latest recital by Mario del Monaco—so-called "Sacred Songs" with organ accompaniment—I would like to draw a discreet veil, and the same goes for a Phase-4 "Verdi Spectacular" by Camarata and the "Kingsway Symphony Orchestra" (intended for anyone who likes Verdi but hates the human voice!).

On Argo, a varied and interesting list includes more choral music by Gustav Holst—Six Medieval Lyrics for Men's Voices, and Seven Part Songs, Op. 44, for Women's Voices, both with string orchestral accompaniments—conducted by Imogen Holst; a fine collection of Handel aries sung by the gifted young Irish contralto, Bernadette Greevey; and *Carols of Today*, a splendid anthology of original settings by Britten, Bennett, Gordon Crosse, Peter Wishart, Peter Maxwell Davies, Rawsthorne, Fricker, Phyllis Tate, and many others, excellently sung by Louis Halsey's Elizabethan Singers. Richard Rodney Bennett and Phyllis Tate are also represented on a British Council-sponsored disc of instrumental music, the former by a skillfully wrought Trio for Flute, Oboe and Clarinet; the latter by a more diffuse Sonata for Clarinet and Cello. Sharing this issue is a most attractive Horn Trio, with the same scoring as the Brahms, by Australian-born Don Banks, and Ian Hamilton's brief, atmospheric *Sonata Notturna* for Horn and Piano. The recordings are exemplary and feature an impressive array of instrumental talent, including Barry Tuckwell, Gervase de Peyer, and William Pleeth.

Mention of Tuckwell leads one naturally to one of this month's EMI issues, a disc commemorating the incomparable Dennis Brain. Nine years have passed since this greatest of horn players died in an auto crash on the outskirts of London after an all-night dash from an Edinburgh concert to a recording session at the EMI studios, yet he remains the shining model whom all aspiring practitioners seek to emulate. The latest economy-priced LP devoted to his art features some of his earlier recordings, transferred from 78s, when he was still using an old and notoriously battered French instrument. These include the Beethoven Sonata (with Denis Matthews), Mozart's Concerto No. 2 (with the Philharmonia under Susskind), and the Dukas *Villanelle* and Schumann's *Adagio and Allegro* (both with Gerald Moore). What matchless playing!

Another EMI offering is the Bournemouth Symphony, aided by the Band of H.M. Royal Marines and "pyrotechnic effects," performing the *1812 Overture* and other Tchaikovsky favorites, under Silvestri's baton, in one of its gimmicky Studio Two recordings (only half as effective as Phase 4?). And there is yet another little set of EP discs that introduce the four orchestral families in separate consorts—a project clearly intended for school use, but offering, for the most part, excellent entertainment value in the bargain. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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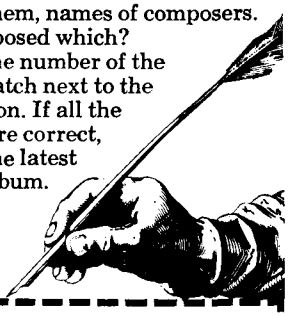

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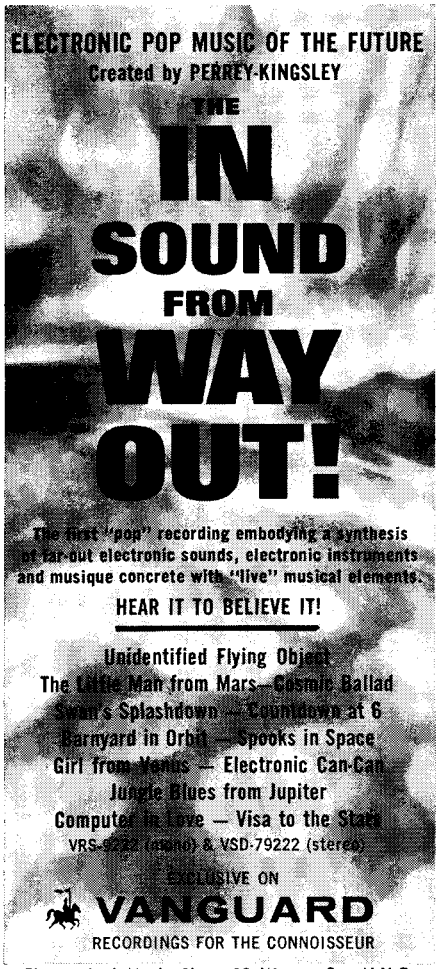
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Listening in Leningrad

BERTRAND RUSSELL once remarked that we very much overestimate the amount of freedom in the West and very much underestimate it in the East. This principle of underestimation, which we apply so often on frequently questionable grounds, can be examined in every field, not the least of them music. Partly on behalf of the pursuit of evidence for or against the existence of musical freedom in the Soviet Union, I spent an afternoon recently in Leningrad at the world-famous Conservatory, listening to tapes and discussing new music and musical culture in the Soviet Union and the United States.

The Leningrad Conservatory, housed in an old building now undergoing much repair, glitters with the departed great and the illustrious present. Among portraits of Nicholas Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Liadow, Rimsky-Korsakov, Prokofiev, Glazounov and other figures, one also sees Shostakovich, who is on the faculty today, dividing his itinerary between Leningrad and Moscow.

One of the directors of the Conservatory, Flavi Sokoloff, critic and musicologist, kindly arranged a most unusual event for the benefit of Fred Lazarus III, a Cincinnati department store president and patron of music, and myself. We were part of the touring Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Women's Committee (with some male accompaniment).

In a high-ceilinged room, with modern stereo equipment, we heard tapes of scores by composers Uspinsky, Nogovizin, and Slonimsky. These are young men in sufficiently good standing to be singled out as exemplary. Uspinsky is a pupil of Shostakovich's, and Slonimsky is already on the faculty of the Leningrad Conservatory.

Uspinsky's Piece for Violin and Chamber Orchestra achieves lyric feeling by the use of Russian themes much altered into discrete sequences. Fugal texture with strong tonal episodes recalling Shostakovich in his chamber music—for example, the Piano Quintet—was a distinct early feature of the composition. The tonal implications often were submerged by sharp, dissonant attacks upon the material and indeed upon the violin concerto idea. The violin writing produced middle-range melodiousness, with the qualifications indicated above, and upper-register timbre experimentation. One senses rebellion, repose, and the reconciliation of the traditional and modern viewed in the Soviet context.

Young Mr. Slonimsky, a nephew of the American musician and lexicographer, Nicholas Slonimsky, offered two tapes for our inspection. The first was *Four Polish Stanzas* for voice and orchestra, with texts by a Polish poet. A kind of post-Webern pointillism characterized the idiom, with flute and vocal exchanges. But one also had the feeling of Slavic musical bias combined with a Renaissance chromatic-textural fabric.

Mr. Sokoloff stressed the fact that young Russian composers seek new modes of expression, but that naturally enough they bring certain contexts to them. These contexts are not necessarily framed by Marxism or socialist realism at all, but simply by such earlier music as can be appropriately absorbed into the new idiom.

More advanced from the formal point of view was Slonimsky's *Konzert Bouffe*, consisting of a canonical fugue and improvisations. The fugue began strictly, but the introduction of clashing, angular timbres quickly modernized it. Timbre became the dominant field of development, in precise opposition to the notion of fugue. Sounds of great variety and opposition overcame considerations of fugal form, thus preparing the field for improvisation. The old art of fugal improvisation was supplanted by the new esthetic of timbre exploitation. From this there emerged once again the traditional concepts and techniques of rhythmic pulse, thematic statement, and instrumental sequence. The piece wound up in a propulsive reiteration of the fugal theme, with piano, percussion, trumpet, and other instruments.

Mr. Nogovizin thereupon played at the piano his own Toccata, after explaining that his basic instrument was the violin. The work was in the manner of Prokofiev, with faint hints of jazz. Later that day, during a reception at the Palace of Friendship, Sokoloff questioned me about U.S. attitudes on such idioms as we had heard earlier. I explained that terms such as "mainstream" and "avant-garde" are applied differently in the United States and the U.S.S.R. The U.S.S.R. (and Czarist Russia) has achieved world stature with music in certain styles, and obviously is anxious to retain that stature. One can hardly blame the Soviet Union for encouraging in one way or another those idioms in which it has triumphed. The United States has quite different considerations to maintain. Ours are much

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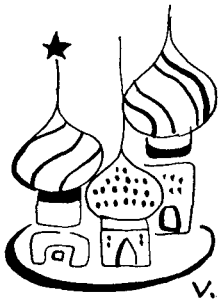
more experimental, much less settled, since the American composer is in constant search for a style and idiom that possesses some form of sanction, whether purely internal or commercial.

Sokoloff then stressed the fact that young Soviet composers are involved in traditional Russian musical forms. "We played these tapes for you because you asked for them specifically, but do not get the impression that Soviet composers are all avant-garde," he added rather impishly.



The effect of locale was never more clearly demonstrated than at the Leningrad-Kirov opera production of Shostakovich's revised version of *Lady Macbeth*, now titled *Katerina Ismailova*, and already known in the United States. It was one of the few occasions of almost nightly attendance at opera and concert in Moscow and Leningrad on which the hall was not filled. This opera, without a trace of political significance or that aspect of socialist realism that demands didactic or exemplary function, was thought somewhat "old hat" by several Americans in attendance. But the Soviet audience found it spellbinding in its modernity and daring. For one thing, the topic of sensuality is rarely encountered publicly in the U.S.S.R. This explicit staging of seduction, while not daring to Americans in the audience who are accustomed to the sexually drenched theater of our times, was extremely provocative to Leningrad audiences.

One may say that the American context that we brought to Leningrad was incompatible with Soviet reality, but not on that account incomprehensible or antagonistic. A little reflection showed that American traditions of Puritanism, such as we find in *Susannah*, were also confronted. The only difference was that similar Soviet standards continue to be somewhat more pervasive – though on this point some U.S. observers would not agree. Thus our attitudes, in and out of music, need constant care and attention in the Soviet Union. It is quick and easy to apply the fond cliché to any situation where U.S. standards are measured against those of the U.S.S.R. It may also be very misleading.

If a traveler in the U.S.S.R. restricts himself to nightly opera or concert fare he can easily enough find common grounds and standards and come away gratified, surly, ecstatic, or disenchanted –according to his own critical equipment. It is in the marginal field of the avant-garde that the clash of context arises most acutely, and causes Americans to scorn the "backward Russians" and Russians to deplore the "formalist" Americans. In fact the argument is over context. We once regarded pointillism and its later ramifications as the most advanced music in the world. Today the Russians are taking it up somewhat gingerly as one of their explorations within another wholly different context—traditional Russian idioms. Their usage will be different; their experience of pointillism something apart from ours.

One need not advocate a kind of catch-all reconciliation in order to see that charges of "backwardness" or "formalism" may be in fact reversible, or even examples of self-confession. Both sides in the dispute—where it occurs—should therefore learn to "keep a civil tongue in their heads" where the other's head is involved. This, it should be noted in passing, is also good advice elsewhere. —ARTHUR DARACK.

Arthur Darack is on the staff of the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, the University of Cincinnati.

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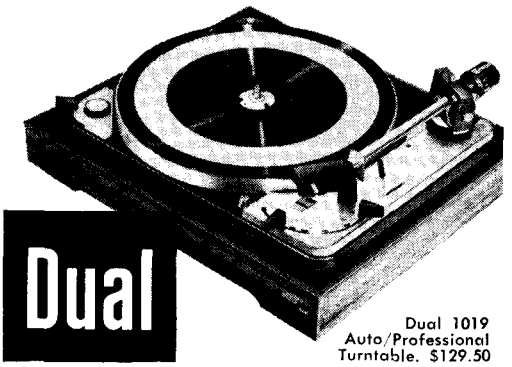

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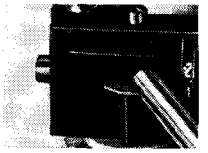

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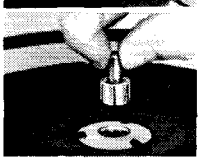

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Schlieder Method

In reply to Mrs. Lucy Curtis Lane's inquiry in this column on October 29 regarding the Schlieder method of teaching improvisation, with related harmony and counterpoint, I suggest that she inquire further through the school of Sacred Music at Union Theological Seminary, 3041 Broadway (Tel: MOnument 2-7100). Dr. Schlieder was a member of the faculty there for several years. I studied with him there and privately at his studio on West 72nd Street. He wrote several books, one of which was known as *Lyrical Composition through Improvisation.*

I do not know who may be teaching his methods today, but he was a great master of his art. If the office of the School of Sacred Music is unable to give the proper lead, one might try to get in touch with Dr. Robert Baker, director of the school, who is himself a brilliant organist, and may know whom to recommend. It may be that someone on the faculty of the School of Sacred Music includes some of the Schlieder tradition in his own work.

Arthur Moor.

Garden City, N.Y.

In answer to the inquiry by Mrs. Lucy Curtis Lane, it is possible that information asked for may be obtained from The American Guild of Organists, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Mr. Schlieder was a Fellow of the Guild.

J. Trevor Garmey.

Rochester, N.Y.

Restrained Coloratura

The Saturday Review of October 29 arrived today with a review of the new Korjus record in Recordings in Review. The remark that she could only attempt a portion of the "Chant hindou" from *Sadko* has us confused, as we immediately played the Odeon recording under Bruno Seidler-Winkler made in Berlin some years ago, and it is, note for note, identical to this new recording. . .

In any respect, whatever the song, whatever the language, we are enchanted to have another "whiff" of the pure, fresh, lovely tone that is Korjus's, and especially to hear again the incredibly facile and clear coloratura. That she now avoids the stratospheric heights we think is to her credit. I remember hearing coloraturas in person who ruined performances by attempting notes no longer in their range.

The Reverend Clifford Brier,
St. Anne's Church.

Oswego, Ill.

Graceful Crespin

Robert Lawrence's evaluation of the new *Walküre* recording [*SR*, Oct. 29] contains one of his typical critical comments without foundation: "Despite her native good looks, this soprano [Régine Crespin] does not move with physical grace." Having worked as stage director for Thomas Scherman's Concert Opera performance in New York of *La Vestale*, I can assure Mr. Lawrence that the soprano moves not only with exquisite grace, but with commanding dramatic power.

Dr. Edwin Levy,
Associate Professor in Theater,
University of Denver.

Denver, Colo.

Sibelius Fan

May I protest Eric Salzman's review of the Japanese recordings of the Sibelius symphonies [*SR*, Oct. 29]. Sibelius was seventeen when Stravinsky was born and though he may have been writing music before then it seems mendacious simply to rattle off that he was "writing music before Stravinsky was born."

Richard Strauss was eighteen the same year and Schoenberg was twelve—how about them? If the fact that Sibelius was seventeen when Stravinsky was born makes it incredible to consider him a contemporary, how about the fact that Stravinsky was thirty-one when Benjamin Britten was born and that he had composed most of the works for which he is known by then? Even so, why the misleading statement that Sibelius's "major work was already completed or well under way by the time of the First World War"? Sibelius's Sixth Symphony was presented in 1923, and the Seventh in 1925.

But none of that is as bad as the reviewer's apparent unfamiliarity with Sibelius's music. And if he doesn't listen to the symphonies again for a "long, long time," presumably he won't get to know them any better. Until recently I didn't care for Sibelius and seldom listened to his music. I would not have evaluated recordings of it then, for I presume that people who do

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know and like a composer's music hear something in it that I don't. They are far better qualified to tell whether the good qualities of the music come through in a performance. To tell whether the playing is competent and the reproduction good or better is just not good enough.

May I ask, in addition, when and by whom Norman Foster recordings of lieder referred to by Jack Diether [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR*, Oct. 29] were made? I would have probably bought the Schubert, Strauss, and Handel recordings if I had known they were available. I think Foster is the very finest Mahler singer who has ever recorded his music and would suppose that he would be at least good on anything else.

ROGER G. HORN.

Clarion, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Aside from the Mahler recordings on Vox (singly or in a Vox Box) the available Foster records are: Bach's Cantata No. 70 on the Bach Guild label, and Schubert's Mass No. 5 on Vox. The Handel and Strauss records to which reference was made are now deleted.*

One World Department

THIS SUBSCRIBER has a problem of considerable stature. His entire musical career is in peril of extinction. The appalling part is that it hasn't even begun.

I have recently come by a Spanish guitar which I think I am going to learn to play in *la manera español*. But here's the rub: I need a know-how-to book. One that starts from scratch: There's quite a bit of help available here on drumming, but the guitar —no.

Is there a department, a service, a compassionate kindred enthusiast who could tell me how to find such a book? The thrill of my guests to the staccato notes of a fiery flamenco guitar waits upon your action.

HENRY S. LEAVITT,
Manager,
Ngorongoro Crater Lodge, Ltd.

Arusha, Tanzania.

Barber and Price in 1954

HANS W. HEINSHEIMER'S article, "Birth of an Opera" [Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, *SR*, Sept. 17], was most enjoyable, as would be expected from his pen.

A minor factual correction: the Dumbarton Oaks performance of the *Hermit Songs* in October of 1953 was not Barber's "probable last public appearance as a pianist." I heard and reviewed (for *The Christian Science Monitor*) his performance of the cycle with Leontyne Price at South Mountain, in the Berkshires, on July 17, 1954. Whether there were further appearances, joint or otherwise, I do not know.

KLAUS G. ROY.

Cleveland Heights, O.

New Polish Music

I WISH to thank Oliver Daniel for his magnificent appraisal of modern Polish composers in "The New Music of Poland" [*SR*, July 30].

I heard Lutoslawski's Concerto for Orchestra twice last year when Sixten Ehrling included it during the regular symphony season and again at the Meadow Brook Festival. Even to my non-professional ear, both were exciting experiences.

Some of the other compositions mentioned by Mr. Daniel were played for a Detroit audience when a choral group from Poland appeared there recently. I remember especially Sikorski's Prologues for Female Chorus because of its "delightful vocal pandemonium," as Mr. Daniel describes it.

HARRIET PAWLOWSKA.

Troy, Mich.

Perlemuter's Ravel

IN DISCUSSING the recordings of Ravel's piano music by Werner Haas [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Oct. 29], Irving Kolodin says that only two pianists have successfully recorded the complete Ravel works—Gieseking and Casadesus. I would suggest a third name that belongs with them: Vlado Perlemuter (Vox Box 410). I am sure that anyone who has heard Perlemuter (who knew Ravel intimately and studied the composer's music with him) would place him among the very greatest exponents of that composer.

PETER WERSHOF.

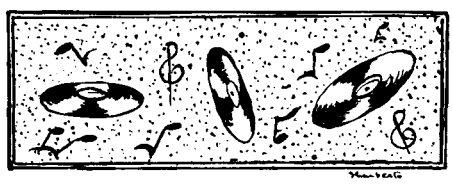
Ontario, Canada

A Moving Book

YOUR MENTION of my book, *Collectors' Guide to American Recordings 1895-1925* [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR*, Oct. 29] is most welcome. However, the address you gave no longer exists. The book may be obtained from American Record Collectors' Exchange, P.O. Box 2295, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y., 10017. The price is $5.95.

JULIAN MORTON MOSES.

New York, N.Y.



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(Continued from page 95)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1703

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ship in which, as Tennyson says, "At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay."	143 129 33 171 59 175 53
B. Newscaster's phrase to convey that a stock is quoted as dropping in price by fifty cents a share (3 wds.)	179 8 166 83 124 148 96 119
C. Old phrase of cattlemen and meat-packers, describing specially heavy steers ready for slaughter; (slang) uncomplimentary description of an overweight person (4 wds.)	184 7 50 20 191 165 209 112 168 181 23 25 107
D. Number of the "lovesick maidens" in *Patience*.	180 76 164 92 47 120
E. Reflex separation of a living creature into two or more pieces, as in some crustaceans, worms, etc.	169 101 42 90 186 151 62 174
F. Dryden's word for the "night which admits no ray" (*Mac Flecknoe*).	156 195 201 122 188 78 211
G. Place confidence in, to a great and surpassing degree.	118 194 183 56 82 9 40 139 21
H. Turkish sultan who probably originated the Janizaries in Asia Minor (14th cent.)	121 2 89 105 48 70
I. Quality of the enantiomorphous crystal.	127 77 197 138 30 11 93 14 178 74 150
J. Cabinet or desk whose drawers may be locked simultaneously with one key.	173 75 167 203 24 64 94 154 142
K. NH_2	95 54 85 19 45 63 115
L. Mythologically, one of the wives of the Moon in Hindu astrology.	26 125 65 153 22 32 72 170 1
M. Device for artificial respiration, esp. in treating polio patients (2 wds.; WNI 3rd).	35 172 80 126 136 28 18 190
N. Famous tributary of the Rhine, arising in the Black Forest of Germany.	104 161 202 49 69 196
O. Group of Macedonian generals who partitioned Alexander's empire.	177 144 97 205 193 87 210 81
P. Enclose in brackets.	146 36 4 123 10 51 102 13 182 79
Q. An aborigine.	208 185 15 55 41 132 130 73 106 110
R. Additional strain, undesirable among our modern tensions (2 wds.; unlisted phr.)	158 207 192 46 131 17 198 149 141
S. Word in phonetics, meaning voiced.	6 88 111 52 157 189 68 137 128
T. Highest in place; nearest to hand for attention.	86 114 145 113 212 134 44 61 12
U. Swift's paraphrase of La Rochefoucauld's "adversité" (*"de nos meilleurs amis"*).	71 43 199 27 162 159 187 84 133 98
V. Expansion; enlarging or spreading abroad.	108 200 204 103 38 5 176 155
W. Well-watered (but not necessarily watered by a well).	66 91 29 109 60 16 100 152 37
X. Writers for newspapers; sellers of newspapers.	57 34 206 163 117 140 67
Y. Either of two Australasian pea plants (2 wds.)	31 116 135 39 99 160 58 147 3

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 L		2 H	3 Y	4 P	5 V	6 S	7 C		8 B	9 G	10 P	11 I		12 T	13 P
14 I		15 Q	16 W	17 R	18 M		19 K	20 C		21 G	22 L	23 C		24 J	25 C	26 L	27 U
28 M	29 W	30 I		31 Y	32 L	33 A	34 X		35 M	36 P	37 W	38 V	39 Y	40 G	41 Q	42 E	43 U
44 T	45 K	46 R		47 D	48 H	49 N	50 C		51 P	52 S	53 A		54 K	55 Q	56 G	57 X	58 Y
59 A	60 W	61 T		62 E	63 K	64 J	65 L	66 W	67 X	68 S		69 N	70 H	71 U		72 L	73 Q
74 I	75 J	76 D		77 I	78 F	79 P	80 M		81 O	82 G		83 B	84 U		85 K	86 T	87 O
88 S		89 H	90 E	91 W	92 D		93 I	94 J	95 K	96 B		97 O	98 U		99 Y	100 W	101 E
	102 P	103 V	104 N		105 H	106 Q	107 C	108 V		109 W	110 Q		111 S	112 C	113 T		114 T
115 K	116 Y	117 X		118 G	119 B		120 D	121 H	122 F	123 P		124 B	125 L	126 M	127 I		128 S
129 A	130 Q		131 R	132 Q	133 U		134 T	135 Y	136 M	137 S	138 I	139 G	140 X	141 R		142 J	143 A
144 O	145 T		146 P	147 Y		148 B	149 R		150 I	151 E	152 W		153 L	154 J	155 V	156 F	
157 S	158 R	159 U		160 Y	161 N	162 U	163 X	164 D		165 C	166 B		167 J	168 C	169 E	170 L	171 A
172 M		173 J	174 E		175 A	176 V	177 O		178 I	179 B		180 D	181 C	182 P	183 G		184 C
185 Q	186 E		187 U	188 F	189 S	190 M		191 C	192 R	193 O		194 G	195 F	196 N	197 I	198 R	199 U
	200 V	201 F		202 N	203 J	204 V	205 O		206 X	207 R	208 Q	209 C	210 O	211 F	212 T		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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